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Augustus L. Pope.

1838.

Augustine P. Pope.

1878.





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# **HARVARDIANA.**

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1888

VOLUME IV.



"Juvenis tentat Ulysssei flectere arcum."

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CUI BONO?

"If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge." — ISAAC WALTON.

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## P R E F A C E .

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WE present to our readers the last volume, as it appears, of *Harvardiana*. A college periodical has survived its fourth year, and wondering at itself goes tumbling to its grave. It was but yesterday when it was announced as a "bantling," but already the hand of prerogative is upon it, and when next the undergraduate children of Harvard shall be stricken with a literary mania, they may collect their efforts under some other form, and give them a more euphonious name.

It was, perhaps, never a new observation, that it is impossible to please all, and from the nature of the case we immediately experience its truth. Our readers, though mostly collected around us in one narrow circle, did not make an undivided society, and in some respects stood towards each other in awkward relations; so that when we were inclined to speak of the rights, the feelings, or even the pleasures of one party, another may have felt its dominions invaded and its dignity hurt. Men, it seems, are more "thin-skinned" than they allow, especially upon those sore points which every class and every individual affords; and those, who claim authority in some departments where it is willingly allowed them, are apt to think themselves on this account exempt from all rebuke or ridicule. Knowing the unpleasantness with which the laughter of one circle often affects the ears of a neighboring one, we have treated as tenderly as possible most points between the two estates who have composed our readers; but we are not disappointed, although we deeply regret our inability to satisfy both.

It was of course neither with pride nor wonder that we discovered that we had awakened critics. From this neither insignificance nor excellence could have protected us, had we



desired protection. But this has been our only reward in our otherwise thankless office, to be allowed to enjoy the *sneers* of some as highly as we might the *praises* of others. We have rarely been distracted by the opposite feelings of finding united in the same person a valuable assistant and a harsh critic, and have regretted that in cases where there has been the greatest outcry against us, our own most reluctant acts of rejection may be supposed to have commenced the warfare.

Our thanks have already been given to those who have assisted us in our duties. We regret that we have not been able, by interesting more in its preparation, to make the periodical more useful, at once, and more agreeable. The extent of the influence of which such a work is capable is by no means appreciated, nor is it, notwithstanding what has been said, at all opposed to or inconsistent with the other objects for which we are here assembled. It were strange indeed if the amount and variety of talent, which such an institution as ours collects, could produce no greater result than this attempt and other similar ones have exhibited.

We regret that we cannot close the volume with our good wishes to our successors. It would be a pleasure to anticipate a long life for the work we have for a time been connected with. Its pages will always bring up agreeable reminiscences, since their unpleasant associations are already passing into oblivion. They will always recall to our memories the friends we had about us, the kind hands that wrote for us, the kind eyes that read and rewarded our labors. If they are the monuments of our youthful want of wisdom, we can never forget that they were the production of days when our hearts were light and our hopes high; and though time may elevate our powers and our ambition, we shall still remember the feelings and friends that animated our exertions for the pages of *Harvardiana*.

NATHAN HALE, JR.,  
RUFUS KING,  
GEORGE W. LIPPITT,  
JAMES R. LOWELL,  
CHARLES W. SCATES.

Cambridge, July, 1838.



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# HARVARDIANA.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1837.

No. I.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

"WILL you tell me, Sir, what makes yonder knot of grey-headed men now so happy and now so sad?" This question was put to us, on Commencement day, by a gentleman, whose accent and words showed him to be a foreigner. For no American would ask why the eyes of the aged should glisten with the fire and vivacity of youth, when they come up, on our annual jubilee, to a place overflowing with mementos of their boyish years; and why they should be filled with tears, when they grasp the tremulous hand of some early friend, or learn that another of their number has "gone from amongst them in silence down." No one, acquainted with these circumstances, would have been at a loss to account for the quick changes which passed over the brows of those veterans of threescore.

"Why is that venerable old gentleman walking alone and thoughtful in the procession?" You are wrong; he is not alone. The spirit of his old Chum is walking beside him. "Well, if those close behind him are not merry for persons of their age, then never heard I mirth before!" Hush! they have "dreamed themselves to youth," and must not be disturbed. They are calling to mind some riotous pranks, which greatly troubled good old President Willard.

We are digressing. It was our purpose to say something of Commencement itself. We went into the

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Church, to our shame be it said, full of the jealousy, which is usually felt by the members of one class towards those of another, and resolved not to praise, if we could conscientiously find fault. But when we saw parents, sisters, and brothers exulting in the improvement which four years had wrought in this or that performer, although *we* might not like the part, still criticism was disarmed, and we applauded in spite of ourselves. There was one whom we might advise to attend Mr. Webb, until he has learned enough of harmony to modulate his voice so as not to offend all ears. We might say that some others forgot that most important hint of the elocutionist, viz. to forget all his instructions, when we come to speak. We might say that this one was guilty of palpable imitation of the eccentric style of another; and that the next was sadly destitute of energy and animation. Such remarks as these, however, might seem ill-natured, and might be unjust; and therefore we forbear.

The day began with sunshine, and so did the exercises; but here the comparison ceases. The one ended in a chaste and beautiful oration, and the other in a gloomy rain storm. There were two parts, which we wish to notice particularly; one for the noble and impressive manner in which it was delivered, and the other for the skill and ingenuity with which a difficult subject (assigned by the Faculty) was handled. These two performances seemed to stand out from the others in bold relief, and we hope the young gentlemen will not disappoint the expectations then raised. The reputation which the Class of 1837 has sustained through College, lost none of its lustre by the closing exercises.

---

The beauty and interest of the pieces selected for declamation, and the superior care bestowed upon the delivery, renders the Boylston Prize Speaking, to ourselves, one of the most interesting exercises of Commencement week. In common with all, we believe, who witnessed the late contest, we were pleased with the tasteful and spirited attempts of the unusually numerous competitors. There was in most of the speeches, indeed, a want of tact, — a deficiency in that "*ars celare artem*," which is indispensable to a clear, effective, and

agreeable manner; but this power of "waking the soul by tender strokes of *art*," is attainable by long practice only, and is not required, consequently, of the inexperienced tyro.

We might enlarge upon certain faults, which, from being common to most of the speakers, we take to be *local*, but, would merely suggest that Hamlet does not, without reason, charge us, "to speak the speech trippingly on the tongue" and "not to *saw the air* too much with the hand, thus. 'Pray you avoid it.'"

We repeat, we were rejoiced to see such convincing proof, that a spirit of emulation in this noble and invaluable art is gradually growing up in the bosom of old Harvard. May it be nourished and carried forth to redound to her glory.

---

#### A RUNAWAY MATCH.

##### I.

ALONE in her princely chamber sat Atalanta, the only daughter of his Majesty of Scyros, turning her eyes carelessly upon the prospect before her window, and suffering the rug-work, on which she had been engaged, to lie neglected upon her knee. Her rank, her divine beauty, and her immense fortune, had marked her out from her infancy as a proud prize to the neighboring petty princes; and all the fashionable world, not in the immediate confidence of the court, had expected long before to have seen policy and inclination unite, to fix her choice on some of these numerous suitors.

The world was puzzled — a pretty heiress had entered upon her twenty-third year, before which season, the early bloom of her beauty must have arrived at its prime, and the fame of her attractions drawn before her all the candidates for her hand, and she yet remained unmoved by all entreaties, and continued to preside without ap-



pearance of change at the tea-table of her sovereign and father.

To the immediate circle of the court it was known, however, that the princess had determined to die an old maid; and that the commands of her father and the remonstrances of her friends had met the same fate as the aspirations of her wooers. She preferred in the seclusion of the palace grounds to indulge in the athletic and scarcely feminine exercises for which she was famous, and rejoiced in being called the fleetest runner that her native village knew. All the world knows the manner in which she maintained her celibacy. She entered upon a foot-race with her suitors, and giving them the start, she followed, dart in hand. If they first gained the goal, her hand was to be the reward. But if, as it had always proved, she overtook them, they were doomed to fall by the dart she carried.

"Does then another," said she, as she sat gazing from the window, "does another present himself to die by my hand? I must find out his strength and powers, for I am hardly in training this week." So saying, she pulled the bell-rope at her side, and was soon confronted by her pretty attendant, Callisto.

"I hear, Callisto," said her mistress, "that another young gentleman came to court to-day."

"Yes, your ladyship, though you have made courting such dangerous business. And were it not for your vow he might be quite successful; but your ladyship bends all your beaux till they break."

"Who is he? Is he like all the others?"

"His name is Hippomenes. Like the others he is your slave, and will be your victim. The youth is good-looking, and has shown sense as well as folly by choosing you as his mistress. You surely might spare him."

"I give him his chance; he must run for his life—many a poor fellow has done the same."

"Your ladyship's kindness is quite overpowering, since if there were a chance you would be the last to grant it to him. But you have distinguished yourself by your mile in three minutes long enough, why not now try the double harness?"

"What! settle down to a dull family beast? I might not, perhaps, find a husband 'perfectly safe for a lady to drive.'"

"But, my dear mistress, it is not natural that one of our sex should be always able to beat the male, and if speed is your only criterion, you may be forced at last to marry a mere whip, or perhaps, only a snapper. But now you have a chance to accept a young man of fine face, figure, fortune, and family, and you neglect it. Better marry him first, and then race with him, and beat him too if you can."

"Mind your own concerns, Callisto—I shall always keep, as I have thus far, to the resolution which I of old made."

"Old maid indeed you will find yourself! And I, who have been a maid in waiting all my life, shall be an old maid too; for if you persist in this you will drive all the beaux from court at the point of your arrow."

At this moment King Jasius entered the apartment, and, joining the ladies in the window, addressing his daughter, said "What does my Atalanta answer to her new lover?"

"The old conditions, father; no suitor farther than the last,\* is my rule; and even if I loved him as I do you, father, I could not retract a syllable to save him."

"But how can you bear to pursue this young man to the death? What harm has he done you? He only pays you the greatest compliment man can pay to woman."

"And," interposed Callisto, who, it was insinuated, was slightly given to punning, "if you race him to death, you can't raise him to life again."

"Hush, Callisto," cried the princess, "what are you made of that you venture to interrupt my father?"

"Maid of honor, madam, at your service," responded the attendant.

"And she advises you rightly, daughter," said his majesty, "when she speaks words of favor to this young man."

"I don't doubt that he has spoken words of favor to her," said Atalanta, with too ready asperity.

"Madam, it is not for you to accuse poor girls like me of running after the young men, when it is, as it were, your profession."

Callisto was about to continue, Atalanta to answer,

---

\* Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

and Jasius to interrupt, when the gong summoned all parties to the palace-hall to dinner, whither the ladies went with angry looks, one on either side of his majesty, who had thought best to separate the disputants.

## II.

Hippomenes knew well the difficulty of what he had undertaken; but such was the force of his love, that he was determined to strive and to conquer. But how? For the answer to this question he had resolved to apply to his aunt Venus, the most famous intrigante of his day, whose advice he did not doubt would be of great assistance.

He entered her dwelling, like a privileged nephew, without knocking, but waited in her antechamber while she was summoned from her boudoir, well knowing that she little liked to be broken in upon there, without previous warning. While he was yet pacing the apartment, perhaps comparing himself mentally with the portraits of Anchises, Paris, and Adonis, which hung around, Venus entered and extended him her hand.

"What brings my nephew here," said she "for his visits have been rare of late? I thought that the beauties of the daughter of Jasius had banished me from your memory."

"Indeed," replied the youth, "I believe you have given her power to enchant me, and I have come to beg to be made master of the spell. At all risks, this princess must be mine."

"Have a care, Hippomenes; none know better than I, that love has its charms, but none know better than I, that matrimony is a cure that is worse than the disease. You may think yourself scorching with love, but avoid leaping out of the frying pan, — you know whither."

"But, aunt, you yourself showed me this beauty, and if my heart is now gradually burning with a concealed passion, it is because you struck the spark."

"Mine then shall be the match which shall bid it blaze up freely and lawfully. But where lies the difficulty? Art not rich enough?"

"All the wealth of Plutus would be of no use. I must beat her in a foot-race. Jove knows I had much

rather run towards her than from her, and I never rested my strength so much in my legs as on my arm."

"And she, they say, is the fleetest runner in Arcadia. But she may be prevailed upon to forego the trial."

"Indeed I believe she would not be unwilling, — so at least I have flattered myself; but she is bound by a solemn vow to the gods."

"But, between you and me, my boy, that need not make any difference. It's a chance if any of the divinities recollect it. I did not, I'm sure."

"You might find it hard to persuade her that she is of so little importance; and you know that among us mortals these vows are made a sort of point of honor."

"It has not been the fashion in Olympus since I was married, or before, that I know of. But we must think of some plan to check the speed of this racing damsel. Perhaps you can induce her tirewomen so to arrange matters, that she may become entangled in her drapery in the midst of her course. I have been caught in nets myself."

"Ah! aunt, she don't encumber herself with clothing on the day of a race; her wardrobe is scarcely more abundant than your own."

"Well, then, you must have something to stop her ardor; 'a tub to the whale,' as uncle Neptune says. Here — here are three golden pippins, which I saved from lunch — there are none such in the world beside. Have them ready, and use them well; they may delay her enough to give you time. And if you lose her —"

"If I lose her I lose myself; she carries a weapon, and slays him she overtakes."

"The vixen! when she is yours, you must break her obstinate spirit. I can teach you how to rule a spouse, when you get one. But put down your hat and stay tea, now all's settled."

"Thank you, aunt, it's impossible. The old king entertains the whole court tonight, and I'm engaged to Atalanta for the first set. She is most beautiful and most accomplished, and —"

"And rather racy in her conversation withal," interrupted Venus. "Good night."

Our hero kissed his aunt's hand, and hastened to dress for the evening, not daring to trust much to the means of success with which he was provided.

## III.

The day of trial arrived. All the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood had collected to be present at the races, and the course was crowded at an early hour. Expectation for the appearance of the competitors was at the highest, when her royal highness came upon the ground. Her carriage was bold and dauntless, notwithstanding the presence of the vast multitude, and each beholder read in her confidence the expected result of the contest.

Hippomenes, the next moment, presented himself. The divine encouragement he had received scarcely made him dare to hope, and the few bold speculators who had ventured to take the large odds against him, looked round to save their purses by seasonable hedging.

The competitors were both at the stand. Atalanta shook her dart at her suitor with an arch smile, which was but feebly returned, when the handkerchief was dropped, and our hero broke ground. By the conditions he was to have the start forty paces, and he went over them with easy steps, saving his strength for his after exertions. An officer of the course held a signal at the end of the given distance, and in passing him Hippomenes dropped one of the pippins, the gift of his aunt Venus. The officer would have picked it up, but all attention was at this moment directed towards the princess, who was just starting, brandishing her upraised dart in her right hand. It seemed but an instant, and she had passed the distance, and was rapidly overtaking the fated youth, who continued to run at his utmost speed, without casting a glance behind. But Atalanta, who knew she had time to spare, coolly stopped and picked up the pippin, which, especially on such a warm day, looked most tempting to her eyes. Hippomenes made the most of the delay, but little would it have availed him, had he not, at the moment when he heard her light feet behind him, rolled down another of the golden gifts upon the middle of the course. Again the princess stopped to save the charming fruit, which she this time did not obtain without an actual struggle for it with a froward boy,

whom not even the royal presence could deter from the attempt to satisfy his appetite. She conquered, but only to see her lover within a few paces of the goal. Every feeling but the desire for victory now deserted her, and she pressed on with unrivalled speed. Much did the youth fear that to drop the third apple would hardly retard her course; but without stopping a moment he hurled it backwards, and hurried on his way. The princess knew her own agility, and stooped for the third prize, which she saw rolling towards the crowd. She raised it with difficulty in her hands, already full, and again took up the pursuit. Too late; Hippomenes was standing at the goal with his hands on his sides panting for breath:—

"Ah," cried he, pressing her fingers to his lips, as she arrived, "this hand is at last my own."

"Not if my feet had been my own," replied she, "but your highness by throwing away apples has picked up a plum."

"And I rejoice at it," said the old king, coming up, "I would willingly have given bushels of apples to make a pair of you. But come up to the palace for dinner, which has been cooling during the whole heat."

"We must have a small party," observed the princess, glancing at the apples, "or there won't be enough for all, I was a great while on my last course, but have finally got my desert."

"'Them's a pleasant apple,' as the Deacon says," said Hippomenes, "I at least am content with my share."

"And I with mine;" said Atalanta, "this shall be 'last of my race on battle-plain,' and though in stooping for the fruit I lost the plate, I won't complain of the jockeying."

"Ah, nephew," cried Venus, approaching the party, "I give you joy of your bride."

"All is due to you," he replied, "your present has breathed into me new life."

"It's lucky you had it then," remarked Callisto, "for I observed your wind was getting short. But inexperienced as you seemed, that you have left my mistress behind, looks very much as if you had run before."

"You may run before and see if the dinner is yet hot," said the king.

'I suspect it is, Sire ; I have seen a great many heavy stakes changing hands.'

" Well," cried his majesty, " I thank my son-in-law for beating my daughter, which is the usual conclusion of '*a runaway match.*' "

## AN ODE,

Sung at the laying of the Corner Stone of a Western College.

We meet, no pageant train to view,  
 In idle pomp displayed,  
 No crowns to give, no garlands twine,  
 A Victor's brow to shade ;  
 But oh ! we meet with holier thoughts,  
 A nobler sight to see ;  
 We meet to-day to consecrate  
 This temple, Truth, to thee.

No classic walk is here to tell  
 Its many tales of yore ;  
 No ancient grove, no time-worn rocks,  
 With memories clustered o'er ;  
 Oh no ! but here, in native strength,  
 The forest green is spread ;  
 Through whose tall trees, this holy spire,  
 In triumph rears its head.

As o'er its roof, high throned in clouds,  
 The storm-beat branches wave ;  
 And near its base, the tree-clad earth  
 Soft, limpid waters lave ;  
 So may'st thou, o'er the human mind,  
 Proud Science, stretch thy sway,  
 And Virtue soft, Religion pure,  
 Wash error's seeds away.

Here may the mind, God's highest gift,  
 Religion early gain,  
 And drinking deep at learning's fount,  
 Thy beauty, Truth, maintain.

Here may the mind, man's highest trust,  
 Untrodden paths explore ;  
 Be decked with Science' brightest gems ;  
 Enriched with classic lore.

May those whose hands, with liberal store,  
 Have reared this sacred shrine,  
 Rejoice to watch its future growth,  
 Till life's last sun's decline ;  
 And may it send, each coming year,  
 With youth's high hopes elate,  
 A band to be the Pulpits' pride,  
 The Pillars of the State.

STUDENT OF HARVARD.

---

#### DEBATING SOCIETIES.

THE utility of associations for the discussion of general subjects has often been questioned, and never with greater frequency and confidence than at the present time. Before admitting, however, the justice of any complaints on this subject, it would be well to recollect that objections may be, and are, brought against every institution or plan of action whatever. Combinations of individuals, even for the purpose of diffusing knowledge or virtue, are liable to abuses ; and it is often difficult to discriminate between arguments against an institution itself and those which are applicable only to casual defects in its operation or management. The spirit of the age, likewise, among the many beneficial results it is bringing about in the world, is productive of some seemingly necessary evils. In the struggle against existing establishments men are apt to lose sight of the benefit which has been, and may still be, derived from them—to reject with contempt the contrivances of the past, and to throw themselves boldly on their own invention.

“But,” says an unimaginative reader, “what has the spirit of the age to do with debating societies?” The



connexion is not, indeed, very perceptible between that state of the public mind which is now menacing the immunities of corporations and the conventional privileges of the wealthy and refined, and the indifference or hostility of students to associations established by the obsolete wisdom of their predecessors. Still, it seems to us, that the boldness with which these associations, long thought the most efficient means of improvement, are openly eriminated, and the apparent loss of all feeling of responsibility, on the part of members of colleges, to sustain them, indicate the influence of opinions which, in a more revolutionary form, are characteristic of the world around us. If this be the case, every student should lend his efforts, either to perpetuate existing associations by augmenting their present capabilities of usefulness, or to replace them by other and better methods of mental training.

It cannot, however, be denied, that strong objections may, with reason, be urged against the continuance of debating societies, as they are generally constituted. An assembly of young men, selected without any regard to congeniality of dispositions, and released from the control of superior authority, are very liable to give way to the irksomeness of restraint, and become turbulent and unmanageable. A faithful picture of their minds will, in this way, undoubtedly be presented; but there are many who think that such exhibitions would better be made only to the partiality of friends. The tastes, too, of the vast majority can hardly be considered as formed, and the excitement and hurry of a warm discussion, it is hardly necessary to say, are but poor substitutes for that calm self-communion and assiduous study of good models, which are requisite to form a correct judgment as to the true method of conducting a public discussion. Few, indeed, are willing to undergo the labor of making those previous acquisitions which are indispensable to the clear exposition of controverted opinions. Hence, the result of a constant participation in debates is, at best, nothing but the attainment of facility in extempore speaking, while, as an offset to this very questionable advantage, the taste has been corrupted,—a disinclination acquired to that severe toil which all great orators have felt to be essential in preparing and methodizing their speeches,—

and a passion for display and empty declamation formed, which, in many cases, has proved an insurmountable obstacle to all improvement in eloquence.

Notwithstanding the plausibility of this kind of reasoning, we are far from thinking it conclusive. Where an association has been long organized for specific purposes, opposition or indifference to it can be justified only by showing that its ends are no longer valuable, or no longer attainable, or such as may be brought about with greater facility by the substitution of other plans. Of the impossibility of complying with these requisitions in the present case, we are well assured. Debating societies were unquestionably intended to prepare young men for discussing, with confidence and ability, before their fellow citizens, the great questions of after life; to accustom them to detect and expose all the sophistries and intricacies of complicated subjects; to enable them to present their arguments under that arrangement which should be most likely to convince others; and, above all, to endue them with that complete mastery over all their faculties, which seldom fails to render men quick both in thought and speech. No one will contend that these objects are now useless, or that in this country their importance is not much increased by the peculiar nature of our institutions.

In spite of the calculating and cautious character of the inhabitants of our Eastern States, the opinions of a very large class are guided by the discussions in popular assemblies. A much larger portion of the community, in every section of the country, are governed by names. They find themselves enrolled under the banner of some particular sect or party, and bend all their efforts to its aggrandizement, without ever sitting down, coolly and dispassionately, to examine the merits of the different questions, which the party leaders authoritatively decide for their followers. Hence a peculiar responsibility devolves upon all those who have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. Their duty, though less imposing, is not less arduous than was that of the founders of our republic. Institutions, whose existence and duration depend upon the intelligence and virtue of a whole people, demand for their support the active coöperation of enlightened and educated men. Nowhere can their efforts

be more effectual than in the public meetings, the lyceums, literary societies, and all assemblies whatever, where political questions are either casually, or customarily discussed. On all these occasions, how great is the superiority which the practised debater, even of inferior abilities, has over his opponent, who, with weightier thoughts and arguments, is yet prevented by want of self-possession or practice, from giving his views that arrangement and expression, which command the convictions of an audience? Who has not been present at assemblies, either of the people or of organized societies, and listened to some specious sophistry or bold but false assertion, which, from its having been delivered with confidence, and met with no reply, passed into the minds of many, invested with all the sanctity of truth? Such cases are familiar to every person of common intelligence, and to all these, it cannot but be a source of deep regret, that, if silent, they should have contributed to establish a falsehood in the minds of others, or, if induced to speak, injured, by their confused and hesitating manner, the cause of truth.

To one class of professional men — lawyers — practice in debate seems an almost indispensable prerequisite to success in life. Some, indeed, may be found, who have attained a high rank at the bar without this previous preparation. But we suspect that the greater number, even of these, had their advance retarded until they had acquired, in the contests of the forum, that dexterity and readiness which might, with more ease and profit, have been obtained during their collegiate career. Be this, however, as it may, there can be no question that some of the most illustrious names in the annals of the law have attributed much of their success, to their faithful use of the advantages embraced in a well organized debating society. Mansfield and Romilly, our own distinguished countryman, Pinkney, whose remarkable legal abilities were first discovered by his superiority in debate, have each borne testimony to this truth. How, in fact, can it be otherwise? A pleader, though he may have leisure enough for all the preparation which the nature of the case will admit, must still, almost universally, be thrown upon his own resources when he attempts to answer the arguments of his opponent. Natu-

ral acuteness may then do much in enabling him to detect the weak points in his adversary's plea, but if improved by long continued practice in debate, it will act with far greater certainty and efficiency. The eloquence of the bar must often come without premeditation, to produce its happiest effects; and incidents are constantly occurring which make it necessary for the speaker to alter his previous arrangement, and present his views in an order very different from that in which he had prepared them for exposition. To do this promptly and successfully, without being previously habituated to such unexpected demands upon his mental activity, would be almost impracticable to a person even of uncommon abilities; while to the trained debater it would present no difficulties whatever.

Perhaps, however, there are but few who question the utility of debating societies when properly conducted. The doubt is, as to the possibility of rendering them systematic and orderly in that admixture of different dispositions and characters, which, even the "peculiarly homogeneous nature" of collegiate society, does not remove the necessity of associating together for improvement in debate. It must, in fact, be admitted, that some radical mistakes are prevalent, with regard to the proper objects of debating societies and the right employment of their advantages. Here, as well as with reference to lyceums, public lectures, and all the other helps to knowledge which the philanthropic spirit of the times has created, there is danger of our conceiving them to be designed to supersede the necessity of personal exertion and labor. It might be thought that the frequency with which men have been told that there is no royal road to knowledge, would have rendered any further repetition useless. But we are afraid that many students who are regular attendants at the meetings of our different clubs, have not yet presented this truth distinctly to their own minds. If such there be, they probably suppose themselves to be industriously engaged, because they make it a point to speak once at least during the discussion of every question; not reflecting, that such a practice, without diligent study of the subjects in controversy, will only give them fluency — a quality which is either valuable or pernicious, as it is accompanied, or not, by readiness

in comprehending and analyzing difficult topics. Without this, and an extensive acquaintance with the question under discussion, it degenerates into mere flippancy, and renders its possessor the pest of all assemblies for debate, where sense and not words is held in esteem. The pride which some persons, thus self-deluded, appear to feel, is about as reasonable as that of the poet mentioned by Horace, who boasted of being able to compose a hundred verses while standing on one leg.

Here is unquestionably a great evil, but one by no means incurable, as it arises from the unmerited favor bestowed upon extempore speaking, and the ridicule which is thrown upon every one suspected of having written down his remarks before delivery. The only remedy required, is to be more diligent in making preparation for debate. On this point, we have the express testimony of all great orators, both in ancient and modern times. "I should lay it down as a rule," says a distinguished and eloquent statesman, Lord Brougham, "admitting of no exception, that a man will speak well in proportion as he has written much; and that with equal talents, *he* will be the finest extempore speaker, whenever no time for preparing is allowed, who has prepared himself the most sedulously when he had an opportunity of delivering a premeditated speech." Demosthenes, also, as we are informed by Plutarch, followed Pericles in resolving not to speak, unless absolutely compelled to, without previous preparation. The number of exordiums which he left behind him, if they do not prove that he, like Cicero, had them prepared for any unexpected case which might occur, at least evince the laborious care with which every part of his orations was premeditated and composed.

The remarks now made, are, we think, peculiarly applicable to the debating societies connected with this Institution. There is, indeed, good reason to think, that these societies do not maintain their proper standing, compared with those in other Colleges. Whether this be owing to causes beyond the control of undergraduates, or simply to indifference or indolence on their part, we shall not attempt to decide. That a large portion, however, in every class, of those most capable of augmenting the efficiency of our societies, abstain almost invari-

ably from any participation in the debates, is evident to all, and has long been a subject of regret.

As a remedy for this state of things, increased care in the selection of subjects would not be misemployed. Societies have, it is true, the privilege of determining by their votes which, of the three or four questions propounded, shall be discussed. But it is well known, that frequently a choice can be made only on the principle of accepting the least of several evils. Obviously, the best rule on this subject is, to offer for debate no question on which the minds of the great majority of wise and good men are already decided. The great diversity of subjects, which are still matters of controversy among intelligent persons, renders this perfectly practicable. An opposite plan may, indeed, be acceptable to some ambitious youths, who are anxious to display their disputative powers by defending, what is called, the difficult side of a question. But to those who are cautious how they disturb their veneration for truth, by advocating a falsehood even in jest, it must destroy the whole life and spirit of debate.

Another important point to be considered, is the number of persons, which may, advantageously, be brought together in a society. Were it possible to select those only, whose tastes and habits would render them active and interested in prosecuting the objects of the association, it would certainly be better to admit none of an opposite character. In this case the number would necessarily be small. But it is easy to show, that the formation of a society, out of such elements, would be impracticable. Ignorance of one another's dispositions and abilities would make the selection difficult; and, even if the attempt should be successful in one class, it would be vain to expect that others would be guided by the same principles in the choice of members, and not regard acquaintance or friendship as paramount recommendations. If the club was intended to continue in existence, only while its founders remained in College, it would undoubtedly be better to confine it to a few persons, who might then be chosen from a previous knowledge of their characters. If, however, the design was to establish a permanent society, the object would be attained, with greater certainty, by making the number

large. In that case, there would be many, willing and able to make the exercises a source of interest and improvement, while the larger portion, if of no other advantage, would at least perform the part of spectators. The whole body of the students might thus be united in one or two Clubs, as is the case in nearly all American Colleges, and, if attendance was enforced by the usual methods, our debating societies would become useful to their members, instead of furnishing an apology for a great waste of time, and an opportunity for the display of captiousness and flippancy.

Ἡ ΣΦΑΙΡΗΠΟΙΣ. *Homer's neu Heldengedicht, von Diog: Teufelsdröckh herausgegeben.* Weissnichtwo, Stillschwiegen und Cg<sup>io</sup>. 1837.

THE critics of Germany, always distinguished in the pursuits of literature, have lately made a discovery, brilliant enough to reflect even additional lustre on a land which has already given birth to a Faust and a Luther. It is to one of their number that we are indebted for having brought to light the before unknown poem of Homer, which has furnished us with a subject for this article.

In the Weissnichtwo Gazette of January, 1836, it was announced, that the learned professor Teufelsdröckh had accidentally lit upon this gem which for more than twenty centuries had been lost to learning and the world. "This inestimable treasure," continues the Gazette, "which, when given to the public, will add another leaf to the distinguished professor's already acquired laurels, this gem beyond all price (*edelstein über aus trefflich*) dropped from the folds of an ancient garment which the professor was examining when laying the foundations of his everywhere-celebrated clothes philosophy." To worthier hands so distinguished a fortune could not have fallen!

This long-expected and eagerly-desired volume has at length appeared in Germany, under the personal super-

intendence of the immortal Teufelsdröckh. The poem in question was probably composed (I had nearly said written) like the *Pygmægeranomachia*, to while away the leisure hours of the blind old man of no particular birthplace.

The subject of the epic is the game of Football, an amusement as popular among the students of the Greek universities as it is in our own in these degenerate days. The manuscript is peculiarly interesting, as it throws additional light upon the manners and customs of ancient Greece, and proves that the character and discipline of their universities has descended in an almost unaltered state to us, in spite of time, and the thick darkness which brooded over the earth during the midnight of the middle ages.

How delightful, how touching is it to follow the steps of the Father of Poesy through the lowly walks of common life, and to read in the actions of the unsophisticated Freshmen of Athens and Lacedæmon that innocent simplicity and unassuming merit which characterizes their namesakes of our own enlightened Republic!

We have ventured to attempt a few translations of some of the finest passages, in order to let our readers judge for themselves of the beauties of the poem. The first book is taken up by the invocation and introduction to the subject; in the beginning of the second book the action of the poem commences, and the following beautiful extract occurs. We think that even in its present state the reader will find enough to compensate for the pooriness of the translation.

Now after dinner Jove in silence strode,  
(Stepping full slowly 'neath th' ambrosial load,<sup>1</sup>)  
To where, inviting with its outspread arms,  
His easy chair displayed its cushion'd charms.  
Arrived at length, he sits him down in state;  
The polish'd arm-chair roaring<sup>2</sup> with the weight,

<sup>1</sup> "*Βραδύως*," κ. τ. λ. Even under so quaint an expression as that in the text, the poet impresses us with an idea of the majesty of Jupiter. It would require an endless commentary to point out all the peculiar beauties of this delightful poem. T. (The notes marked 'T.' are by professor T. himself.)

<sup>2</sup> "*Βεβρονῶσα καθέδρα*," κ. τ. λ. 'Roaring with the weight'; mark the peculiar beauty and force of this expression, which Homer must have penned in his happiest mood. We read in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of tables '*groaning*' beneath the load of superincumbent edibles; but the poet here tells us, that so great was the postmeridian weight of Jupiter, that the agonized chair actually '*roared*' with the pain of the pressure. T.



Received the corpus of the well-fill'd god,  
 Who lit his pipe, and soon began to nod.  
 At ev'ry bob of his macassared poll  
 Outrageous thunders down Olympus roll,  
 The staring sun looks blue; the trembling earth  
 From Ætna's jaws gives 'hot-press'd volumes' birth.  
 So when fierce Mars his blazing sword waves round,  
 "The rage of jumping chariots shakes the ground!"

After this description, which, for force and aptness of expression, and for sweetness of sentiment, is scarcely equalled by the most admired passages in our author's other, and long celebrated productions, Fame enters. She, having succeeded in attracting the drowsy attention of Jupiter, by a severe tweak on the organ of olfactory sensation, informs him, in one hundred and twenty as finished verses as we ever perused, that the telegraph, on the highest summit of the most elevated portion of many-peaked Olympus, announces the near approach of the dreadful battle at Football between the hosts of opposing Sophomores and Freshmen. Jove, having scratched his head and relighted his pipe, rings the bell for his scales. Into one side he throws the ambition to sustain the novel honors of the '*toga virilis*'; while Juno places in the other the acknowledged superiority and importance conferred by the long and arduous experience of one year's seniority.

The painfully anxious expectations of the lookers-on is ended by the slow, but obstinate depression of the Sophomoric side of the balance. Jupiter, who had privately determined to give the victory to the Freshmen, finding it impossible, throws down the golden scales in a huff, and saunters off, in vain endeavoring to assume an air of independence, with his hands in his pockets, alternately puffing diligently at his pipe, and humming the highly popular Spartan war-song, called "Yankee Doodle." Juno trips lightly to her piano, and, while the accomplished Apollo turns the leaves of her music, 'executes'\* the grand national anthem of "Settin' on a Rail."

The bard now carries us back to earth, and the descrip-

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\* This 'execution,' as the golden-haired Phœbus Apollo wittily remarked afterwards, at a soirée given by Venus, amounts in many cases to little more than "legal murder."

tion of the battle, (by far the most thrilling episode in the poem,) commences. The football is slowly dragged to the ground by two panting Freshmen, selected for that arduous service. It was of such enormous size, that twelve Freshmen of our degenerate days could scarce lift it; for even in Homer's time, he tells us that

"A ball like this, so monstrous and so hard,  
Six eager Freshmen scarce could kick a yard!"

The gods next descend to the conflict, with the exception of Jupiter, who disliked a long walk after dinner, and Minerva, who was engaged in an earnest discussion with one of the professors on the culture of the Olive. Apollo also was absent, being unable by whip or spur to force the obstinate Pegasus down from the many-peaked Olympus. The cause of this refractoriness on the part of his steed, he afterwards stated, was, that on a former visit to the University, having tied his horse to the post at the gate, five or six of the students tackled him into a wagon, and drove with such furious haste up the neighboring mount Parnassus, as materially injured the wind of the beast.

We shall commence our second translation with some extracts from the account of the combat, which is written in our author's best manner, and, from its style, gives additional proof of the genuineness of the poem. The struggle has already commenced, and our interest in the event is scarcely lessened by the assurance given us beforehand by the scales of Justice, to which party the victory will incline. The following is a passage of intense interest; a Freshman has caught the ball, and

Then, the sole centre of admiring eyes,  
He grabs with both his hands the splendid prize,  
Stands on his utmost toes to seem more tall,  
And with stentorian voice addresses all.  
"From distant realms to learning's shrine I come,  
Far from my nurse's arms and peaceful home,  
And that dear maiden whom behind I left,  
Of seven senses by my loss bereft!  
Blest in my talents, and remote from strife,  
In raising calves my father spends his life;  
His name is Ajax GARRES—and ditto mine,  
In me are plac'd the hopes of all my line!  
Of me my friends all 'feel,' (or ought to,) 'great,'  
Search through the globe you would not find my mate!"

And here I stand in arms my father wore,  
 (What time the brunt of raging war he bore,)  
 Two boots of cowhide, fram'd of 'sterner stuff'  
 Than would make twenty Sophs cry 'hold ! enough !"  
 Thus having said, the cowhide-booted youth  
 Call'd Jove to witness that he spoke the truth,  
 And cocking fiercely one cerulean eye  
 With glance triumphant waited a reply.

Nor waited long : a Soph with look of fire  
 Straightway pull'd out the stopple of his ire :  
 "Rush you on death, vain boy, that vaunting thus,  
 With voice exalt you strive to make a fuss ?  
 'Far better were it : better were it far'  
 You ne'er had tried the fate of cruel war ;  
 Far better were it on your nurse's lap  
 To suck your thumb and gulp diurnal pap ;  
 Better to face the prowling panther's path,  
 Than meet the storm of Sophomoric wrath !  
 Thy father raises calves ? egad, 't is true ;  
 And never reared a greater one than you !"  
 He said : the frantic Freshman fiercely frown'd,  
 Then hurl'd the pond'rous football to the ground ;  
 "Fair lick !" he cried, and rais'd his dreadful foot  
 Arm'd at all points with the ancestral boot ;  
 Like a huge comet, cheated of his tail,  
 The ball flew swifter than the steamboat mail,  
 High in the air it wings its hasty flight,  
 And, (if 't were dark,) had whizzed quite out of sight.

Alas poor GAIPES ! he had but scanty space  
 To boast the fame thus added to his race,  
 Swift as Jove's lightnings from the storm-clouds shoot,  
 Full on his shins descends the hostile boot,  
 No Ethiop he : and yet his ghastly grin  
 Spoke the keen anguish of the injured shin ;  
 Prone in the dust his stately form he threw  
 A corpse gigantic — *nearly* four feet two !\*  
 The victor rush'd to grab the costly spoil,  
 The hard-earned "summat" for his warlike toil ;  
 Two boots and those *two* tails, with which we see  
 Freshmen feel large as fierce bashaws with three.  
 But, as he stoop'd the well greas'd greaves to find,  
 Great Jupiter crept slyly up behind,

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\* Virgil must have seen this poem, we think, from his palpable imitation of the above passage, in the 6th book of the *Æneid* ; where he says,

"per tota novem cui jugera corpus  
 Porrigitur."

If he never had read the line in the text it is, as Walter Savage Landor would say, "a remarkable coincidence."

Involved the Freshman in a cloud of smoke,  
 And dealt the Sophomore so hard a stroke,  
 (With a good staff of Constitution oak,) }  
 As made him more bright Constellations view,  
 Than ever gemm'd night's spangled arch of blue !

Minerva, who, as well as Jupiter, has now entered the combat, conveys the Freshman to his room, where his cries make such a disturbance, that a proctor enters and commands the blue-eyed goddess "to disperse." This order she reluctantly obeys.

On the battle field, in the mean time, the assistance of the Seniors and Juniors is called in, and the poet describes some of the principal combatants. The leader of the Juniors we are told was

A kingly form, as *Polyphemus* tall,  
 By head and hat he far o'ertops them all,  
 Firm as a rock he stems the raging fight,  
 Flinging his mighty fists from left to right,\*  
 Like mountain torrent rushes on the foe,  
 And wields the terrors of his dreadful toe !

After many exploits on both sides, the armies retire with no decided advantage on either part. Or, as our author expresses it,

Like crews of *geese* who seek the frozen pole,  
 Where falling icebergs fright the fearful soul,  
 And 'expeditions' waste both time and men  
 In working up and working back agen.

The gods withdraw to Olympus and Jupiter despatches Esculapius, (with a jug of opodeldoc, a syringe, and the unmentionable part of a linen shirt,) to the assistance of the wounded. Esculapius, (poor fellow !), having probably drunk a little too deeply of his favorite nectar, was persuaded by some valorous Sophomores to go with his squirt to "visit" a Freshman. But here, the sport was not wholly on one side ; for the unfortunate Esculapius was obliged to return precipitately to Olympus, having lost his syringe, (valued at one drachma,) besides being assisted down stairs by the toe of the indignant Freshman.

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\* "From left to right." We usually say from "right to left"; but the poet, with the boldness always attendant on true genius, has here reversed the order, thereby rendering his hero far more grand and peculiar.

The concluding lines of the poem are so fine, that we cannot refrain from giving them entire.

Now Jove with nightcap on or in his head  
Saw, (wondrous sight,) two moons their lustre shed !  
But striding on, to reach his 'polished couch,'  
He took his snuff-box from his ample pouch ;  
Thrice tapp'd the cover with his kingly hand,  
Took two vast pinches, and pronounced it 'grand.'  
He sneez'd ; the 'Thund'rer sneezed ; the stars  
Trembled like volunteers pursued by Mars,  
Ten thousand comets whisk their endless tails,  
Ten thousand dittoes load the startled gales,  
And fast as legs can wag, the storm-king flies,  
"Coruscant lightnings darting from his eyes !"  
But Jove, meanwhile, quite used to such a din,  
Climb'd up his bed and huddled snugly in,  
Put an extinguisher upon the moon,  
And ordered breakfast to be serv'd at noon.

"Finis coronat opus !" exclaims the immortal Teufelsdröckh, as he lays down his pen, after his editorial labors ; and "finis coronat opus" is reëchoed by the voice of thousands from this side of the Atlantic. Yes, such an ending as the above is indeed worthy to cap the climax of the noble work before us !

But amid the universal plaudits called forth by the professor's publication, one jarring note is heard,

—— "argutos inter anser olores."

And whose voice is this which is thus raised to blacken the fair fame of the glorious Teufelsdröckh ? Truly that of a nameless critic, who, speaking of the poem, writes thus : "in the first place, I deny that such a man as Homer ever existed ; and secondly, I affirm that he did not write the epic in question."

To his first proposition I shall not condescend to reply ; and concerning his second I shall merely remark, that it is scarcely less flimsy than his first. I leave it to the

\* "Εγχεφαλος," x. τ. 2. On this passage the critics are divided. Some assert that 'nightcap' is used in the cant sense of 'evening dram' ; and support the theory by the fact of the Thunderer's seeing two 'queens of night.' Others on the other hand, and with them I am proud to rank myself, say that this second sight, as it were, was meant by the poet to express a peculiar privilege of the immortals, and to show Jupiter's elevation above the inhabitants of earth. T.

In the translation, we have endeavored to combine the two expressions, so as to satisfy all readers.

decision of my readers whether the hand of Homer is not discernible throughout; a hand, which, like that of Midas, transforms all it touches into gold!

One thing yet remains to be spoken of, viz., our author makes "the father of the gods" a smoker. This has been pitched upon, by the enemies of Teufelsdröckh, to prove the German origin of the poem. But even the most prejudiced will allow the genuineness of Virgil's *Bucolics*, and does he not there say

"Incipe Mænalios mecum mea tibia versus,"

"Begin with me my pipe Mænalian strains."\*

With regard to our versions into English, we trust no harsh critic will apply to Homer, the exclamation which Quince with so much pathos addresses to the unfortunate Bottom;

"Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! thou art translated!"

R.

#### LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN BOSTON TO HER COUSIN IN THE COUNTRY.

September 13, 1837.

Your little note, dear Jane, has come to hand,  
And, as our uncle is again returning  
To your far off and almost desert land,  
Long ere I leave my bed to-morrow morning,  
I write a line to let you understand,  
All that in town has happened worth your learning,  
That though you live apart, with Goth and Vandal,  
Your heart may yet enjoy the news and scandal.

And yet there's none to tell; for though they say 't is  
Coming on winter ere the summer's ended,  
We haven't yet begun the winter gayeties, —  
Perhaps we shan't, until the times are mended; —

\* Warton.

They like to lay bad times upon the ladies,  
And say that all our troubles are intended  
To stop extravagance, that worst of vices,  
And so the parties bow before the crisis.

The summer sojourners are all arriving,  
And telling o'er their varied transmigrations ; —  
The girls all look about as well and thriving  
As if they ne'er had left their proper stations,  
And seem quite glad to find themselves surviving  
And picking up again their old flirtations.  
Home is the place for quiet, after all,  
No moss is gathered by a rolling ball.

E'en distant lands have sent ours back her daughters,  
Although perhaps, they hardly like to lose 'em,  
We gladly welcome them across the waters,  
And fold the well-loved truants in our bosom ;  
And trust they 'll ne'er permit those base exhorters  
To draw them off, who fain would hence induce 'em.  
One point there is with which no mortal cavils,  
Their beauty gains new lustre on their travels.

Since the long list I sent you in my last,  
No new engagement greets the anxious ear,  
But many hope that ere the summer's past,  
The good effects of *journeys* will appear ;  
For when young couples are together cast  
For miles and miles, — 't is very, very queer  
If nothing happens, (don't you think it is ?)  
From Mrs. Broadhurst's friends' "propinquities."

Your sister is in Cambridge with your aunt,  
And several other girls are there to meet her,  
I hope she told you, for I'm sure I can't,  
The time they had Commencement and Phi Beta —  
The gentlemen, she says, have turned gallant,  
At least a half-a-dozen at her feet are ;  
They seem to be that kind of simple souls,  
Who serenade and doat on moonlight strolls.

And, by the bye, you 've had some Cambridge youth  
Among you, passing off their long vacation ;  
And like enough, if you confess the truth,  
They may have met your hearty approbation —

You live so, there, midst country boors uncouth,  
 I think you must have blest the innovation,  
 Though you, at home, of old, turned up your nose  
 At such small game as stupid College beaux.

But oh, I ought to tell you of a party  
 We had the other night in *blank-blank* street ;  
 We heard some singing, and we ate quite hearty,  
 The singing good, but better far the eat —  
 A certain friend of yours was there so smart, he  
 Scarce could keep from flying off his feet —  
 La! I have made some very strange omissions,  
 Nor told of Ellen Tree nor Prague musicians.

But never mind, my eyes will drop together,  
 And I must bid good night, though 'gainst my will ;  
 Were I a somnabule, with mental feather,  
 I'd skim the air and thus be with thee still.  
 But I am not, and this is sleepy weather,  
 So fare thee well, sweet cousin Jane, until,  
 Until you answer this with lines all crossed  
 And recrossed, — by return of post.

## SUMMUM BONUM.

**THERE** is probably no question about which philosophers have speculated more, and none, certainly, about which there is, even at the present day, more difference of opinion, than this: "In what does happiness consist?" Some sages tell us that it consists in the gratification of the senses, while others affirm that wisdom is its only source; and that even tortures would fall harmless upon their wise man. Thus, numerous answers have been given to this grand question; but their diversity is a sufficient refutation of them all. Let them alone, and, like the fabled men who arose from the earth, where the dragon's teeth had been sown, they will destroy each other. For so humble an individual as myself was reserved the glory of solving this grand question, which



for two thousand years has baffled human research. The Summum Bonum is BRASS.

The philosophers of a sect, which has lately sprung up, will be inclined to laugh at this answer, as they do at every thing intelligible and simple. They may say, too, that I am basely attempting to bring forward, as a new discovery, what was well known to the Romans, if not to the Greeks. Now I am ready to admit that the ancients had some vague glimpses of this truth, as we find by passages in the works of the astronomers who preceded Newton, that they had an indistinct notion of gravity. It is true, indeed, that the Romans were early divided into different classes according to the quantity of brass they possessed. The generous Horace tells us, that he would gladly give *brass* to his companions, if it were in his power. He speaks, too, of a certain king of the Cappadocians, who had a great number of slaves, but, poor man! he wanted *brass*. Seneca has this remarkable passage: "*Ære suo censeri est in se æstimabilem esse nec aliunde egere commendatione.*" The candid must admit, that these passages, strong and pregnant with meaning as they are, amount to nothing more than a dim foreshadowing of the great doctrine.

It may be interesting to know the steps which led to this invaluable truth. In the first place, however, the reader should be informed that his humble servant entertains deep contempt for the Baconian system of philosophy, which has transformed man, who was originally impressed with the image of the Deity, into a mere tool-contriving animal,—into a mere tender of machines worked by steam, electro-magnetism, or something else. It was not thus, in the good old days of the prophets; then men thought of God and human destiny; now the great object is to be carried from this city to that, in the shortest time; or to increase the quantity of cotton manufactures. With such views as these, it is no wonder that the works of the old philosophers have been my chief study. The stoics were certainly right, when they maintained that happiness does not depend on any thing external. Milton, too, has expressed the same doctrine in lines that will never be forgotten. From this principle, which is too evident to need proof, the plain inference is, that it can neither depend on what we think of

others, or what others think of us; what we think of ourselves, then, must be to us a source of happiness, or misery. Brass is the external development of a good opinion of oneself, and consequently the evidence of internal felicity. But when the word is here used, the sign is taken for the thing signified.

I have already a multitude of disciples, and a set of more contented and satisfied faces were never seen together. Pleased with themselves, and consequently with those around them, they can hardly imagine what people mean by such terms as dejection, diffidence, &c. They are never tormented by dreams of ambition, because each one thinks that he has already reached the summit of greatness. They see no difference between themselves and those that are most distinguished in the world. The peasant, in his rags, feels himself equal to the monarch in his gorgeous robes. As all are equal in the grave, so, by the aid of *brass*, may all be equal on earth. If a monarch imagines himself a beggar, is he not, to all intents and purposes, a beggar? And if a beggar imagines himself a monarch, is he not one, so far as his happiness is concerned? This is one of the most glorious points of my doctrine.

Every candidate for admission into my school must be provided with two club-caness, and two quizzing-glasses; one of each for ordinary, and one for extraordinary occasions. No one need apply for admission to an advanced standing, unless he can produce a certificate from some reputable person, that he can coolly and deliberately quiz a lady at the distance of six feet, and that, during the four months next preceding his application, he has not been known to blush, or show any other signs of modesty in the presence of any persons whatever.

The aim of my instructions is to eradicate diffidence and self-distrust, which are the cause of so much wretchedness. This I endeavor to effect by lectures and a judicious course of discipline, the efficacy of which can be most satisfactorily shown by facts. A young man left my school not long since, who, when he came, suffered extremely from the belief that he was inferior in intellect to those around him. A smile from others, while he was in their company, was absolute torture to him; he treasured up the most trifling remarks, and revolved

them in his mind, sometimes for months, in order to ascertain whether they did not relate to himself. He left my tuition an altered being. Not long afterwards he fell in love, as deeply as a genuine disciple of mine can fall in love, put that question, which all but old bachelors ask, or answer once in their lives, and received a decided negative from lips, (take my word for it gentle reader,) which Michael Angelo might have taken for a model. But he neither went mad, nor committed suicide; he coolly smoothed down his dark whiskers and said, "Miss M——, I pity your infatuation and want of perception."

Another of my disciples, who was an unsuccessful competitor for a certain prize, replied to one that innocently wished to offer consolation, "Sir, do not trouble yourself; I feel conscious that I ought to have received the prize, and this is enough for me." A third had an idea that he was a great orator; and so strong was he armed in *brass*, that hissing, spitting, and various kinds of Zoological sounds have not yet convinced him that he is not so. He attributes all such things to envy. A fourth, with nothing on earth to rely upon but his *brass*, passed himself off for two years as a teacher of mathematics, and during that time his pupils alone knew his ignorance. I might give many remarkable instances, were it necessary, of persons in the church and state, and in fashionable life, who have risen solely by this quality.

If, then, Brass be not the Summum Bonum, it is something which comes marvellously near it. If any one is disposed to make light of this discovery, let him consider how many, according to the veracious testimony of the poets and novelists, perish annually, by disappointment in love alone. Will not my principles, when men are thoroughly imbued with, and act upon them, put an end to this havoc?

ÆNEIDES.

## IN IMITATION OF BURNS.

## I.

Those liquid een o' winsome blue,  
Like sparklin' draps o' heav'n's ain dew,  
Those modest cheeks o' changin' hue  
Are aye before me;  
Where'er I turn they meet my view,  
An' hover owre me.

## II.

Fu' aft I've talked o' laughin' girls,  
An' sparklin' een, an' auburn curls,  
An' smiles disclosin' rows o' pearls,  
Wi' mickle glee;  
But *she*, alas! my heart strings diris  
In spite o' me!

## III.

Na, ne'er till now I've felt the sway  
Of een that mock'd pure Hesper's ray,  
An' voice mair sweet than when, in May,  
The playfu' breeze  
Sighs aft, as if it long'd to stay  
Among the trees.

## IV.

Oh had I but *ae* lock o' hair  
That now sae fandly nestles there  
Just peepin' out, (her smiles to share),  
Frae 'neath her bonnet,  
For a' life's ills I wad na care  
While gazin' on it!

## MEMOIR OF CHATTERTON.

THE calamities of genius form a topic, which is too apt to be enlarged upon at the expense of the world's humanity and good sense. We cannot discriminate too nicely between the real and the accidental claims which an author has upon our sympathy and regard ; for there is no more insidious and dangerous cause of corruption in literature, than that unction which genius confers on its infirmities. With reference to the case before us, the acknowledged productions of Chatterton evince a maturity and brilliancy of talents, remarkable in one who perished so young ; and so far, entitle him to our admiration and esteem ; but a free pardon, for mere genius' sake, of his faults, mental as well as moral, is neither fairly claimable nor properly allowed. Highly gifted as he was, it only rendered the perversion of trust, of which he was guilty, the more culpable ; and, though youth and inexperience plead strongly in extenuation, it is wrong and mischievous that he should be held up, as he commonly is, in the light of an innocent victim of envy and detraction.

Chatterton was a native of Bristol, and of humble extraction. He was born in November, 1752 ; a month or two subsequently to the death of his father. Thus in the outset of life was he bereft of a guardian, who, from his calling, (that of a school-master), would have exercised a control over him, which would, doubtless, have rendered his life happier, and his success more solid and creditable.

The poverty in which his mother was left, debarred him from a fit education, and, until his eighth year, he enjoyed only the little instruction which his mother and sister could impart.

In 1760, he was admitted a scholar of Colston's Charity School ; a situation, one might suppose, not the most propitious for the development of so sensitive and ardent a genius as Chatterton's ; but one, which in his circumstances was precious. This, like most institutions of its kind, assumed the entire control of its scholars, and of course deprived the parent of all charge of the child.

At a period of life, helpless and fraught with conse-

quence, we thus find Chatterton wholly cut off from those domestic influences, which, perhaps, form the most invaluable part of education; and become, in a measure, the master of his own thoughts and feelings. This step was the primary source, perhaps, of all his misfortunes.

For the first two or three years of his life at school, Chatterton did not take that stand, which we should naturally expect, as commensurate with the precocity of mind and person, which soon began to exhibit itself. If any thing, he was considered by his teachers backward and unpromising. His shyness and secretiveness may have obscured powers which he really possessed.

It is remembered, however, that his temper and pursuits were wholly unlike those of a boy. He had none of the careless and capricious mirth of childhood, but manifested more of the gloom and indifference of the anchorite. His leisure was not spent in play, nor yet in morbid self-admiration, but in seeking the company of his elders and superiors; or if the scanty pocket-money allowed him by his mother, permitted, in reading books hired from a circulating library. When between eleven and twelve years of age, he had read seventy volumes; chiefly works on history and divinity.

Pride, and immoderate thirst for preëminence, backed by an ardor and determination which knew no obstacles, became the leading features of his character. His temper was unhappy and impatient, and often when operated upon by his keenly sensitive feelings, drove him almost to distraction. Fatal as this trait ultimately proved to him, it was no sickly sentimentality. On the contrary, he possessed a Byron-like vigor and elasticity of mind, which never suffered him to sit down and sigh over his miseries, but roused him at once to find or to create the remedy.

The first literary attempt which Chatterton exhibited, (though he had undoubtedly composed long in secret), was a lampoon upon a certain devout sexton, who, for the sake of his place, was never particular as to what creed he served. This piece, ("Apostate Will,") was written when he was eleven and a half years old, and considering that Chatterton could not have enjoyed that fond supervision which the first efforts of most juvenile

rhymers receive, we shall be surprised with its just and manly spirit.

During the latter part of his stay at school, Chatterton employed much of his time in composition, music, and painting; but devoted himself chiefly to the study of heraldry and English antiquities, in both which he became uncommonly well versed.

In July 1767, he was withdrawn from school, and with a view to the profession of scrivener, was apprenticed to Mr. Lambert, a Bristol attorney.

Chatterton entered on his new duties with the fairest promise; talented, intelligent, panting for distinction, and determined to win it. His situation in Mr. Lambert's family was rather that of a menial, and sorely mortified his vanity. He took refuge, however, in his office, and, save an hour or two spent every evening in the company of his mother, confined himself unremittingly to the duties of his profession, and to his favorite pursuits of heraldry and antiquities.

In October, 1768, a new bridge over the Avon, at Bristol, was opened with great parade. A few days after, a communication appeared in one of the papers, introducing a "description of the Friars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old MS." Such a relic, at such a season, excited intense interest, and inquiries were made in all quarters for the contributor. The article was with much difficulty traced to Chatterton: but he, highly indignant at being questioned like a boy, as to the origin and history of the MS., refused any answer. By humoring his pride, however, he was led to explain, and first said that he had obtained it along with several others from a gentlemen who employed him to write love-sonnets; but being detected in a prevarication, he acknowledged that he had received it from his mother.

Mrs. Chatterton's statement of the affair was, in substance, this. Several chests, which had lain for a century or two in one of the apartments of Redcliffe Cathedral, were supposed to contain papers of importance to the church, and having been opened in 1750 by an attorney, all the documents of value were removed. The remainder were left exposed, and the father of Chatterton, among others, carried off large quantities of them, which were used for book covers and other such purposes.

Chatterton, according to his own, and his mother's account, did not see these papers until after he entered Mr. Lambert's office. He seemed overjoyed at the discovery, and after securing all he could lay his hands on at home or abroad, gave it to be understood that they were chiefly writings in prose and verse, by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century.

Such, according to Chatterton and his friends, was the source of the MS. above mentioned. This paper, as we have said, drew Chatterton into notice, and introduced him to several persons of respectability and learning; chief among whom were Messrs. Catcott and Barrett, both of whom continued ever after to be his firm friends. The latter, happening at that time to be engaged in a history of Bristol, was fain to insert several passages touching its early history, which Chatterton offered to *copy*, (be it observed, he never would show original MSS.), from Rowley's papers. Some poems and dramatic fragments were added, which breathed a spirit and refinement far superior to any poetry of their reputed age. These excited still greater curiosity, and at once raised Chatterton to a new and more elevated sphere of society. His hopes rose higher; and he expatiated with rapture on the brilliant destiny which awaited him, and the rich recompense which his family should receive for all their privation and obscurity.

A mind filled with visions like these could ill bear to return to the petty and mechanical drudgery of ordinary life. Intoxicated with this foretaste of the luxury of fame, Chatterton conceived a disgust for his profession, and finding even Bristol too contracted a theatre for his abilities, wrote to Horace Walpole, stating his taste for letters, his desire to leave his present employment for a career for which he considered himself marked out, and a request of his patronage. He enclosed, at the same time, two or three of the Rowley poems, and offered to furnish Walpole, (for his *Anecdotes of Painting*), with a list of a long line of painters who had flourished under the Saxon dynasty! Walpole, in reply, desired further information, and a correspondence ensued, in which Chatterton reiterated what he had once denied, namely, that he obtained these MSS. of a gentleman for whom he wrote verses; a falsehood, difficult to account for, and



which tells little for Chatterton's honesty and love of truth. Walpole, meanwhile assured by the best judges, that the Rowley poems were palpable *forgeries*, informed Chatterton of this; and at the same time that he declared his inability to assist him in any way, urged him to apply himself to his profession, as the surest means of success; advice, which if acted upon, would perhaps have saved him from a gloomy fate. Chatterton's wrath, as we may suppose, was deeply excited, and he afterward exacted bitter vengeance by caricaturing certain foibles of Walpole's under the ridiculous character of the "Baron of Otranto."

Baffled in this quarter, Chatterton resigned for a time his more extended schemes, and contented himself with figuring in the journals of Bristol, and occasionally of London. His contributions consisted partly of copies of various kinds from Rowley, but chiefly of satirical productions of his own pen.

It is not our intention to enlarge upon the question of the authenticity of the Rowley MSS. Suffice it to say, that, after a warm and erudite controversy, which involved the first critics and scholars of Great Britain, they were pronounced an imposture; a verdict sustained by a weight of evidence which scarcely admits of a doubt. The very fact that Chatterton confidentially acknowledged himself the author of several of the pretended productions of Rowley, and that among those so acknowledged, is the one ("Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin,") which was admitted by all to contain the strongest proofs of genuineness, is in itself decisive of the character and author of the whole.

Admitting these writings to be forgeries, the only positive blame that can attach to Chatterton, is, the misapplication of time and talents, which, as must be evident from the merit of these "forgeries," would by proper use have placed him in the foremost rank of English poets. Chatterton, however, had no right to complain of detection; the sin lies on his own head, and the world is innocent of coldness or cruelty.

We have observed, in Chatterton's impatience under the confinement of a profession, one effect of the want of self-discipline produced by his early freedom from restraint.

Another evil, proceeding from the same source, now discovered itself. His versatility of talent had led him, whilst at school, into almost every department of knowledge, without securing an exact comprehension of any. His reading in speculative religion, particularly, was immense, but so ill ordered as only to fill his mind with confusion and doubt. Mere reflection, however, could not complete the infidel. Pride or sensuality was yet wanting to suggest the dignity or convenience of a state of unaccountableness. It was in the moment of success, when the heart was proud, and the mind "most assured of what it's most ignorant," that Chatterton met and yielded to the temptation. The first intimation which we have of it, is the following extract from a letter to a friend in 1769.

"May Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity : I request them not, for I am no Christian."

The usual effects of such principles followed. It has been said that he became licentious in his habits; this charge is not well supported. But he grew arrogant and imperious; neglected his duties, and projected schemes which could not but be thwarted. In such cases he would threaten suicide : and on one occasion, had gone so far as to make his will and fix the day for the act. Mr. Lambert detected his design, and, growing alarmed at Chatterton's wild and reckless conduct, dismissed him from his service in April, 1770.

His writings had been much admired in London, and at the invitation of several publishers, he immediately removed thither, and engaged in writing literary and political articles for several Journals. Just before leaving Bristol, however, he uttered to a friend these memorable words.

"My first attempt shall be in the literary way : The promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt ; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol."

Such schemes and language in a boy of seventeen, have not their parallel in history.

July 20th, he wrote to his sister as follows.

"No author can be poor who understands the arts of book-sellers. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into. I am now about an Oratorio, which when finished will buy you a gown. I shall forestall you in your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas. Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance; my company is courted every where; and could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial."

Chatterton, among his multifarious pursuits, had read several works on medicine under Mr. Barrett. On the 12th of August, he wrote to Mr. Catcott that he intended "going abroad as a surgeon, and wished Mr. Barrett to give him testimonials." Mr. Barrett considered him incompetent to such a station, and very properly refused these testimonials.

"Chatterton," says the Coroner's Inquest, "swallowed arsenic in water on the 24th of August, and died thereof the next day."

If it was not mortification at Mr. Barrett's refusal, the immediate cause must for ever remain a mystery. He had been fully employed up to the day of his death; and but a few days before, had received money from Mr. Hamilton, editor of the Critical Review, with an assurance that his purse was at all times open to him. He seems to have dropped, as it were in the "twinkling of an eye," from the proudest success and hope, into the abyss of misery and despair. There is every reason to believe, however, that he perished through his own unbending pride and rashness, rather than from any real neglect or wrong on part of the world.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

*"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."*

SCENE; a college room. TIME; evening. The Editors of *Harvardiana* sitting round a table.

FIRST EDITOR (*snatching a paper from one of his brethren.*)

Is this a sonnet that I see before me,  
It's title towards mine eyes? or is it but  
An outward semblance of a sonnet, shaped,  
By the vain dreamings of my tortured brain,  
From "airy nothing" but to cheat my sense?  
I see thee still, and, from thy smiling front,  
Large scrawls of ink look meekly in my face,  
In silent eloquence, as if to say  
"Regard me well; I am a CONTRIBUTION!"

SECOND EDITOR.

Yes, 't is a contribution, and myself  
I took it with these hands from out our box,  
As I returned, with circular, by names  
Unsuited, sadly to my room to weep!  
Oh! I have passed a miserable day!  
So full of hoarded "nays" and soft refusals—  
I would not pass another such a day  
Though 't were to smoke, (Oh best of earthly joys!),  
The nicest "*real Spanish*," ever made  
By Yankee ingenuity and art.  
'T was but an hour ago, that wreathed in smiles,  
I placed "the paper" 'neath a Freshman's nose,  
And asked, in accents bland, "Will you subscribe?  
We need a few great names to head the list;  
To sign or not to sign; *that* is the question."  
Then with my ready pencil poised between  
My thumb and finger, waited a reply.  
He started back as if his nostrils snuffed  
Contamination, "grinned a ghastly grin,"  
And cried, "I've *seen* the work!" It was enough;  
I opened not my mouth, for "I liked not  
The grinning" humor which that Freshman had!  
Oh 't is a grievous thing to be an Editor!  
Men look askance and say, "He hath the 'LIST,'  
The foul subscription list within his pocket!"  
Nor this the worst; "the *little* dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!"

THIRD EDITOR.

Well, less than this we could not much expect;  
"He who ascends the mountain tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below!"  
But gained you not one name?

\* Childe Harold.

## DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SECOND EDITOR.

Alas! not one.

THIRD EDITOR.

Gods! can a single student long debate  
Which of the two to choose, subscribe or not?  
"Oh I could weep; save that I may not stain  
With grief" this hour made sacred to the nine.  
Hast a cigar?

FOURTH EDITOR (*abstractedly.*)

No, and alas! no cash  
To buy them with. I had a fourpence once,  
A treasured *one*; there was the look  
Of pureness on its venerable cheek,  
Such as the coiners love to give to their  
Debased metal. How I loved that coin!  
It left my purse, and never to return.  
A saddened smile lit its round face, a tear  
Seemed almost trickling down that long loved cheek;  
I saw it slide, slide gently, through the fingers  
Of the glad Herald boy; then sternly wiped  
The woman from my eye, and cried, "I'm penniless!"

FIFTH EDITOR.

"'T was strange, 't was passing strange, 't was pitiful,  
'T was wondrous pitiful!" But listen, hark!  
(*a voice is heard in the street.*)

DEVIL (*sings.*)

Where the types are, there are I;  
And on costly *sheets* I lie;  
There I couch when cats do cry  
In the murky night lovingly;  
On my bare feet do I fly  
After "Copy" merrily!  
"Merrily, merrily shall I live now"  
And pick up a living the *devil* knows how!

FIFTH EDITOR.

Didst mark that song? "it had a dying fall,  
Oh! it came o'er my ear" like a sweet fife—  
But here 's the devil!

(*Enter*) DEVIL.COPY! COPY! *ho!*FIFTH EDITOR (*gives him a bag.*)

"I tax not you, poor devil, with unkindness!"

DEVIL.

If you did, it would be "werry annoying," as the gemman said ven he  
vos hung by mistake. [Exit.]

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# HARVARDIANA.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1837.

No. II.

## EXHIBITION DAY.

WE are often reminded that a collegiate publication should take its tone from the habits, thoughts, and feelings, prevalent in college halls; and that a little more attention to this would not be amiss in our case. Next to publishing the productions of students only, we can devise no better mode of impressing such a character on our pages, than by noticing, from time to time, those occurrences which compose very much the sum of college news. These matters possess no general interest; but as our reading public consists, more or less, of those who feel immediately, or indirectly, concerned in the course of events at Harvard, they may, perhaps, to such be not unacceptable. Upon this hint we speak.

*More Academico* — that is, mechanically, we turned our steps on the 17th toward Chapel; prepared to partake in that feast of Latin and Greek, which Harvard occasionally serves up for the edification of all whom it may concern. The uninitiated will here please take notice, that sufficient English is retained to keep the audience in remembrance that they are not in Greece or Rome, — but it is considered rather vulgar and mal-apropos, and therefore cuts much such a figure on the Order of Performances, as simple “Roast Beef” or “Plum-pudding” does among the sonorous French sesquipedalians, which garnish Boyden’s bills of fare. *Mais revenons.* At the moment of our entrance the gen-

eral inattention and bustle among the audience, indicated that something English was being perpetrated; as for hearing, it was out of the question. Ladies were smiling and fanning, gentlemen were flirting and playing the agreeable, Sophs were chasing the Corporation dinner up stairs, and all apparently doing their best to drown the harsh, grating English. Soon the unfortunate language was dismissed, and something Greek or Latin (we do not remember which) summoned. Immediately

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.

The buzzing ceased; the orator, whether Greek or Latin, was evidently at home with his subject, and, happy fellow! was fully appreciated; for there was no mistaking the triumphant smile, or the knowing wink, which told how plainly *everybody* understood, and owned the irresistible views and convincing power of the speaker. Such was the case throughout the performances, and we presume, therefore, that the *learned* portion of them at least gave general satisfaction. For ourselves, we have only to remark, that the Latin and Greek parts must derive all their interest from the delivery — and as this is good or bad, will be amusing or tiresome.

To give the devil his due, however, the English performances are generally thought to have reflected great credit on their writers. Narrowly restricted, as they mostly are, in time, it is impossible to convey in them anything like extended or complete views of a subject; these parts, consequently, can rarely be considered fair specimens of the ability of the performers. We regret very much that it is often attempted to compensate for this deficiency, (one, by the way, for which the student is not accountable,) by assuming or indulging a conceit-*edness* and an aping of oddity which may succeed in winning attention, but never a reputation for either good sense or good taste. We offer this as a general remark, and not with particular reference to the late exhibition. We are persuaded that this want of the *temperato usu*, — the best mark of sound sense and modesty, — is as much the result of design as of character, and respectfully recommend our fellow-students to look to it.

The elocution was in some instances very good; in others, we thought, rather below par. *Orator fit*, says

Horace; but with due deference, *non ex nihilo*. Our teachers of oratory are but human; the power of creating is not one of their attributes. The general appearance of the speakers, however, was considered highly complimentary to our newly-elected and talented instructor in Elocution.

The room of the Natural History Society, a society lately established, was thrown open to visitors, for the first time, on Exhibition morning. Those among us, who take an interest in Natural Science, seemed highly pleased, that an institution, which dates its birth only from the fourth of May last, and which has to rely for support on the changing purposes of young men of sixteen or eighteen, should already possess a collection of specimens by no means contemptible. Our literary guardians, without doubt, smiled when they saw before them the petition for the charter of a new society, which was to embrace the various departments of Natural History, such as Mineralogy, Entomology, Conchology, Osteology, Ornithology, Ichthyology, and Geology, with a Curator to each. They probably made many moral reflections upon the difference between philosophers in the cradle and philosophers out of it; and the strange tendency to imitation that there is in human nature. They might smile again should they take a look into the room, which, with much liberality, they have granted and fitted up, and find there

1000	specimens in	Mineralogy,
1000	" "	Entomology,
77	" "	Ornithology,
30	" "	Osteology,
37	" "	Ichthyology,
200	" "	Conchology,
350	" "	Botany,

and all of them collected in the short space of five months.\* We know not whether they would be en-

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\* The principal donors, in the department of Mineralogy, are, Dr. James Jackson, C. F. Foster, and P. T. Jackson; in that of Entomology, A. G. Peabody, C. C. Sheafe, G. B. Loring, W. T. Bowditch, and J. Bacon, jr.; in that of Ornithology, G. W. Christy, T. D. Brewer, E. L. Rogers, S. L. Abbot, J. R. Lowell, N. B. Baker, and N. A. Parks; in that of Osteology, J. W. Thaxter, E. W. Dean, W. A. White, and A. H. Whitney;



lightened, or amused, were they to attend the meetings of these young naturalists, and hear their grave disputes about the various ways, in which such a world as ours might have been formed, and the changes and convulsions it has undergone; or about the genera, species, and habits of plants and animals. The society consists at present of forty members, honorary and immediate; and there is no fear that the interest which has hitherto been taken in it will decline, while its present members are connected with it. Who can say, that, when another centennial comes round, it may not have one of the most valuable collections of specimens in the country, besides having been the nursery of many a distinguished naturalist?

We have fraternities, clubs, &c. &c. in all our Colleges, for the purpose of training the student to speak just as forcibly, and just as long, when he has nothing to say, as when he has something; but societies of this kind, — societies, whose design is to search into the mysteries of nature, are few and far between in these United States. Yet there is not a country in the world whose mountains and valleys contain more hidden wealth, or whose forests more liberally repay the labors of the naturalist, than our own. If the corner stone of some village school-house is to be laid; if a hinge is to be put upon some old pound, there are many Colonel Somebodies ready to deliver a lengthy harangue upon the occasion. But where are our laboratories and cabinets of natural history? Where are our Cuviers and Davys?

Some of the sad results of the day we would gladly have been saved the necessity of noticing. We suppose that even those, whose conceptions of duty made them the instruments of the troubles we refer to, regretted that a day, the brightness of whose pleasures was the pledge of a returning interest in the public performances

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in that of Ichthyology, John Bacon, jr.; in that of Conchology, J. Bacon, jr., W. T. Bowditch, and C. W. Loring; and in that of Botany, J. F. W. Lane, F. W. Stone, and a Lady. The Library consists now of only forty volumes. There is no one, however, to whom this Society is more indebted, than to Dr. Harris, an enthusiastic naturalist. He first suggested it, and has always been its firm friend. The Boston Society of Natural History gave it encouragement, when it was most needed. Specimens in Natural History from the friends of our institution, who live at a distance, can be directed to W. T. Bowditch, President, or to P. T. Jackson, Curator.

of Harvard, should have been so darkened at its close. — It is not for us to particularize; but is it well, on a day when the strictest have been willing to loosen some restraints, to draw from the recess where it had so long lain idle, an old law, another cord, to bind down the young and lighthearted to the treadmill of discipline? Is it well to heap an additional punishment on his head, whose crime, rather call it a misfortune, brings with it its own punishment, in its disgrace and consequences? Should not the voice of warning have preceded the rod of vengeance, or the disowning exile from the kind mother, whose discipline this, so called, parental institution would imitate?

We hope never to be wanting in proper submission to any restraints imposed by the college government; but we are forced to believe, that by breaking up the social relations of classes, and making the principle of academic union one of fear rather than love, according to the policy of the government of late years, a weighty blow is struck at the interest of the institution itself. It seems to us, that when the students become so connected, as to be influenced by what has been preached against as "Class feeling," this very feeling has a direct tendency to raise the standard of excellence, in every branch of study or deportment. Where all are bound together by ties of esteem or friendship, no one will be able to slur over the College Exercises, on the principle of using the least possible exertion, as all are now induced to do. Emulation of the success of brethren is ill supplied by the fear of reproof from a harsh parent.

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#### POLITICS OF THE ANCIENTS.

So much has been written on the affairs of antiquity, that we should not have presumed to offer the following remarks to our readers, unless we had been fully convinced that too reckless an application of the results of

Grecian and Roman experiments in free government is even now made to modern republics. Without question, whatever disorders in the Ancient Commonwealths may be traced to the natural passions of man, are to be guarded against at the present day, as well as in the time of Pericles ; but the recurrence of those which sprung from defective social organization, or from false ideas of religion, is rendered improbable, to just the extent that modern society has improved in these particulars. Now there were several peculiarities in the condition of the old republics, whose influence was almost immeasurably great on individual and national character. Of these, we shall confine ourselves to two — the small extent of territory which each state comprised, and the universal prevalence of domestic slavery. It may be incorrect to call the last a peculiarity ; but if we consider that in no modern republic of any note does this institution extend throughout, and thus affect the whole constitution of society, the propriety of the expression will be manifest.

The Grecian states were mere cities. The most influential and distinguished of them — Athens — did not extend over a wider surface than the neighboring territory of Rhode Island. Even the Roman Republic, in its most unwieldy extent, was, politically considered, a city. The metropolis was the source, whence laws, magistrates, and revolutions proceeded. An inhabitant of the extensive kingdoms of modern Europe can hardly conceive the effect of this circumstance on the character of the people. A voter, who is only one of millions, is seldom disposed to boast of the possession of the elective franchise. His influence in the national councils is altogether imperceptible ; and distance from the seat of government may deaden his sympathy in measures, which, to those who dwell nearer that vortex of human passion, seem of the highest importance. Unless, therefore, some local interest is affected, or some great crisis impending, he seldom troubles himself with political matters. The agents of government, likewise, are now so numerous, and their respective duties so systematically apportioned, that the action of the people is called for only at stated, and in their national affairs, at distant intervals of time.

With the Greeks, however, every thing of a political nature was directly the reverse. Receiving from their

ancestors as the sole criterion of free institutions, that rulers should be accountable to the people for every act of administration, they were jealous even of exalted merit, when the eminence of the state seemed in danger of being eclipsed by the superiority of any one of its members. Living within the walls of the same city, and passing much of their time in public, discussing matters of the most exciting interest, with a government incompetent from its very construction of secret operations, it was natural for them to hold a sleepless supervision over the conduct of their public men. From these causes alone, political duties, instead of occupying them occasionally, and then only for a short period, became the chief employment of their lives. Besides, the sources of what is called instinctive patriotism were far more abundant with them than with the moderns. The whole territory of the state and all its inhabitants were perfectly familiar to every citizen. Hence love of country was a more powerful agent, as its objects were more definite; impelling men with a force, not inferior to that by which, at the present day, the affections of an individual are bound to the district where he was born or resides. Nor were the freemen, in any Grecian Commonwealth, so numerous, that individual importance was lost in the mass. Private interests were undoubtedly sacrificed to national aggrandizement, but it was a sacrifice that every one was ready to offer, so that its essential injustice, in particular cases, was seldom apparent to the people themselves. Every citizen was animated by the thought, that his voice, or his vote had an influence on the destinies of the state. This influence he was accustomed daily to exert, in the election of magistrates, in deciding public measures, or in those judicial assemblies where, to the irreparable injury of impartial justice, the people, in large masses, were permitted to act the part of modern jurors.

In proportion, therefore, to the frequency of their participation in public matters, was the weight of injury inflicted by depriving them of the task of self-government, to which, it must be confessed, they often showed themselves shamefully incompetent. To make the administration of the state dependent on foreign rulers, was in fact to interfere with the whole tenor of their lives, to violate their most cherished and inveterate habits, and

to throw a large portion of the populace out of all immediate employment. No measure of external prosperity was sufficient to counterbalance these evils. Commerce might flourish, works of art and luxury abound; but they could never prevent constant attempts to regain, at the hazard of anarchy and bloodshed, that constitution under which each man felt himself, however different the facts were, to be, in some measure, his own master. The Ionian cities, by the testimony of Grecian historians, were never more prosperous and wealthy than during the supremacy of the tyrants imposed by Persian authority. Yet they were ever ready to embrace any opportunity, which promised them, at whatever sacrifice, a restoration to their much loved privileges. Faction, undoubtedly, was the main instrument employed; for the tyrant of those days would necessarily draw around him many devoted to his person by a sense of interest, and by a consciousness that their exclusive rights could only be maintained, if maintained at all, in defiance of the popular will; while the great body of the people, comprehending generally what may be called the liberal party of antiquity, were equally zealous for the renovation of democratical rule.

It is evident from the remarks now made, that the diminutive size of the Ancient Republics, each consisting as we have said of but a single city — by enabling the people to dispense with all intermediate agency between themselves and their magistrates, must have caused them to be employed in political matters, to a degree that would seem to us destructive of all harmony and contentment, and have rendered them incapable of imposing salutary restraints on their own passions and power. This circumstance also, and not the nature of free government, gave that appearance of disorder and fickleness to the national councils, upon which modern advocates of monarchical sway have so eloquently declaimed. The inhabitants of towns have, in all ages, been more formidable to rulers, than a people scattered over a wide extent of territory. An injury inflicted by the sovereign power, or an unpopular measure, is sure to find stubborn opponents among men, who are allowed to mingle freely together and relate their several grievances, and who are always at hand to lend mutual support against tyranni-

cal exertions. The desire of revenge has no time to cool — the flame increases in its passage from heart to heart — until what at first seemed but a slight discontent, grows into a formidable and open revolt. Where the city is but the metropolis of an extensive empire, such insurrections may be crushed, before the contagion spreads into the provinces, by the physical strength of a numerous soldiery. In the European kingdoms, the metropolitan populace has often usurped for a time the administration of government; but the monarch relying on the support of his troops, or of the misinformed peasantry in the country, could easily restore a deceptive tranquillity, by compelling the insurgents to forego their perhaps just demands of reform. But it is to be remembered, that in the old commonwealths, a revolution in the city was a thorough change in the government; for those who created it constituted of themselves the entire state. There were no other large towns or populous districts, into which the executive officers might retire, and by the menace of destruction, or promise of pardon, bring back the revolted capital to allegiance. Hence, while disorders far more sanguinary, in an extensive monarchy, have been slurred over, under the appellation of a rising of the mob, the commotions in a Republic infinitely less violent — for there a change of popular will sufficed to cause a change of rulers — were dignified with the title of a revolution. Sweeping conclusions have been drawn against man's capacity for self-government, and historians imbued with oligarchical prejudices have sagely discoursed about the vacillating, temporary nature of republics, when the instability which they deprecated ought rather to have been ascribed to the narrow limits of the state, than to the character of its institutions.

In answer to this we shall perhaps be told, that a greater extent of territory would not have altered the case, unless the system of representation had been instituted. Such an objection is easily refuted. The smallness of the ancient commonwealths was the very reason that the popular authority was not bestowed upon delegates, for it removed the necessity out of which the representative system arose. Since, where the people, the sole sources of power in a free state, were crowded within the walls of a city, distance did not make it impractic-

cable or inconvenient for them to meet together in their own persons; nor were the free citizens, in any Grecian republic, too numerous to prevent a collection of the whole body in one place, although they were frequently too many for the order and decorum of deliberative assemblies. But we are not forced to rely upon theory, in rejecting inferences unfavorable to republics, which may seem deducible from the experience of antiquity. We can appeal to facts in support of our position, that where free governments were found deficient, it was owing to extraneous circumstances, and not to any inherent defects in such systems. Fortunately, enough remains of authentic history, to furnish convincing evidence that where an approximation to representative forms was introduced, and a greater extent of territory comprised under them, there more happiness and individual security were enjoyed, than under any other species of administration, known to the ancients. Achaia is the state we refer to, where the several towns were bound together by a federal union, each one sending representatives to the national convention, and strictly equal privileges were apportioned to all.

But there was a still weightier obstacle to the success of free government in the old republics—the prevalence of domestic slavery, which caused the free citizens to regard with contempt mechanical arts, and even commercial pursuits. All history, in fact, proves that, wherever this institution exists, the community must be divided into the very rich and the very poor. No middle class—the great bulwark of sound freedom in modern society—can long maintain itself, unless it be supported by personal industry and vocations which furnish regular employment. In the Grecian states, pride as well as necessity, both, however, arising from the existence of servile labor, kept the poor citizens aloof from all regular trades. Hence there would be in the bosom of every people a large class too proud to work, and yet entirely destitute of the means of support. Dangerous is it for any community to have within its borders a body of men who rely for maintenance, neither on the proceeds of capital accumulated by their fathers, nor on the sweat of their own brows; but the danger to the whole people is far more imminent, when this body exists in the heart of

a city which of itself constitutes the entire state. The metropolis of every kingdom in Europe contains such a class; but the political influence of the capital is so much overbalanced by the population out of its walls, that the national government hardly dreads the evil. This, however, was the disease which destroyed the vital strength of the ancient commonwealths, compelling them to engage in one unvaried round of foreign war to preserve tranquillity at home. Short-sighted indeed is that policy which condemns the series of almost superhuman characters, raised up by the buoyant energies of free government to wield the Athenian Democracy, for not embracing every opportunity to restore peace to the republic, when the crowd of legalized paupers, which would otherwise have overwhelmed the state, was thus made to break its fury upon the Persian ranks or Dorian spear.

Let it not be thought, however, that this class at all resembled the brutish populace who infest the commercial emporiums of Europe. Other expedients besides war had been resorted to, in order to provide support for the poorer Athenians, which at the same time subserved the more important object of diffusing intellectual cultivation. For attendance on the courts and judicial assemblies of all kinds, money was distributed among the people, who were thus maintained in a kind of idle dignity. A constant succession of religious festivals, games, and scenic exhibitions also furnished them with a semblance of employment, while by the same means their taste was refined, and a polish imparted to their speech and deportment. The wealth, poured into the Athenian coffers from various quarters, was lavishly expended in multiplying sources of amusement and occupation for the whole community. The national treasure was in fact regarded as the property of the entire state, and every citizen shared equally in its benefits. Far different has been the practice of modern times. The boasted gratitude of monarchs is displayed in lavishing upon commanders the wealth of provinces, while but a miserable pittance is doled out to scarred veterans. As different is the effect on national character; for the poorest of the Athenians, instead of living in constant hatred and opposition to the government, looked upon their native city as their own inheritance; and thus selfishness was swallowed up in patriotism.



But under the most favorable circumstances and with the wisest precautions, the existence of a class like that we have been describing must, sooner or later, be destructive to any state. Foreign war cannot be maintained forever; and amusements or occupations, which cultivate the taste and imagination to an extent that destroys the supervision of the reasoning faculty, must at last result in giving to passion irresistible sway over the whole man. That such was the situation of the ancient democracies, and, indeed, that they were themselves aware of it, no other evidence is required than the existence of the ostracism, and similar methods of punishment in most of the states. To a community so constituted, restraints of any kind were too irksome to endure. Nearly all the population living in the city, with no agricultural class to withstand the corruption of towns, every change in the popular will caused the whole fabric of government to vibrate to its centre. Thus, check after check giving way, the vessel of state was at last driven bodily along before the tempests of irresponsible power. That many of the democracies attained such an imposing elevation in respect to other nations, may be ascribed to the inherent energies of a free people, rising superior for a time to the disadvantages of their situation. But even in its worse state, it may well be doubted, whether the administration of Athens was not far preferable to the gloomy tyranny, which under oligarchical forms domineered over Laconia and its dependent provinces.

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TO MEMORY.

As, a poor pilgrim, through the world I haste,  
Desponding fancy paints my future years  
In sombre tints; a barren, pathless waste,  
Involved in gloom, sad to my sight appears.  
While from such scenes I turn my tearful eyes,  
O lead me, Memory, to those vernal bowers  
Where once I strayed; where midst fair springing flowers,

Unallied streams of halcyon pleasure rise.  
 Oft on those banks I took my careless way,  
 When blest with youth ; or trod the fairy groves  
 Where sport the soft desires, the smiling loves ;  
 Who, led by innocence serenely gay,  
 In antic revelry came fluttering round,  
 And with their rosy wreaths my temple bound.  
 D\*\*\*\*.

## TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

ON HIS LYRE.

*Θαλω λυγὴν Ἀτρεΐδαο.*

I wish to sing Atrides' fame ;  
 I wish to praise great Cadmus' name :  
 But oh ! my lyre, with every tone,  
 Will sing of Love, and Love alone.  
 I changed its chords the other day,  
 And tuned them to a nobler lay ;  
 With kindling fervor struck the string,  
 And tried Alcides' toils to sing.  
 But still that string, with accents fond,  
 Would but his loves — his loves respond.  
 Farewell then to the lofty lays  
 Of warlike deeds and heroes' praise !  
 For oh ! my lyre, with every tone,  
 Will sing of Love, and Love alone.  
 B——.

## A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS.

" Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Gray.

I LOVE the stillness of a churchyard. There is a silent eloquence about these clustered grave-stones that speaks more convincingly to the heart, of the vanities of this

life, than a thousand homilies. Here we must take our longest and last slumber on earth. Sleep has no terrors — it wooes back the rose to the cheek of anguish, and charms away the envious wrinkles from the brow of care. Why then should we look with melancholy on the scene of that sweet sleep, which is to restore us after the toils of the busy day of life?

The loveliest sight in nature is that of a child reposing confidently on the breast of a fond mother — wherefore dread to lay us down to our long rest in the bosom of our common mother earth?

Hush! how solemnly the bell rocks to and fro in yon grey tower, as it chants forth the dirge of the departed, the sad welcome of some new comer to this peaceful dwelling-place! 'Tis the marriage peal that weds us to that gentle spouse — the tomb.

Look! yonder comes the funeral train into view round the corner by the blasted oak. Why do ye move so slow and mournfully with your burden? Lift, for a moment, the veil that hangs over the picture of life. What see you? Blighted hope, thwarted love, disappointed ambition — enough; drop again the curtain. Should ye not rather come to the sound of merry music, crowned with the garlands and fillets of joy?

I will seat me on this mossgrown tombstone, whose inscription it would have puzzled old Mortality to decipher, and await the coming of the hearse. And why strive to spell out its time-filled letters? Those who shed a tear on his bier, who here reposes, lie around; and the stone itself tells all that need be told.

“He lived — he died — behold the sum,  
The abstract of the historian's page!”

'Tis a lovely day; but every thing seems infected with the sadness of the hour. Even the fickle autumn wind pauses to sigh, ere it pursues its game of hide and seek among the gravestones, with that thoughtless leaf, which it has enticed from its parent tree to share its sports. Poor leaf! The inconstant breeze, an emblem, but too expressive, of human frailty and perfidy, will soon leave thee, to trifle with thy sisters, who in turn will wither under the blight of desertion!

What a season is Autumn! It is then that Nature decks herself for *her* long sleep. *She* does not do it

sadly. See the trees on yonder hill — they have put on their shroud. It is their brightest and most variegated dress, and they are gazing with delight on their second self in the glassy breast of the lake beneath them. Yet they are at this very moment wavering on their stems, even as the spirit flutters its wings before trusting to their support, when it commits itself to the “unfathomed vast” of eternity.

My good worm, who art crawling so eagerly towards me, you need not be in such a hurry to make my acquaintance. God knows I shall soon enough be your fellow-lodger, and then we shall see, perhaps, too much of each other! But here, methinks, comes one with whom you will soon be on the most familiar terms; for the bier is approaching the grave. The angel of disease is brooding o’er the land, and your friend Death has sent out his cards for a grand festival.

I am sorry to leave you, my good fellow; but I would see the corpse, and the friends are looking their last on earth. Death has shown a rare taste, for ’t is a lovely maiden!

Did she not sigh? No, ’t was but the wind as it dallied with that curl which rests on her marble cheek. Did she not smile? No, ’t was but the shadow of a cloud veiling the face of the sun for a moment, as if *he* too would have put on his weeds of mourning for the spotless dead. Hers is a short story. Scarce a week since, she followed her betrothed to this very spot. She had watched by his couch of pain, and when his spirit parted, her ties to earth were sundered. She was not long in following him; for in her too the seeds of the malady had taken root, and now — what is she? She lived but for him, and who shall say that it was not a merciful dispensation? From the smile on her lips, her spirit must have breathed itself away in whispering his name.

Hark! the first few handfuls of earth rattle harshly on the coffin lid, and “dust has returned to the dust as it was.” The mourners have one by one dispersed, and the sexton is left to his task. A brave bed-maker, truly, is your sexton! Those that lie down on couches of his preparing,

“Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,”  
at least on earth.

The grave is filled up, the turf replaced, the sexton whistles as he secures the rustic gate of the graveyard, and now "the darkness and the light are both alike" to her that rests below. The grass is gradually raising itself after the trampling of the mourners, and the fitful wind, as it gently waves it to and fro, wails its solemn "miserere" over the dead —

"Green be the turf above thee !"

Her fate was indeed a sad one ; and yet, methinks, it should be happier than that of her rich neighbor there under his huge pile of monumental mockery. What reck the dead of the magnificence ye heap upon them, unless it be, "when the trumpet shall sound and the graves give up their dead," but an additional clog to the pent up spirit, as it bursts from its narrow dwelling place, on its flight to immortality ? Better far the practice of the untutored Red-man, who buries with the departed his favorite steed, that he may ride proudly to those happy hunting-grounds, whither no Paleface shall ever come !

This sculptured marble marks the resting-place of a patriot of the Revolution. What says the epitaph ? "ERECTED BY HIS SORROWING COUNTRYMEN." Well, he is at rest now. But is not this the old white-haired man, who showed his breast seamed with scars — scars won in striving for "rights cheaply earned with blood" — at every door, in the hope, (alas ! vain,) of awakening the compassion and gratitude of these same "countrymen" of his ? I almost wonder that the veteran does not struggle in his grave, were it but to spurn from his bosom this mark of bitter mockery. How truly, how sadly, did he realize the language of Scripture — he asked for bread, and ye gave him a stone !

But I am loitering — already it is evening here below, though the high vane above me is glittering in the last rays of the sun, as they linger lovingly around it. This will soon be a fitter place for owls and bats than for me, unless, indeed, I would be taken for a fiendish ogre, or give an opportunity to some frightened rustic of being the wonder of the village by telling of the ghost which he saw sitting on "old ——'s gravestone." Well, when at length comes my turn to go down and sleep with my

fathers, I ask for no other monument than the regret of friendship — no other epitaph than a tear from the eye of love!

U.

## WHAT IS IT?

## I.

OH! it flashes and beams in the eloquent eye,  
And beats thick in the heart when that *one* form is nigh;  
It gleams forth through the glow of the unbidden blush,  
Like the mild star of eve in the sunset's last flush.

## II.

It burns warm in each whisper, it melts in each tear,  
And its half-formed words falter — but oh! not with fear;  
It appeals to the soul in the ill-suppressed sigh,  
Which, unconscious, we utter, and then wonder why.

## III.

It communes in a voice far too thrilling for speech,  
In a mystical language, which *words* cannot reach,  
Like the breath of the Zephyr, the harpstrings along,  
When it sighs forth its love-notes and dies with the song.

## IV.

If 't is checked, like the torrent, it swells but more high,  
Or returns to its home, like the hurt dove — to die! —  
Ask your heart what this fairy-like vision may seem,  
And it throbs as it answers — " 'T is LOVE's youthful dream! "

S.

## HINTS TO THEME WRITERS.

TALK not to me of the labors of Hercules, or of Baron Trenck; or of the hard task of the old gentleman, who rolls the stone up Mount — up a mountain somewhere in the lower regions. We wish poets would be more particular about names, for the sake of tourists. Were you ever obliged to write themes of just three pages, once in two weeks, upon subjects of which you knew nothing, and cared less? We know that thou hast, for we have seen thee often, on Theme-day, wearing a face woefully elongated, and stamped with the characters of blank despair. We have followed thee to thy room, and watched thee sitting and gazing upwards as if thou wouldst conjure spirits from vacancy. When an idea occurred to thee, with what skill didst thou manage to spread it over the required surface! Chemists tell us hard stories about the extent, which a single grain of gold has been made to cover; but they would have confessed themselves mere bunglers in the art of infinite division, had they seen how thou didst stretch out one small idea. We have seen all this, and admired the philosophy which made thee think it better to bear the ills thou hadst, than fly to others which thou knewest not of. We modestly hope, that thou wilt find a remedy for these grievances in this our lucubration. In these days, when "wooden men have been made, that reasoned, amaisht as weel, as most country parsons," it cannot be deemed strange, that even we should succeed in divesting theme-writing of all its terrors.

Hints on the Pathetic, the Facetious; Recipes to enable low plebeians to describe high life, and Rules for making poetry as good as Wordsworth's, have been given in abundance to professed authors; and so much have they profited by these directions, that it is no longer necessary for them to be the hard-working, hard-thinking, garret-inhabiting race that they were of yore. Thread-bare is no more the "only wear" for authors. No; they have cast their slough and have come down from their attics to commune with men and tailors; whether they have brought philosophy along with them, far be it from us to say.

Their locks are no more tangled locks ; but speak of the barber's most assiduous and perfuming care. Sceptre-bearers they are too ; yet no one would mistake them for Homer's Heroes. Let it not be supposed that we speak disparagingly of these clubs or sceptres ; no, for, being weighty, they are no small protection against east winds. Although we must fain acknowledge that they are sometimes no small impediment, in escaping from those "snub-nosed, prying things," (yclept "Bailiffs,") which the whole race of authors, either from necessity, custom, or instinct, still holds in most consummate detestation.

When we have seen book-makers getting along thus smoothly and easily, by means of the aforesaid thought-saving devices, and turned, the next moment, to the student plodding on in his themes, in the same way that his grandfather did, we have wept that no one seemed to heed his acute sufferings. Seeing that no one else came to his aid, we have come ourself ; and we trust that hereafter he will not be compelled to jog along on the old family beast, while others shoot by him on railroads and steamboats. We will make it so easy to write themes, that the greatest blockheads shall say, "Yes, Ned, I will go to the theatre with you to-night ; but sit down a minute while I write this theme."

One word for ourselves. All we ask, when we shall have done this, is to have our names associated with those of Smart, Murphy, and Clark.

The first and grand requisite of a theme is, of course, to be three pages in length ; for if it should be shorter, then it is not a theme. The second requisite is, that the canons of Lowth and Whately be not violated ; for if they are, then unsightly, cabalistic marks will crowd the margin. The reader is supposed to be already acquainted with these, and as they relate not to the sense, will find no difficulty in conforming to them.

All theme-writers may be divided into two classes, those who affect the profound, or philosophical, and those who affect the poetical. It is, indeed, true that there are among the ill-fated beings, who are doomed to produce compositions, just as if their thoughts overflowed regularly once in two weeks, some who delight especially in puns ; some who are possessed with the rhyming mania ; some who love oxygen and hydrogen more than



"Joly's best Champagne;" a few who prefer quadratics to quadrilles, and a very large number, who have a taste for nothing at all. But neither puns, nor rhymes, nor oxygen, nor quadratics will do for a theme, any more than nothing at all. Therefore your punsters, chemists, mathematicians, rhymers, and the rest, when they sit down to write, must either become philosophical or poetical.

In the first place, we shall give some directions for the profound theme. It is not necessary for the writer of this to have more than two or three general ideas, such, for instance, as "that there is a vast difference between ancient and modern times;" or "that every thing is just what it should have been;" or "that human nature is invariable, in all ages and all countries, and that there is a great deal of it in man." Any one, or all of these ideas may be brought to bear on all subjects, by dint of a little skill in discovering connexions. We have known individuals, who got along admirably, with only one general principle, through a whole college course; but it must be confessed, that they saw more hidden bearings upon any subject you could propose, in this one principle, than can be expected of those to whom a millstone is opaque. So far as we could ascertain, the good fortune of such men consisted in having a few of those thoughts, which have no more to do with one thing than another, and, consequently, may be applied to anything without danger of the dreaded symbol denoting want of connexion.

The first half page may always be easily filled, with what may be called the ante-exordium. This should consist of complaints about the different and indistinct ideas, attached to the same words, and the endless logomachy thence resulting. By such remarks you will show the necessity of defining clearly some of the principal words of the subject, which you can then do at length. As to the exordium, which is generally the most difficult part of the whole business, we have an exquisite method of manufacturing one for every subject. Keep by you a collection of proverbs; and when you begin to compose, say, "It has been universally admitted among all nations and in all ages;" or, "It was wisely observed by Plato," &c. After this you will bring in some proverb. Put all your reasoning into the syllogistic form, because in this way it will occupy more room. Always be sure

to say something about the origin, the cause, and the effect. It may not be amiss to follow the example, which the Anglo-German metaphysicians have set, of coining as many words as one pleases; and if the Professor should not see any meaning in your effusions, tell him you do not expect to be understood by the present generation.

Let us illustrate by an example.

### THEME.

*Too much cannot be said in commendation of Sleep.*

"It is necessary to fix clearly in the mind, what sleep is; and this may be done best by showing what it is not. Sleep, as here used, is not the evil dream sent by Jupiter to Agamemnon for the purpose of exciting him to battle; because nothing could be said in favor or commendation of such a monster. For the same reason, it cannot mean Death; nor can it denote a state of perfect life. It must signify that condition of existence, in which we have not our usual command over the mental and physical powers; a condition in which the senses and reason do not perform their customary offices. Yet we do not like this definition, because, if a man were dumb, deaf, blind, and idiotic, he might, nevertheless, have his sleeping and waking seasons. It is better to say that it is a state, in which so much reason, and so many senses, as a man has, are temporarily inactive and useless. Lest, however, the objector should say, that according to this, one frightened out of his wits is asleep, we define sleep to be a state of dormition not of total destruction.

"It was wisely observed by a great philosopher of antiquity, that we should look out for number one. There has been, and is still, a violent dispute among commentators, whether number one in this passage is comprehended in, and belongs to the great *Me*, or the pen-omnivinculating *Not Me*. We shall follow a German of vast research, Quizkopf von Klubstick, and refer it to the former. Sleep, an act, a condition not necessarily of self-duplication, (for we are decidedly opposed to the application of the dualistic system to this state of being,) but oftener of self-elongation, is co-inherent in the *Me*; since the *Me* cannot exist without it, nor it without the

*Me.* 'Omnis somnus somnientem supponit.' Return to the original proposition and you will see, that by a catenary argument of two links, we have arrived at the conclusion, that there is no harm in sleeping. Or more briefly thus, *Sum quia dormio*, that is, the *Sum*, or the *Me*, or the *Number One* exists, and can exist only in consequence of the *Dormio*. Now whatever is necessary to the *Me*, or the *Sum*, or the *Number One*, must be harmless; sleep is necessary to either of these, and is, therefore, harmless. Moreover, a great metaphysician of the present day observes and, indeed, has written a long article to prove, that 'unconsciousness is the element of all infinitude, of all greatness.' Sleep is a state of most complete unconsciousness, and is, therefore, the most complete element of all greatness. How deluded have men been, ever since the creation, by homilies against sleep, and in favor of early rising! With what ease have we swept away their cobweb errors! So perish all perversions of truth!

"The next point to be considered is the nature and character of sleep among the ancients. They went to their couches, weariness, and awoke from them, life, thought, and action. In these days, men lie down because they have made another round in the treadmill of life; because they have bought and sold so much; because they have turned over so many pages of other men's ideas; and they get up, not because they are awake, but because it is breakfast-time. They are never awake; and why should they be? All with them is mechanical; and what need of life, or of the waking state, in a machine? During the day, the ancients had complete sway over the powers of thought and action; but the moderns, being always half asleep, never have more than a partial sway over these. Men do nothing now, but dream of what men thought in the daytime of the world. The ancients were men sleeping; but the moderns are sleeping men."

As to the poetical theme, it should be a web of metaphors from beginning to end; say nothing in the common, every-day style; but let every sentence be in the oriental manner. Let there be no ellipses; always use two or three words to express the same thing, and let every noun have one or more epithets. Hyperbole, Apostrophe,

Antithesis, Interrogation, Enumeration, Coacervation, Amplification, and Quotation must all be brought into play. The writer of this kind of theme need only believe that the world is going on in "the march of improvement," with giant strides, and that the United States are far superior to, and happier than, any country on the globe. Let the subject be as abstruse as it may, it may be treated in this way; and we defy the most acute critic to show, that there is any want of connexion between it and the theme. Though the subject be "Speak of the singular points of curved lines," or "Consider the development of functions," or "the catenary curve," never fear.

## THEME.

### *The Catenary Curve.*

"O thou cursed and never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated curve! We hate thee cordially, and with our whole heart! Thou hast hitherto hung like some dark cloud in the firmament of man's freedom; thou hast been the many-eyed Argus, that jealous and suspicious tyrants have employed to repress and crush the native, freeborn energies of the human mind! The cold, damp dungeon is thy abode, and there thou bindest all of the unhappy prisoner, that can be bound, and keepest him from the glad and joyful light of day.

'And when thy sons to fetters are consigned —  
To fetters and the damp vaults dayless gloom,  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And freedom's fame finds wing on every wind.'

But the empire of chains is crumbling, like some time-worn, moss-covered tower, into the dust; and soon not a fragment of it will remain. Liberty, its great and eternal foe, has been awakened in the new world from the slumbers in which it had reposed for ages; and, having taken her helmet and flown across the Atlantic, she is making wild havoc among the blood-stained despotisms of Europe; causing the chains to drop, as if by magic, from the unhappy, ill-fated victims of the Feudal System. Where is the Bastille? Where is the proud, autocratic house of Stuart? Where now is the earth-overshadowing, irresistible power of that tyrant of tyrants, the Holy

Roman Pontiff? And where are the rest, to whom the catenary curve and the dungeon have been handmaids? 'The echo answers, where are they?'

"The day is not far distant, we fondly hope, when that quarter of the globe, where our first parents were placed in happy innocence, shall arise from its darkness. Yes, soon 'the hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the frozen peaks of the Caucasus,' shall bow in submissive reverence to liberty, and shake the catenary curve indignantly from his limbs.

"The curve is the emblem of beauty and grace throughout the universe. The planets revolve in curves and their surfaces are curved. There are curves in every animal, from man to the lowest insect. Why should there be such pestilential curves, as the catenary and the funicular? It was with the catenary curve that the immortal Columbus was loaded and sent back to Spain. It is by means of the funicular curve that society has sent thousands of criminals out of the world, whom it ought to have reformed, rather than punished; and thus, like the sorceress in heathen mythology, has marked its progress with mangled limbs."

If, after these hints, any one should find it difficult to write themes, we advise him to take up his connexions. If he cannot do this, he must avail himself of a certain large book, which he "wots of," in a certain library; or he must keep an *Index Rerum*, and fill that instead of his brains.

VAGABONDO.

#### OBITUARY.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SLIMTON.

It is with sentiments of the most exquisite and poignant sorrow, that we take up our pen to inform our readers of the untimely death of that excellent young man, Mr. George A. Slimton. At the same time, our features can scarce refrain from a flush of joy, when we think of the "rich legacy" bequeathed to us in his invaluable correspondence, (some of which has already graced our pages,) together with several Manuscript plays, poems, and miscellanies.

"Freshman, rest! thy chace is done!"

## THE SERENADE.

## I.

HARK ! o'er the lake rings  
My lover's guitar;  
Hush my fond heart— Lord !  
He'll wake up Papa !

## II.

Nearer ! Oh now he'll  
His fond suit renew —  
My hair's all in papers —  
Oh ! what shall I do ?

## III.

Hist ! to his voice chimes  
The gondolier's oar —  
Heavens ! my Pa wakes !  
No ! 't was but a snore !

## IV.

" Waken, my Anna !  
Oh list to my song,  
As, on the night breeze,  
It hastens along !

## V.

" See ! the moon trembles  
In light on the lake,  
So trembles my fond heart,  
Oh wake, dearest, wake ! "

## VI.

" Throw up the ladder  
Mine own dearest love !

But oh ! wake not father,  
Who sleeps just above ! "

## VII.

Lightly the true lover  
Leaped to the land,  
Gently he crept up,  
With ladder in hand.

## VIII.

Softly a casement  
Oped over his head,  
And a gruff voice thus  
Most savagely said —

## IX.

" Seek you for me, Sir ? "  
" Ah no ! for your daughter ! "  
" Do you ? take this then —  
This tub of cold water ! "

## X.

Sadly the lover sneaked  
To his canoe —  
Wet to the skin, he  
Thus sighed his adieu —

## XI.

" Farewell ! I tinkle  
No more my guitar,  
But my heart beats true  
As — d — n your Papa ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

" COPY ! COPY ! HO ! "

WHAT pain there is in being forced to write ! Let not men talk of the *cacoethes scribendi*, and of the evils it entails upon the world of readers ; — this opposite evil, of obliging him, in whose empty brain the shadows of ideas march about without crowding each other, to pour out

like water a semblance of information for the benefit of the public, is far more dreadful to both parties. Or even let a writer flatter himself, that he is not wholly devoid of provision for that grasping appetite, the public mind, that in his happy mood he is able to amuse or instruct an admiring crowd of readers; yet it is not right to call upon him thus, as the world and its minions are wont to do, whether he be warm or cold, sick or in health, tired or refreshed, or, most unmerciful of all, whether he has the toothache or not.

A most accurate poet said, profanely perhaps, that "easy writing is d—d hard reading," and I believe he is right; but if most fortunately for mankind the converse of this be true — these lucubrations, Messrs. Editors, of mine, may well be a most delicate morsel for public taste, since, in my present state of feelings and of thought, they prove, (to speak more moderately than mine authority,) *very* hard writing.

There is, in the first place, something very unkind in hurrying a man to do any thing, be he ever so well able to do it. I have seen a man vexed at being asked twice to pass the salt. In such cases, when we are willing to please our friends, the least thing we can ask of them is a moment's time; just enough to show that it is our volition, not theirs, that moves us. Even Lord Castlereagh, when he had his penknife on the carotid artery, stopped to enjoy one last good sneeze before he struck his death-blow, and doubtless it was of the greatest comfort, not to be hurried in that last eventful moment. Who has not felt, when, for instance, picking up from the hearth and arranging with self-complacent skill the fallen brands from a wood fire, the distress of having the whole operation superintended by some watchful bystander, who with his, or her, constant "now put that there," anticipates every motion of the heavy tongs — the very thing you intended to do, but yet you prefer doing it in your own time and in your own way. How provoking when playing a losing game at draughts, (when I played it I called it "checkers,") to have your adversary spring over two or three of your unfortunate men, and place his own triumphantly in your king row, and while you cast your eyes about in the narrow hope of retrieving your sinking fortunes, to have his dictating finger extended with an insulting

"Now crown that." You yourself would have crowned him in time, but Sir Victor must prosecute his right to hurry you. In such a case I always felt justified in making my own move before I complied with the premature and annoying request.

But the poor author, who is tormented by his publisher for matter for the press, is not merely subjected to this dictation as to time. He is like a man who is not only obliged to eat when he is not hungry, but to eat of a dish which of itself he dislikes. He is expected to furnish, perhaps, according to direction, an article long or short, sober or lively, prose or verse, as the exorbitant demands of the printer may require. He must, too, appear, at least, to feel what he writes, as, when some volatile young lady in the activity of her motions puts her whole weight, and perhaps that of her chair upon your unresisting foot, before tried to the utmost by the pressure of your French calf-skins, you are obliged, when saying that "it was an actual pleasure to receive that pressure from her," to smile and appear to realize the delightful sensations her presence has excited. But too often, though the tortured writer draws up the corners of his lips, and presses his cheeks into a few dimples of gaiety, we plainly perceive his compressed teeth and murmured curse.

Or the orders of his task-master overtake him in a moment of mirth and jollity — when he has just received his little pay for his last published piece, or a grateful dozen of some most unauthorlike liquor from some most un-cousinlike relation. Perhaps in this moment, when the cup of his happiness has so overflowed, as to discolor every feeling of his whole soul with some spot of its inspiring influence, he is required to enlarge on some doleful subject of public interest, which any of his readers might belabor and be-essay with far better will than he. "Down, busy devil!" draw not a shade upon his short-lived happiness. If the sparks cease for a moment to fly upward, call not forgetful man back to his sorrows.

He that reads the outpourings of our modern Magazine writers might be sadly deceived as to their characters and manner of life. He sees them enjoying every grade of good fortune, from the despised advantages of wealth and fashion, to the higher delights of intellectual and moral superiority. Who of them, if we take the testi-



mony of their writings, does not whisk through the crowded streets of the metropolis in his light phaeton, hurried on by his well made cob, whose tiny head and heels are the envy of the town; or roll about to take a more dignified airing in his proud barouche-landau? Who of them does not strut over the aristocratic lounging ground of one or another city, with every point of person, dress, and carriage, the imitated of all beholders? Which of them does not hold the keys to those recesses of society, whose approaches are to others more fast than those of Hesperian gardens? Whose whisper is not answered by the smile of beauty and the sympathy of love? Who of them does not find his suits seductive, and his quarrels victories?

Such we see them in their writings. I have seen them at their homes. I will not promise to describe to you my own dwelling, but you shall see a picture far too common. The author's solitary room stands several stories above the street, and the only beings who pass his windows are a few strolling cats deserted like himself. His one chair and table confess by their appearance, that they have seen better days; while the careworn countenance of their temporary possessor, cold as his own hearth-stone, seems too well suited to the character of the place. Like a jailed criminal, he may have his crust of bread and his jug of water — poor luxuries — before him; but he also has his papers, and as he lifts his weary hand from his writing, and casts his thoughtful eye towards the empty fireplace, you might suppose that he but paused a moment from the story of his confessions and his misery. Suffer your eye to glance a moment on that paper he has left. It tells of almost another world — of bright faces and glad hearts — of rich dwellings and costly equipages — of refined society and its dazzling enjoyments — of the crowded ball-room and the full-dress promenade — the light jest, the quick repartee, the dance, the song, the gaiety and pleasures, but not the miseries of life. He seems to have had a model for every line by drawing the very antipodes of his own situation, as some men's settled opinions consist in contradicting those of their friends.

Yet this poor man must write. Even now perhaps he hears the step of the printer's boy, the only step which

is ever heard on those stairs. He does not compare the purgatory of his own existence with the paradise he has drawn, but throws down his pen, rejoicing that the article is done.

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## MUSINGS.

## I.

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THE return mail brought me the long coveted warrant, and with something between a smile and a tear, I prepared to quit the hearth-stone of my fathers, for the "glad waters of the dark blue sea." My orders were to repair with all despatch to ———, and after a chapter of adventures by land and by water, I found myself at length on the last stage of my journey, and in a mood of mind which the scenery around me did little to alleviate. I was sole occupant of the coach. The route led through an unbroken wilderness of pines, — a desert with but a single sign of the presence of man, — and that a mockery; a log-hut sheltered a change of horses, and a shrivelled anatomy of a Spaniard who tended them. But in the wild recesses of nature the mind reposes with comfort on the most trivial and minute traces of man; a thread-like path, the track of a wheel, or the mark of the woodman's careless axe are all cheering to the wanderer, for they assure him that *man* has been there.

So, even the sight of this wretched hovel was delightful, for it varied monotony and told of humanity. Again, we plunged into the depths of the solitude, but it now bore another and a more soothing aspect. Though January, the evergreen pine retained its summer freshness, and nodded gracefully to the breeze. A southern sun poured a subdued brightness and warmth through the dark vistas of the forest. The birds, drawn by the genial brightness of the evening from their retreats, were flitting from branch to branch, and carolled gaily as if welcom-

ing the returning spring. Now and then, too, some "antlered monarch of the wild," startled by the rumbling coach, would spring from the ground, snuff for a moment the tainted air, and then with head erect and measured leap, dart away into the uninvaded recesses of the forest. The contemplation of these solemn penetralia of Nature always brings over one a dark feeling of desertion. Involuntarily, I longed for the repose of solitude; that, which I had before thought affected and ennuyant, flashed upon me at once as the most natural and the sweetest, holiest life. For the passing moment, I could realize the sincere piety of those who ever sigh for a "lodge in some vast wilderness,"

"Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,  
And the free soul looks down, to pity Kings."

Then a reverie, — till at last the lights ahead, twinkling through the closing twilight, told me that I was near my destination. Why, I know not, — perhaps it was owing to the melancholy induced by the scenes of the day; — but I felt a presentiment that I should not find them there; two long-parted friends and playmates, older in the service than myself, and to whom I now fondly looked for protection and society; — fondly indeed, for I was but a boy, unknown and alone in a strange land.

## II.

The coach rolled quickly up to the inn-door, and the one occupant was quickly out. But when I alighted, no friendly glance came dancing to greet me; when I entered, no surprised friend burned to meet me; and inquiry only confirmed my trembling fear; those whom I sought had that morning sailed on a dangerous cruise to windward, in search of a pirate who had long infested the ——— Passage. It was sad, that disappointment of hope long cherished; sadder was it to think we might not meet again; but it was bitter and overpowering to find one's-self thus, for the first time, subjected to the cold apathy and inattention of strangers; for a more heartless and inhospitable community never infested earth.

Feverish with melancholy inquietude, I sought relief in the freshness of the open air. I wandered along as

chance might direct, and soon found myself approaching the single pier, which juts far out into the beautiful but shallow bay. The sea breeze was coursing rapidly over the heaving waters, and baring my head to its balmy coolness, I pursued my way toward the extremity of the pier. Catches of martial music floated by at every lull of the wind, growing more and more distinct and connected, as I proceeded, and at length falling on the ear in full, unbroken harmony,

"So sweet, so soft, so faint,  
It seem'd as angel's whisper'd call  
To an expiring saint." —

In bold relief against the sky, I could distinguish in the distance the dark and heavy rigging of a man-of-war. From her decks came the soft music; from, perhaps, my future home; and I seated myself and strove to picture the "little warlike world," which listened with me, and of which I should soon, perhaps, be a member. As I thus sat and pondered; as I gazed on the now obscure and now moonlit bay; as I heard the waters splash on the beach far behind me, and eagerly drank the mingled music of art and of the waves, fancy turned with instinctive wing to scenes far away, and yet near; scenes which are most appreciated when far distant, and most dear when not enjoyed. My first step in a roving unsettled course of life was ending in disappointment and despondency, and I was half purposed to renounce all love of the sea, and rush back from prospects so forbidding. In the mind's eye the spot of my earliest attachments was revisited, and I was returned to my native scenes with all that tender emotion, which the heart, that can be moved at all, will feel when we approach them. My experience, young as it was, had shown me how deceptive are the professions of a selfish world, and how beyond all price are the affections of home and kindred. The remembrance of these and the thousand other joys of boyhood's years, like the fancied vibrations of sweet sounds in the ear, kindled in my mind, and I flew to find in counting over these a refuge, though it were fleeting, from the harsh forbidding coldness of those who cared nought for me.

Whilst buried in this train of sweet and bitter reflec-

tions, suffering at once the impulse of pride and despair, of mortification and delight, the music changed to the simple and thrilling strains of "Home."

"Lonely and wild it arose,  
That strain of music from the sea,  
As though the dark air trembled to disclose  
An ocean mystery.

The vessel was now full ; the last drop made the waters of bitterness overflow. My heart swelled and beat with convulsive throb, and the tears trickled warm and fast down my cheek. Never but then have I felt and known so truly the irresistible power and fascination of harmony ; never was there a more cordial balm for the soul in the dark hour of distress.

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The last note melted on the air ! the last echo was drowned in the sullen roar of the wave ! Proud hopes of the future rose, and struggled with the love of the past. I felt myself once again pledged to the unhesitating pursuit of the profession of my own adoption, and thought no more of renouncing my love of the wide, unbounded sea. Gradually the tide of emotion sunk, and with a free mind and better heart, I wended my way to the inn !

Q.

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TO A REBELLIOUS TOOTH AT LAST EXTRACTED.

Ay ! there thou liest — ache on ! ache on !  
No neighboring grinder responds to thy call,  
I have cast thee off, an undutiful son,  
And those who remain are sound ones all.

Never did tyrant with greater glee  
Gaze on the victim who writhed in pain,  
Than I, with glistening eye, now see  
The tooth, that shall never torment me again.

O! thou wast a hard one, — and days of toil  
 And nights of pain have I past with thee;  
 The ghosts of pleasures thou liv'dst to spoil,  
 Would damn thee to all eternity.

Look at thy brothers, when thou wert young,  
 Thou wast as happy as they are still,  
 As faultless and pure, and the passing tongue  
 Told not the symptom of coming ill.

As man leaves the path of his happiness sure,  
 And, though born for an angel, a demon becomes,  
 So a longing for pleasures too sweet to endure  
 Tore thee from thy duty, and peace from my gums.

In those fair days of youth ere thy innocence fled,  
 While yet thy enamel was free from a stain,  
 O'er what banquets and viands we triumphed and fed,  
 Oh, would that those moments might e'er be again!

Can it be that thy torments eternally last,  
 That lying alone there you inwardly ache?  
 And, though from my body the torment has past,  
 That the depths of thy prongs it will never forsake?

If thou know'st one short moment thou gav'st me of ease,  
 Turn thy thoughts armed with hope to a merciful heaven,  
 And pray as thou thinkest of that day of peace,  
 As thou once forgavest, thou mayst be forgiven.

I pity thy tortures, though lately I joyed  
 To see my old tyrant thus suffering alone;  
 I pity thy tortures, and own I've destroyed  
 A friend of my childhood, a bone of my bone.

I will polish thee neatly, and treat thee with care,  
 That no harsh touch of mine may thy torments increase;  
 I'll cover thy prongs from the sharp blasts of air,  
 And lay thy old bones in comparative ease.

## THE OLD BELL.

"Bellum lachrymosum."

*Horace, Ode 21, B. 1.*

"O LORD ! methought what pain it was to write !"

mentally ejaculated we, as we leaned back in our arm chair, and placed our feet, (sinless of sole-leather,) on the fender, before a fire which we had just luxuriously stirred into a rage. Now, as the smallest peculiarities and habits of a distinguished individual are interesting to an admiring world, we here tell thee in confidence, my good friend and gentle reader, (for if thou hast read thus far thou must needs be our friend, though some of the capacious may, peradventure, cavil at the term "*reader*,") we here tell thee that a partiality to such a position before a good fire is one of our "*amiable veaknesses*." Mind, we tell thee *confidentially*, (a precaution adopted from a thorough knowledge of the human mind,) in order that the "*startling fact*" may sooner reach the ears of thy ten or twelve intimate friends, and thus come in the way of some future Boswell or Lockhart. Indeed, it has always been a matter of surprise and grief to me, (as I often hinted to that great Metaphysician himself,) that Stewart should not have inserted in his invaluable work on Mental Philosophy, a chapter on the wonderful connexion existing between the mind and mouth of one friend and the ear and mouth of another.\*

To return; we had just mentally ejaculated, (casting our eyes at the same time on our "*Comprehensive Index*" to Shakspeare, in order to superinduce a glibness of quotation,)

"O LORD ! methought what pain it was to write !"

and endeavoring to shake off an irresistible fit of drowsiness, brought on by mentally perusing the forthcoming number of Harvardiana, when a cracked and unearthly voice saluted our ears. Indulgent reader, (for so thou must be, if thou hast read thus far,) imagine our surprise

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\*Some of the most profound and patho-bathic wonders of Animal Magnetism might, I think, be explained in this way.

hall vent up in a "hoecake" \* mass, as the Purfessur of Hastronomy hinsinevated would be the purlitest method of proceedin. Ven they saw the string they vos hextraordinary sheepish, and the president, (pulling up his small clothes,) said, as 'ow he vos hexcessively hastonished that they 'ad not perceived before, vot he had seen hall halong was the case. Arter hall they was puzzled to find out who was at the hother hend of the string. 'Owever, the Purfessur of Mathematics dewised the following scientific hexpedient, after a good many habstruse hobserwations. He squinted along the line, and found whose room it proceeded from, and — most vonderful of all — that werry indiwidooal vos sent off on the succeeding morning, by the law of selection, and — still more vonderful — hinsisting, with the most hearnest hasseverations, as 'ow he vos perfectly hinnocent of the whole haf-fair!!!! — Here my narrator paused to recover breath, and to watch the effect of his thrilling reminiscences. He soon recommenced, and related many other events of his life. I shall, however, omit all but the catastrophe.

\* \* \* \* "Vell, Sir, the Freshman class, as I vas saying, halways paid me the most marked and peticklar hattention. Hindeed they carried it to sich an hextent as to be sometimes hactually hinconwenient. For hinstance, sich vos the hardency of their haffection, that they carried away my tongue to preserve as a memento. At last vun night they determined to hornament me with a thick coating of red paint, vich, considering the hinclemency of a New Hengland vinter, would 'ave been werry comfortable. They also took off my tongue, (as I said before,) as an interestin' and venerable relic of hantiquity, besides taking me off of my stand, in horder to give me some rest in my old age. Vell, Sir, vot do you think vas the ewent? Why, these hinoffensive and hinnocent young men, these phernomenons of hinfant purliteness and 'umanity, vos turned away from this hantique Huniversity!!! It clean broke my poor 'eart, and I vos hunable to speak in a clear voice arterwards. So they used to toll my big rival hacross the street there, who 'ad more brass in his composition than I, (and good cause too, for he 's of a modern birth.) But he soon cracked his voice

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\* Query — "opaque?"



in crowing over my misfortune, vich vas a great comfort to me, as you may suppose, Sir. Ah yes! he himmagined that he could show 'imself off vith himpunity, did he !!!"

Here he returned to his Hibernian dialect, and poured forth such a volley of imprecations, combined with such furious gestures, that we started from our chair and — found that we had slept so long that we must hasten to evening prayers, for which the bell was even then tolling.

S.

### DRAMATIC SKETCH.

#### SCENE I.

SCENE; *ut supra*. *Editors of Harvardiana seated about the fire.*  
TIME; *the first of the month.*

#### FIRST EDITOR.

The public eye, which with philosophy  
So long looked out for "Number One," has read,  
Since last in solemn conclave we were met,  
Our young endeavor; and the murmuring sounds  
Of comment, that our listening ears have reached,  
Bid us continue as we then began,  
With best leg foremost, our intended course.

#### SECOND EDITOR.

Yet, brothers, as we now have met prepared  
To mix the public up another dose,  
Forget not that we write to gain the name  
Of wise and great; and jokes and puns,  
And quips, and quirks, and oddities, with which  
Ye love to garnish, for a student's taste,  
A meal too light for wisdom's portly form,  
With weighty heads and old, will ne'er compete  
With the stern value of a deep essay. —  
Let us then launch upon a wider sea,  
And add our mite of wisdom to the lore  
Which heavy volumes, laden deep, contain  
In yonder Library. Our friends will then  
Delight in our research, and raptured read  
Our "Lunar Theories," and disquisitions  
On "Monarchy," "the Nature of the Mind,"  
"Elective Franchise," or "Domestic Slavery,"  
With well culled learning on the origin,  
The progress, and decline of "Revolutions" —  
Then will the "bantling" its true standing gain,  
And thrive, above all college periodicals,  
Triumphant. —

THIRD EDITOR.

Brothers, what a plan is here,  
 What "horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy"  
 Would muster on our once enlivened sheets;  
 Were such our course! Let not a frown be ours;  
 Let maidens glance upon our page and smile,  
 While Freshmen raise their curly little heads,  
 And, dignity and Sophomores forgot,  
 Roar out in laughter, though our jokes be old  
 As yonder Massachusetts. Brothers, ere  
 Long dissertations shall our pages fill,  
 More "harsh and rugged than dull fools suppose,"  
 Who cannot joke and therefore will not laugh,  
 Ere labored essay and jejune review  
 Shall meet on every leaf the reader's eye,  
 May every hardly-gained subscriber fail  
 And all be lost.

FOURTH EDITOR.

And yet consult our ease —  
 How might we revel in discussions on  
 "Greek Articles" or "Texas Lands;" or even  
 "The British Constitution" were a theme  
 Eight pages might be drawn from, at our will;  
 While still our friends might laugh to hearts content  
 At such crude jibes and jokes, as any son  
 Of Momus of you all might choose to give.

FIFTH EDITOR.

Stop this discussion; since, friends, after all  
 The quantity, and not the style, claims first  
 Our deep attention. We are only sworn  
 To furnish forty pages out within the month  
 To each subscriber. He who shall complain,  
 That what we bring him answers not his taste,  
 Shows that his judgment is so vain and weak,  
 We need not listen to his rage at all.  
 Brothers, disperse — and when ye come again  
 To meet around our council fire, let each  
 Produce his store of brains, in quantities  
 Decanted off, to meet our readers' taste.

SCENE II.

*Scene and characters the same. TIME; end of the month.*

FIRST EDITOR.

The press is teeming with the very last  
 Of this month's lucubrations, while subscribers gaze  
 Impatient waiting, till the time shall come  
 That makes our second number theirs.

## DRAMATIC SKETCH.

## SECOND EDITOR.

O would  
 Ours were a lot, like his in bygone days,  
 Who "lisp'd in *numbers* for the numbers came."  
 Now, toil and care have wrinkled all our brows,  
 And we have sneaked about and feared the sight  
 Of brother Editor, with the power endued  
 To quicken our procedures, and to make  
 The quiet musings of our evening hours  
 The hurried moments of an author's life.  
 There was a time, I thought a theme a bore, —  
 Now themes are nothing, and like snow-drifts seem  
 Beside our monstrous avalanche of cares.

## THIRD EDITOR.

We've had our swing, and now, as we have read  
 The discontented pendulum was forced  
 As one step ended to begin anew,  
 We turn November's labors to commence.  
 O that those numbers, who with shoals of rhyme  
 Have thronged the nets we set, in hopes to catch  
 Good store of matter which might ease our load  
 Of labor, and with rich variety delight  
 Our patron's eyes, — would turn to good account  
 Their time, their fancy, and their maiden pens,  
 And greet our readers with some glowing tale  
 Of highborn damsels and of errant knights,  
 Of smuggling enterprise or bandit's fame,  
 Or of the contest dread and reeking wounds  
 Love weapon causes 'mid the hearts of youth —  
 Then might we sit, and, crowned with power, select  
 The storied lore which should our pages fill,  
 While rest our weary pens.

## FOURTH EDITOR.

Such sloth but ill  
 Becomes a brother of our glorious band —  
 What though times creaking wheels have brought  
 October, with her party-colored leaves  
 And glowing twilights, to a rapid end,  
 Before our number leaves the binder's hand?  
 Yet older works than ours have seen their day  
 Of publication falling far behind,  
 Ere they, completed, met their readers' eyes.

## FIFTH EDITOR.

Let Exhibition, with its cares and joys,  
 Its smiles of beauty and its after tears,  
 Its mimic honors and its long delays,  
 Bear all the blame of our procrastination —  
 Nor let us weep o'er troubles, which have left  
 Nought but a dim remembrance on our minds,  
 But smooth our faces to a placid smile  
 And to the friendly public make our bows.  
 (*Curtain falls.*)

# HARVARDIANA.

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NO. III.

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## THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE AMERICAN PERIODICAL PRESS.

HISTORIOGRAPHERS are accustomed to lay off the Past into certain great periods, and to entitle each in accordance with its predominating spirit. The historians of some future period will, if we are not much mistaken, write ours down—the Age of Types. The *cacoethes imprimendi* is its main tendency, or, to speak philosophically, its characteristic. True, we may still be in the development of hope; in the midst of a process to which we look yet for immense results, which are to form the mementos of this great age. But, after all, is not the Press the fuel to this process, communicating heat and action to its components, and properly, therefore, the *primum mobile*, the ultimate cause?

The power and majesty of the Press were not fully disclosed or felt until the times of the French Revolution;\* but ever since prince and potentate, prejudice and prerogative, have acknowledged and bowed down before them. One cannot repress a certain just feeling of exultation when he sees a Napoleon, an Alexander, or perhaps an entire Holy Alliance quailing under its searching glance, and in vain endeavoring to appease the watchful Cerberus with their *yellow* honey-cakes. Grossly re-

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\* The publication of the letters of Junius form a single exception; but the vengeance which fell upon poor Mr. Woodfall, in consequence, was, as all know, pretracted and direful.

stricted and stifled as it is by the policy of all Continental Europe, it contrives, nevertheless, to occupy even there a bold stand betwixt sovereign and subject, — a terror to one, a shield and rock of defence unto the other.

At the present time the Press enjoys its greatest freedom, probably, in England. Americans, we know, are prone to look upon their institutions as securing to the citizen a greater degree of freedom than those of any other people, and quite naturally flatter themselves that the American Press is the freest and first on earth. This may be true or not true, according to the signification in which we use these terms. Were we to consult the taste of the "greatest number," freedom of the Press would amount eventually to an unbridled license — the greatest pest of society. Whether this remark needs qualification in a country boasting itself so highly educated and moral as New England, we are not prepared to say; but no one, perhaps, will consider it harsh or unfounded, who has observed the taste and, moreover, the practice in this particular of the country at large.

True liberty of the Press, in our idea, consists in the privilege of publishing the truth, from what will stand in the eye of honor as well as of law, for *good motives* and justifiable ends, and that too, *without fear of molestation*, no matter how severely it reflects on governments, or interests, or individuals. The American Press, to proceed on this idea, will not, we apprehend, favorably compare with the English. Our editors have not generally the same high-toned sense of their dignity and responsibility; our people do not exhibit the same enlightened spirit of forbearance and toleration; and our statutes do not provide the same security for either editor or people, or if they do, are so hampered by the prejudices or *fears* of the magistracy, as to be rendered wholly uncertain and inefficient. In England, on the contrary, the abuse of the Press, as well as the abuse of power, is guarded against with fearful strictness. So long as an English paper utters and defends truth, it matters not whom it involves, or what it discloses, it may reckon *infallibly* on the support of the Laws to the very last extremity. It fears nothing from either popular or individual resentment. Perhaps in matters of fashionable life and private character this privilege is used with in-

decent license, though unquestionably with much attendant good. It is not to be denied that in England the fear of the Press is a very powerful preservative of public and private virtue. The character and materials of English society render some such supervision indispensable to the cause of morals, and in politics, as we all know, in canvassing principles we must unavoidably discuss their advocates.

The English newspaper, we have said, is guaranteed by the Law in the utterance of whatsoever is truth. But wo betide it, if in one jot or tittle it transcend this *ne plus ultra*. His limits thus accurately fixed, the English editor knows precisely how far he can advance securely; when to strike fearlessly, and when with circumspection. Men and measures he may canvass without timidity or distinction. Error and misdemeanor he "strips and whips," with uncompromising purpose. Sound sense and genuine feeling he lays down with a plainness which is unhesitatingly received, because the reader believes that he sees before him frank and honest opinions. Exceptions there may be. We by no means hold that the English Press is immaculate. But we do believe, that in the main, the picture is not overcharged. The notorious fact that public opinion in England implicitly follows the lead of the Press, is convincing proof of the admirable spirit and talent with which it is managed.

Does the American Periodical Press meet with a like unhesitating confidence and respect on the part of the nation? If not, whose is the blame? Such topics it behoves us to reflect on. It is time we should know who are to control the workings of the public mind, when questions of vital import are abroad in the land,—questions, too, whose quietus will be once for all.

For light in sudden emergencies we must undoubtedly look to the Press. But then, for Editors, we want no laggard, who will retail us his stale, second-hand opinions; no ribald or calumniator, slaves of passion and tools of party; no milk-and-water craven, who will blench from the helm when the storm of popular or sectional fury blows highest; but men of talent, of judgment, of principle; men with the "will to do and the soul to dare" all that a sound head and pure heart shall dictate; whom

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
 Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
 Mente quatit solidâ.

Still, on the opposite hand, we would gladly be excused from a class of men now-a-days extant, who having pulled on the boots of Truth, without taking also her wisdom-cap, have lost all power of self-control, and are ever borne onward in the chase of something, God knows what, yet to come; a kind of men who become "martyrs to Truth" more upon calculation than pure love of principle.

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,  
 Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

The American newspaper, so far as we are able to judge, professes merely to utter or explain *received opinion*; it seldom or never aspires to create, or even to guide it. Hence the absence, as yet, even in the Metropolitan Journalism of the country, of any leading editor or editors. There are, indeed, gentlemen whose private worth, or uniformly just and moderate tone of opinion, or spirited party qualities, have raised them far above the mass of their profession. But there is not a Journal in the country which can make any pretension to such a relative position to the nation, as that held by the "Times" in England, or the "Constitutionnel" in France. There is no Magnus Apollo, no great oracle, to whom the whole American people, Whig and Tory, may go up for counsel and philosophy; no sun to cast a borrowed lustre on the countless lesser lights, that wheel, each in its own little orbit, through our political firmament. Perhaps there is one partial exception; for whether it be attributable to the stainless reputation of its editor, or to the admirable drill of his party, it is certain that the Washington Globe has, until very recently, held undivided sway over the views and measures of the soi-disant democracy of the Union. Politics here are out of place; or we might say, that even the Globe is, or more properly was, the tool, rather than the guiding spirit. With this partial exception, (allowing it,) in politics, it would be difficult to point out a single prominent Journal which ventures to promulgate new or original views in either Literature, Morals, or Politics.

The National Intelligencer and the National Gazette are widely circulated, and exercise considerable influence over the political and literary opinions of their readers. But we greatly doubt if either of them has that commanding hold on their minds, that it could *with impunity* commit itself on any important question, particularly if an *unpopular* one, without having recourse to the pleasure of their patrons. So it is from Maine to Louisiana. The Editor, if he would not starve, *must* play second-hand; the public *will* originate all measures and doctrines. The editor concludes that he has only to coincide with, or occasionally to temper or modify a little, the views of those with whom he sides, and so follows a beaten path, content if he shall cross no darling prejudice of his reader, or shock his complacency with no new-fangled innovations. But if he discuss affairs or represent facts of an unpleasant nature with intrepidity as they arise, he cannot succeed, or rather has not hitherto. Perhaps a change for the better in this respect is now going on.

Assuming that the Newspaper Press should direct, though perhaps not create public opinion, this Editorial bondage, so to speak, reduces us then to the alternative of concluding either that our editors are, as a body, incompetent, and therefore unworthy of influence, or that the Americans are a stiff-necked people and impatient of counsel or reproof. Upon such a question we would not pretend to decide. We may without presumption, however, refer to facts and quote opinions touching the state of our Newspaper Press. Grund evidently understands the weak point of American character, and, accordingly, has filled up his pages with indiscriminate praise of every thing he saw. Flatterer, as he is, he felt bound to confess that of the editorial profession, "many are not particularly intelligent or capable, and many more are grossly ignorant." And at the same time that he commends that regard for law and "abstract morality," which he thinks characteristic of the American people, he is forced to believe that they are illiberal and conceited. Miss Martineau, who, however she may be wanting in judgment, is a woman of unquestioned sense, and withal, a shrewd and accurate observer, says, "Whatever may be the exterior causes of the



Americans having been hitherto ill-served in their newspapers, it is now certain that there are none which may not be overpowered by a sound moral taste. In their country the demand lies with the many. Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire."

We have selected these two authors as being the latest authority. But all foreign writers seem to unite with them in the opinion that the character, (whether for better or for worse,) of our Newspaper Press receives its stamp from that of the community.

It is clear that the editor cannot live without subscribers, and it is not in human nature that the subscriber should patronize those who uphold opinions hostile to his own. The success of the editor, therefore, is not to be measured by his ability and spirit in forming and defending his own opinions; no premium is paid for bringing a highly gifted mind, extended knowledge, and sage counsel into the editorial chair; the public require other recommendations, and of these a *very* decent regard for their opinions is by no means last or least. The editor who would be read must give the public a reflection of *their* thoughts, *their* prejudices, and *their* passions. Be the condition of the newspaper press high or low then, the subscribers, that is to say, the many, are to be held responsible. According to the demand will be the supply.

This subordination of the Press to the wishes of the many is precisely that which we least like to see in our country. Under a monarchy or despotism, the opinion of the many can never acquire too much influence, and it will vent itself through the press at every opportunity. But in a republic, the danger is in the opposite direction; and if the people are tolerant, a little restraint of some kind is highly desirable. This power of restraint we should like to see vested in a pure, powerful, and respected press. Establish free schools, educate teachers, compel the younger classes to learn; adopt what measures we may for the general diffusion of knowledge, we can never qualify even a moiety of our voters for original, independent thinking. At best, we can but instil into the minds of the mass a reverence for virtue and justice;

a love of good, and a fear of evil ; for the knowledge between good and evil, the unlearned must look to the learned.

Among a people thus prepared, the right will prevail over the wrong by its intrinsic superiority ; in a fair field there can be little doubt as to the result of a contest between the two. Wise and honest men will never be wanting, where they are sure of being heard with respect and modesty ; and on the same principle, base and designing demagogues will always prevail among an ignorant and intolerant people. Free the Press from the possibility of insult and outrage, and wise and honorable men will no longer be deterred from aiding the public mind by their wisdom and foresight to a knowledge and possession of true freedom and happiness.

R.

## DEPARTURE OF THE TRIBE.

" WHERE is our resting — where ? "

And forth, from their childhood's home, they've passed ;

And a cry goes out on the moaning blast,

And a wail on the midnight air.

Wild and sad, on the gale echoes that mournful cry ;

" Where may the weary exile seek a place — to die ? "

Round them the shadows gloom ;

And, o'er them the forest giants mourn ;

Deep hollow sighs on the winds are borne ;

They stand by their fathers' tomb.

" Turn we now ; ne'er again this spot our tears will lave.

Where may the child of sorrow find his home — the grave ? "

By them the torrent swept ;

But their gaze was fixed on their fading home,

And they heeded not the wrathful foam,

While conquered manhood wept.

" Speak and say, rushing stream, thou of the stormy wave,

Say, wilt thou be the homeless wanderer's home — his grave ? "

Gone is that sorrowing band.  
 Still, as they went their bosom yearned;  
 Slow was their step, and backward turned  
 Their eye to their father-land.  
 Mourn not them. Wipe the tear that kindly feeling pressed.  
 Joy for their fate; the broken heart hath found its rest.

F.

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“ONE DAY IN BOSTON.”

“I pray you let us satisfy our eyes  
 With the memorials and the things of fame,  
 That do renown this city.”

How fortunate it is, that the pictures and caricatures of “Yankee character,” so *faithfully* drawn by Mesdames Trollope and Martineau are finished! We ought indeed (but for the approaching day of thanks) to appropriate a day to Public Thanksgiving, that those eminent artists did not witness Boston on the 30th of October, in the year of our Lord 1837. Nay, if they had *omitted* the “extravagant colorings,” and “*false lights*,” in which they too often indulged, how ample a subject did the whole “scrape” afford for the exercise of their talent. A volume could be easily written on the wonderful development of the fairer sex’s *CURIOSITY*, and many on their physical strength, moral courage, and delicacy, nay, perhaps a short essay on *Brass*. Every one was there, and even were it possible, a faithful description of the day would perhaps be superfluous. No one can, I think, forget it. “Indelibly stamped on the memory” of every man, woman, and child, appertaining to the “Athens of America,” and her fair towns, within thirty miles, are those scenes on the Common! And that day’s glory shall reach the ears of all nations! It shall sound and resound through the many savage tribes far west of the Mississippi, and the Greek shall echo it through the deep pass of Thermopylæ, till the “soul-inspiring” sounds die away on the plain of Marathon!!

Tell us not of the famous Amazons of old ; there has sprung up a race far mightier ! Sing not the "lofty deeds and daring high" of Hippolite and Thales-tris, — "Majora canamus" — how Sally Ann run guard ! how Liza tore the coat from a police officer's back, for his impudence ! and how the combined forces of Lucy Brown and Sally Smith overcame the "animi corporisque vim" of a New England Guard ! i. e. breviter, how they licked him !

The *Lions* were to be led out at 3 P. M., and as early as 2 o'clock, the Mall and fence, on Park, and part of Beacon and Tremont Streets, were actually alive with human beings, as if, forsooth, "their fates hung on the decision of the hour." The Common, too, held its share of the population ; and while the most ambitious sought the tree-tops, some less aspiring "lit" upon the various vehicles which thronged the streets ; persons of every age, hue, quality, calling, and in any quantity. A stranger might have supposed a miracle was about to be wrought ; but not so, — the crowd had collected to see some twenty hideously painted savages, to see an imitation of a war dance, and hear the war whoop !

And now commenced a clearing preparatory to the Indian performances, but which I thought quite as amusing and interesting.

*Guard.* "My dear Madam, you must leave the Gutter — we must have the gutter. — Stand back, boy. — Young woman, go within the lines !"

"I can't get in, Sir."

"You shall Ma'm, so along with you. — Capt. \*\*\*, the guard must be strengthened here ; don't signify — those women will press forward, Sir, in spite of us."

"Ladies, *will* you go back ? the performances will not go on unless we have room ; you must stand back !"

*Lancer (riding at full speed.)* "Go back you rascal."

*Loafer.* "Take care your horse Mister, if he kicks me, I'll, — I'll."

(*Girl runs guard.*)

*Sailor.* "Go it Sal, I'll hold your bonnet."

*Guard.* "Back, gentlemen, we must preserve the line."

*Officer.* "Col. \*\*\*, that western line must be driven back at least 12 feet ; take one division of cavalry and do it."

(*General charge of a squad of horse, spurs in and swords out.*)

"Stand back! back with ye! further back!!"

(*Cries of the wounded.*)

"Get off my toes!"

"Let alone of my shawl!"

"Quit squeezing me! oh! oh! ma-a-a! f-a-a-t-her!!  
'speak, father," once again he cried."

*Sailor.* "Avast, you land lubber, aboard that four-legged craft, — helm up! hard up! and take a reef!!"

*Countryman.* "You need n't feel so tarnation smart cuz you ride that ere horse, — don't you back him here."

*Boy.* "Them calavry's the thing to clear the ground, you, ain't they?"

Finally the line was fixed, and with a chain they managed to keep it tolerably straight.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

*Child.* "Why don't them Indjuns come along?"

*Loafer.* "Cuz they's waiting, I guess."

*Old Lady.* "Will you please to be so kind as to remove your heel from my toes, Sir, and particularly, my great toe?"

*Loafer.* "Take yer arm off my shoulder."

*Woman (to child.)* "Don't keep a twitching my gown, John, hang hold of your pa."

*Nurse.* "Yes he was a little blessing, so he should come to see the show. — Just seventeen — well I certainly shall faint."

*Homo.* "I beg you wouldn't trouble yourself, m'am, for the ain't no room."

*Boys.* "See them women fighting a constable — hurra! hurra! throw him over! three cheers for the ladies!!"

*Female.* "I wish you wouldn't press me quite so hard, Sir; you have been pushing me this long time."

*Male.* "My dear Madam, you are mistaken, for I have been trying to get rid of you this two hours!"

(*Music in the distance.*)

*Vox Populi.* "Here they come! see 'em!! No, them be the Cadets."

Procession enters, and having gone the rounds, the Indians form a circle. Cadets and procession all seated on the ground. Dance commences to the tune of *Bom, Bom, Bom*, and forever *Bom*, mingled with a few whoops, and many cheers, huzzas, go its, &c.

"Fine looking men — not handsome — make good officers."

"Thems savage enough."

"My! what awful looking things."

"Them are Florida Injuns, ain't they, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

(*Dance recommences.*)

*Guard.* "Stand back, back with ye. Back! Ladies, you must go back."

*Ladies.* "Why, Sir, how can you?"

*Jane (to Sarah.)* "I say, Sally, let's pound him."

(*Scuffle ensues in which the guard is floored — rush of girls pass the lines.*)

"Bom! bom! bom!"

"Bow, wow wow."

"Look at that ere dog, he is biting the Injun."

(*Smash.*)

*Sailor.* "I thought that old wagon would founder afore long. — Stowed too much o' your freight on deck, my old cove."

"Here comes the Injuns."

"Bom! bom!"

"Those horses will certainly start! U-r-r-r! what horrid looking creturs! that one with horns is Black Hog!"

"And this is his son, that little fellow, ain't it pa?"

"Yes, my dear."

Before such an audience, and subjects of such remarks, went the poor sons of the forest, not with that firm yet elastic step, with which they tread their native soil, but with a forced activity, which served to amuse the rabble. They at length reached their carriages, but scarcely had they done so before the crowd, "*Dux fœmina facti*," alike regardless of chains, guards, lancers, horses, and swords, rushed like a whirlwind and surrounded the poor savages in their retreat!

And here let us drop the curtain over pantomime, comedy, farce, and tragedy!! We have taken these imperfect sketches but to see how they would look on paper, and hoping that, should they meet the eye of any of the fair sex, they will allow that they are sometimes *curious*.

P — O — .

## TO A CAGED BIRD.

A PRISON for thee, thou sweet innocent thing,  
 Of the seraph eye, and the unruffled wing ?  
 A prison for thee, whose light pinions should be —  
 Like those of the zephyr, aye floating and free ;  
 Whose warbles go forth in the clear mountain air,  
 Unconfined and untaught as the accents of prayer ;  
 Whose winglets should gather the dews in their flight,  
 Till thy diamond plumage all sparkle in light, —  
 And mount in the heavens, unbounded, unscanned,  
 As a blest spirit soars to " the better land ? "

A prison for thee, where the flow'rs never blow,  
 Where groves never murmur, nor rivulets flow ;  
 Where the gale never comes, and thy song, that once gushed  
 Like a silvery fountain, is feeble and hushed ?  
 A prison for thee, when the music and mirth  
 Of thy radiant kindred enliven the earth,  
 And thou, pretty captive, art wild to be there —  
 The gayest and brightest to dance in the air ?  
 A prison for thee, whose fond mate is above —  
 Where waves yon green hemlock bough, vocal with love  
 Thine answering warble — how plaintive its tone —  
 Oh, will they not pity and bid thee be flown  
 To thy lover, thy bridal, thy soft, shaded nest,  
 And quiet the throb of thy sorrowing breast ?

O. O.

## THE IDLER.

• WHO does not love to gaze at the evanescent hues  
 which tinge the broken clouds at sunset ? They are  
 beautiful ! Look when the light pours forth between  
 several large fragments of cloud ! Is not that the en-  
 trance to a brighter world ?

It is a still, moonlight night in September. At such  
 a time even Peter the wild boy used to be so moved,  
 that he gave vent to his joy by leaping and dancing.

Men cross seas and ascend rugged mountains to stand by the cataract, the volcano, or some pile of crumbling ruins. The volcano and the cataract are sublime; the sunset, the moonlight night, and the old ruins are beautiful; yet from all these would I turn to look upon the human face. Smile not, reader, until you have studied it as I have; and can read the thoughts in the characters of the face.

It may be monomania; but I have worked myself into the belief that, from men's countenances, I can divine their thoughts and fortunes; and for this reason I love to wander unobserved and unknown amongst the crowd, peopling each man's brain with such joys and sorrows, as I choose. To most persons, strangers whom they meet in the streets are only so many legs, arms, heads, and feet, bearing about a certain quantity of leather and cloth, worked into certain shapes by shoemakers and tailors. To me the features, the dress, the gait, are only so many symbols of what is going on within. I read no gazettes. I need only go to the exchange and I can tell when stocks rise and fall by the merchant's countenance. I know when a horrid murder, or some dreadful disaster by land or sea has occurred, by the bustling important looks of the editors.

But no more of this. Go with me reader to the Post-office;—it is one of my favorite haunts. You may lean, if you please, against that pillar, and we will watch the crowds as they come and go.

Look at that old lady with the small, black bonnet, and grey cloak! I know her feeble step well; she comes here often to get the letters of an only son, who, although a sailor, gladly divides his hard earnings with his aged mother, instead of squandering them among the harpies, who lie in wait for the thoughtless seaman. If there is an object in the wide world, upon which the angels might look down with a smile, it is that rough, uneducated sailor, toiling without a murmur to repay the cares and watchings of his old mother! A Milton does not more convince me of the immortality, the dignity of human nature, than that simple sailor.

But see! She has a letter with a black seal; she has read it; the tears follow each other fast down her furrowed cheeks, and her eyes are turned towards heaven, with a look, which says, "not my will but thine be



done." Her son is dead; the last cord which bound her to the earth is broken, and she has now no hope left; yet there is on her brow that confiding trust in God's providence which many profess, but few feel.

Stand aside for that splendid carriage! It is a young lady, well known in the gay circles of the city. All that money can do for her is done as soon as the wish is expressed; but she is disappointed now, for the servant returns and tells her there are no letters. How she stamps that little foot of hers, and tells him that he is a stupid blockhead, and must look again. He looks again with no better success than before. Who would have believed that such a face as hers could have been so distorted! The occasion of all this is, that some trifling patterns, which were to have aided in ornamenting her person for the rout at Mrs. ——— this evening, have not arrived. I would rather, far rather be the old woman in the grey cloak, than the rich heiress.

There comes a man, in whose pale, emaciated face every gazer reads a warning; yet how strangely are shrewdness and worldly cares blended there with the characters of death! In a few months at most that man must die; but he cannot spare a moment for preparation. Perchance he once heard the preacher speak of another world; but if he did, he set it down as a place to which he could send no merchandise, and thought of it no more. Poor man! He never allows his shoes to be blacked for fear of wearing them out; and grudges himself the farthing candle, by which he reads over the bonds that assure him that he is the possessor of hundreds of thousands. He will be a bargainer in the last moment of his life; he will give his money to some charitable institution, in the vain hope of getting a bill of exchange on Heaven!

Observe that shivering woman with two little boys, who has stopped him; she came from the same village that he did, and they were playmates in infancy. Now she and her children are suffering from absolute want; and, much as it cost her honest pride, she has applied to him for relief. He has taken a paltry piece of silver half out of his pocket, — but his resolution fails him; — he has put it back again and hurried away!

I can never look upon that young man, who is so earn-

estly engaged in reading a letter, without the most melancholy feelings. Heaven, you perceive, has given him a noble exterior; and I know that his mind *was* of the highest order. In college he was the idol of his class, and nothing was done without consulting him. But his social temper led him to look too often upon the "wine when it was red." He never dreamed that the habit would become so powerful, that he could not overcome it whenever he should choose. Now his friends have given him up in despair. Talk to him and he will cry like a child; but his mastery over himself is gone forever. That letter is from one who was his betrothed, in better days, and loves him, as few women *can* love. It is too late; she cannot save him.

See that man with a thoughtful, troubled look. He is the most powerful man in the city, and probably the most unhappy too. He has wasted the best years of his life in a struggle for popularity, and has obtained it. He knows that a breath can at any time cast him down from the pinnacle.

What a living satire upon him is that maniac, who thinks himself the ruler of all around him, and the source of every measure of government!

H.

## THE LOVE-SMITTEN.

If thou dost see a youth whose eye  
Is ever bent upon the ground,  
Whose lips are smiling constantly,  
Who heedeth not the things around;  
Know that unwittingly his gaze  
To objects underneath is blind;  
An absent form his mind portrays;  
His smile, for one he left behind.

If thou dost see a youth alone,  
Leaning his head upon his hand,  
At early eve when day is gone,  
Gazing out on the moonlight bland;—

His thoughts are on a lovely girl,  
 Her blushing cheek, her hand like snow,  
 Her soft blue eye, the little curl,  
 That careless fell upon her brow.

If thou dost see a youth who sings  
 A song of love with fervent heart,  
 And to his kindling bosom brings  
 The heaving sigh by simple art ;  
 Know that it is the song he heard  
 When he was by that maiden fair ;  
 Deep was the passion that it stirred  
 And purer than the morning air.

If thou dost see a youth who holds  
 Sweet-scented paper in his hand,  
 Verse-written, and with careful folds,  
 Seals and directs to some far land ; —  
 Know 't is for one more light than fairy,  
 From one who loveth ardently ;  
 Know that she is my own dear Mary ;  
 That love-lorn youth — why, I am he.

V.

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 ANCIENT SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT.

No fact in ancient history is more striking, than the tenacity, with which the different states adhered to what are called simple forms of government. An aristocracy, which was generally at the same time an Oligarchy, and one, too, ever reducing its numbers, in one commonwealth, ruled with jealous and unsparing rigor over the multitude. In another, a democracy, turbulent and factious, roused at times to the noblest and most self-devoted exertions, often trembling for very existence from that terror of secret enemies, which sometimes without cause diffuses itself through numbers, held the minority in no gentle bonds of allegiance. Wherever an attempt was made to unite the two political principles, and

secure stability, without endangering freedom, the government gradually, but irresistibly, fell back again into the hands of the few or the many. Thus the well tempered constitution of Solon, by slow but sure degrees, throwing open, at every change, avenues for the most unshackled exercise of man's powers, degenerated from the true republican character, and, instead of giving its full weight to every class, became the mere organ of the most numerous indeed, but not the wisest portion of the state. In Sparta, on the other hand, the system of Lycurgus, which seems to have intended security to the rights of the people, by means of the general assembly, and power to the few, by means of the senate, soon departed from its primitive intent. The assembly did not require many lessons to convince them, that, so long as the senators alone had the right of calling the people together, and of propounding the questions on which nothing but a simple assent or dissent was to be given, their importance existed only in theory, and had no foundation in fact. Hence the institution of Ephors, which, like the erection of the tribunitial power at Rome, shows the contrivances to which the multitude were reduced to secure themselves against the numerically inferior, but organized and combined strength of the Eupatrids. In Sparta, the power created for the defence of the people, ultimately joined the nobles to subdue them, and the Roman tribunes, governing the plebeians by intrigue and bribery, were themselves ready to be corrupted by the nobles.

This seemingly irreconcilable hostility of the two classes, of which every ancient commonwealth was composed, gave rise to the most sanguinary disorders, destructive alike of private happiness and public tranquillity. But in forming our views of the relative worth of the old governments from the transmitted records, there is danger lest the incomparably greater light, thrown upon the convulsions of Athens, should blind us to the disorders of the oligarchical states. The history of Athens, during the Peloponesian war, and for a long period after, indeed for all the time in which those excesses were committed, so mortifying to all who delight in the otherwise unrivalled excellence of the Attic character, is clearly made known to us in the pages of her *Histo-*

rians, Orators, Poets, and Philosophers; but the cotemporary condition of her half-civilized enemies is involved in impenetrable obscurity. When, indeed, the affairs of the Lacedæmonians become connected with those of Athens, a transient ray illumines the gloom, which at other times shrouds Laconia. But in general, the remains of Greek literature are nearly as unsatisfactory, in regard to all that concerns the workings of the Spartan government, as in the meagre revelations, which they here and there present of the domestic administration of Persia.

The little, however, that we do know, gives us no favorable view of either state. If any stability, which, to judge from the tone of some writers, is the only virtue a government can possess, was secured by the despotic monarchy of the one, or by the oligarchy of the other, it seems to have been purchased at the expense of progress both political and mental, and by the most grinding oppression of all except the privileged few. Yet even this stability was not very stable, according to the accounts of insurrections and conspiracies, which reveal to us, indeed, whatever knowledge we have of the character of the aristocratic states. Instead, therefore, of attributing that readiness to destroy life, which was frequently displayed at Athens and in the other democratical commonwealths, to the effects of their government, it would be wiser to consider whether the same crimes and in a more aggravated form were not of common occurrence, in all the descriptions of polity then existing. Thus, if we find that in Corcyra, the democratical faction, provoked by the atrocious conduct of their opponents, killed over a thousand of their nobles, and banished as many more; we, on the other hand, are well assured that the oligarchy established at Athens by the Lacedæmonians, called the tyranny of the Thirty, and their confederate Eupatrids, murdered in cool blood twelve hundred of the opposite party, and banished about half the remaining citizens. If at Argos, the poorer classes rose on the richer and put numbers to death, we become acquainted with the practice of the enlightened few in similar cases, when we discover that the Spartans, to quiet a sedition in Heraclea, massacred five hundred citizens.

These horrid atrocities of party spirit therefore were

by no means confined to the government of the many. On the contrary, it would be absolutely impossible to determine which party was most to blame; for no sooner did one faction become superior after a contest, than they immediately butchered or banished the most obnoxious of their opponents, knowing no better method of restoring tranquillity to the state. But the rich and noble, it is said, were subjected to continual wrongs and violence at Athens, and the charge is supported by a passage from the "Banquet" of Xenophon, in which he represents a rich citizen reduced to poverty congratulating himself on his change of fortune. Yet, the exactions to which the higher orders were exposed, though not established by law, but irregular and arbitrary and consequently, at times, extremely oppressive, are not absolutely without excuse. We consider it no injury to the wealthy, that our citizens should be taxed according to their property, the rich man out of his abundance, the poor man from his scanty stock. Each contributor knows the amount he is to furnish and the time of payment. With the Greeks, however, instead of the tax being apportioned according to the fortune of the citizens, there were certain offices, expensive, but at the same time honorable, which necessity required and public spirit often induced the rich to take upon themselves. These were chiefly the charge of religious shows and festivals, and the fitting out of galleys. In this way, the burthen of supporting the administration was thrown with the Athenians, as amongst us, upon those who were able to bear it. With this difference, however, that among the former, while in some years of peace and prosperity the contributions of the rich would be small and by no means burdensome, at other periods, when the state was involved in war, or distress, they would become heavy and oppressive; so much so, that a wealthy individual may easily be conceived of as using the language of Xenophon in regard to fortune.

Admitting, then, that the condition of the opulent was not so favorable at Athens, as they themselves would have desired, we cannot hesitate to conclude that, so long as the "greatest good of the greatest number" affords any criterion to estimate the comparative excellencies of different governments, the Athenians, on the

whole, were better off than any other Grecian state. Undoubted authority tells us that their slaves were treated more leniently than those of the Dorians. What harrowing tales of human misery would be divulged, if the foul conduct of the Spartans towards the Helots was more clearly made known. Enough, however, we may gather from the accounts of one or two butcheries, which have come down to us, and from the existence of a practice called the *Crypteia*, according to which a number of Spartans, from time to time, scattered themselves over the country, and lying concealed during the day, at night sallied forth and massacred every serf they could lay hands on, who was at all conspicuous for strength or courage.

The source of the gross excesses, to which momentary passion often led the Athenians, was indubitably the organization of their judicial assemblies. Instead of a jury of twelve men selected with scrupulous care to exclude all predetermination on the question at issue, their courts of justice were composed generally of several hundred citizens. Hence those appeals to the passions and selfishness of juries, which astonish us in reading the ancient orators, and which in a modern court nothing but sheer impudence could embolden an advocate to make, and nothing short of imbecility or corruption could induce a judge to permit. Every one too, who desired it, was at liberty to bring forward an accusation in the popular tribunals, and notwithstanding all the penalties provided by law for false accusers, persons were always to be found, who, from envy, party spirit, hope of plunder, or other bad motives, were ready to charge the fairest characters with odious crimes. It is not surprising then, that confiscation of property, and even the destruction of life should have been frequent in such a state of affairs. According to our estimate of happiness, in truth, we are at a loss to conceive what enjoyment could be derived from a government so constituted. Yet we are well assured, that though oppression took a legal form at Athens, it was by no means less practised in the other states. Nor is it unimportant to remark, that the judicial murder of a single individual, in a free commonwealth, commonly occupies a much greater space in the pages of history, than the wholesale massa-

ces which one or a few despots may perpetrate in secret.

On the whole then, we may safely conclude, that nothing can be more preposterous than the conduct of many historians, who, setting about their task with a favorite theory to support, make an indiscriminate application of the Grecian annals to modern governments. The difference between ancient and modern society is too broad, the estimate of happiness at each era is too diverse, and the influence of religion on the character has been changed so radically since the introduction of Christianity, that the danger of erroneous inferences is increased almost beyond hope of avoidance. One thing, however, is evident, that no state can expect permanent tranquillity, in which any class, high or low, are systematically wronged. The Greeks were fully aware that rulers must be dependent on the people; but the sources of opposition and estrangement, between the aristocratic and popular factions, were so numerous, that one never gained the supremacy, without having many real or supposed injuries to requite, and no mild retaliation slaked their thirst for revenge. In these terrible retributions, the finger of an overruling Providence, indiscernible as it may be to most men in ordinary affairs, is clearly to be traced. Rulers, be they few or many, may recklessly pursue iniquitous designs, and rise to any height of ostentation or sensual indulgence on the ruin of some portion of their fellow mortals, but sooner or later, the hand-writing on the wall will give a warning, too impressive to be slighted, of approaching destruction.

If every class in a state have not regular channels to convey its sentiments to the ostensible heads of government, or if these sentiments when understood are contemptuously disregarded, every difference of opinion between the two parties will widen into such alarming and incurable dissensions, that nothing but a sanguinary struggle will be adequate to appease them.



## LINES.

THE paling moon sinks slowly in the west ;  
 Along the earth the deepening shadows steal ;  
 In darkness heaves the river's swelling breast ;  
 From the old tower rings out the midnight peal.

Still, from the myriad isles that gem the night,  
 A struggling beam steals down the darkened sky,  
 Disclosing with a dim uncertain light,  
 Where, in their dreamless bed, the sleepers lie.

How calm, how peaceful is the waveless sleep,  
 That settles on our being's troubled stream !  
 How sweet the slumber, the repose how deep,  
 When life is o'er, and life's short feverish dream !

Each burning passion and each gnawing care,  
 No more consumes the heart, whose pulse is still.  
 No more can sorrow's fang envenomed tear  
 The bosom, that with pain forgets to thrill.

Sleep on ye blest. A few more fleeting years  
 Of earthly toil, and we shall seek the tomb ;  
 Yet, not in sorrow come we, nor with tears ;  
 But shroud us gladly in its grateful gloom.

Peace to your slumbers. Nature keeps your rest.  
 Your lullaby, the music of the wave ;  
 The cypress spreads its arms above your breast,  
 And the lone nightwind sighs around your grave.

F.

## WALL FLOWERS.

FEAR not or hope not, gentle reader, a botanical essay,  
 since a real botanist would probably have selected some  
 one species of plant rather than the sweeping title I

have taken. I use the term in the sense in which some wit, or the united wit of society, has applied it, as expressing those unfortunate ladies, who form the background of ball-room scenery, and constitute, while others are performing every sort of planetary and cometary motion in the middle of this extensive sphere of action, the fixed stars, which bound at once our vision and our knowledge. The name does not apply to any lady who may happen to be standing alone with her back to the wall in the course of the evening, but is confined to those of them who are "always a doing it;" who are rarely seen, and appear out of place, in any other position.

A fit of philosophy coming over me like a fit of hydrophobia, I rabidly undertook to investigate for myself the characters and propensities of this race of beings. In the midst of the world, shut out from the world as they are, they became objects at once of pity and interest, and I thought that perchance they might throw some light upon the structure of society, from their peculiar view of it.

Now the proper way of discovering the nature of an unknown object is, to investigate that of some known one as near akin to it as possible; and having among my acquaintance several, whom I knew had a great dread of falling into the ranks of the wall flowers, I proceeded to examine their accustomed modes of action. I found that these ladies shunned *corners* as if infected by some deadly influence — and with reason. For if, having been induced to join a stationary friend in a corner, they should then be deserted by him who had brought them thither, their only chance is to engraft themselves in that place and take root amid those who before adorned it. There is little danger that any wandering youth will suffer himself to be drawn towards that quarter, and they may solace the heavy hours with the maiden conversation of the real proprietors of the ground. I found, too, that the attention of this class of my friends was never concentrated on the present moment. Their eyes and their thoughts were both wandering, to attempt to discover some one on whom to cling when their present victim had escaped; while at the same time every faculty was awake to his feeble struggles to avoid being entangled for a whole evening. How many a happy moment do they

prevent or destroy, by chaining you to their side, just at the time that you see some more fortunate mortal, snatch the object which was to furnish your anticipated happiness from before your eager gaze! How you stand, answering in monosyllables, as you attempt to divine some method to relieve yourself of your ineligible partner, who catching at an alternative had rather be a parasite than a wall flower! They will not suffer themselves to be led to a table covered with beautiful engravings, which some of their mothers' coevals are admiring; they will not consent to accompany you to ask "that lady standing alone opposite," how her mother does, nor will they confess they are weary enough to take the only vacant seat which you point out on a distant sofa. If they are wise, they will not allow you to think that your sister is beckoning you to come to her for a moment, to her place in the dance.

Having seen the subterfuges of this interesting race of beings, I was led to conclude, that all wall flowers must be those who either did not succeed in practising these infamous arts, or who had too much modesty and sense of propriety to undertake them. In this latter class of course, many simple and worthy individuals might be found, and selecting one who appeared more like a victim than a deposed tyrant, I found my request for the honor of her hand in the next dance received with a ready and grateful smile.

I had judged her modesty aright; she preferred the side to the head of the dance, and we took our places accordingly. As the set was filling up, and I was remarking to her how well the rooms were lighted, and how little room there was for evolutions, and that Miss such a one, who was looking very well, was to be our *vis-a-vis*, I took the opportunity to glance at her companions, whom she had left by the wall. As they whispered of her remarkable lot, I could divide with the greatest ease, by the expression of their countenances, those who had through bashfulness sunk to their present condition, from those who fell there, struggling with their fate and their former victims. Of this latter class I marked out one who was gazing vindictively at my as yet embarrassed partner, as the subject of my next experiment.

Meanwhile the dance began. Let no one be surprised to be told that to me it was a very pleasant one. A short time sufficed to accustom the damsel to her unusual situation, and as she was not ungraceful, without beauty, or untutored, her carriage and manner were unexceptionable. From her I drew many facts with regard to the feelings and state of mind of those of her class, partly by her direct information, and partly by a simple application of the hints she unintentionally let fall.

I feel that I may safely undertake the portraiture of all those, who like her have fallen out of the whirl of the busy part of society, from modesty in pushing themselves. They still enjoy company. They still accept their invitations and prepare their dresses with the smiles of pleasing anticipation. If they have a moment's misgiving, it is when they leave the step of the carriage, or make their courtesies before the lady of the house, under the gaze of the whole assembled company in the brilliantly lighted rooms. Then the truth comes home to their minds, that the gay dance, and flashing, pointed conversation, is not their part, and they take the place of spectators, with perhaps something of a sigh. But these beings are kind to themselves and others. They do not torment themselves or their hostess by suffering this sigh to be audible, or a shade of displeasure to darken their countenance. "I think it is always best," said my young friend, who really looked quite beautiful, as she made the declaration, "even if one *does* feel discontented in a party, to *look* as pleased as possible; there is no reason for vexing others by our sober countenances. So I always change my place when I can, not to seem like a disconsolate fixture, which does not enjoy at all what is going on." Kind wall flower! how few appreciate your consideration. Such a mind can find enjoyment in society, that others, erroneously called more active, would never have discovered. Our friends from their place of observation, note and admire the dresses of the ladies, the stratagems of the beaux, the flirtations and the gayeties which they have ceased to expect to share. If occasionally called on to make up a set, they cheerfully take the arm of any gallant that is offered them, or kindly volunteer to take a place in the dance *together*, one of them accepting with due diffidence the station of the

gentleman. When supper is announced, they with propriety wait till their friends, who are provided with escort, descend, then humbly follow in a herd; only taking precedence of that abject class of youth of the other gender, who cannot make their duty prevail over their awkwardness or bashfulness. When the hour for departure arrives, they ask some friendly waiter to call their carriages, and retire happy, if no untoward accident has darkened the evening, and elated, if any of the many lights, whose progress they have so often watched, has shared with them a portion of his brilliancy and gayety.

Accident rather than any other cause has often cast young ladies into this position; and accident may again bring them into notice, if on any occasion brought forward by a succession of chances, they frequently make friends even by the simplicity their former station had given them. The condition of a wall flower seems to be shunned, as in more important matters, is that of old maid; although in both situations there is much that is pleasing as well as deeply affecting. The causes that may produce the one or the other seem wholly inscrutable. Every one who knows "maiden aunts" in fact or in story, knows that they are often adorned by learning and accomplishments beyond their sex, and frequently beauty and grace, kindness, gentleness, and modesty unite to surprise and charm the adventurer who attempts to draw out an individual of the class we have been considering.

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#### MR ESPY'S THEORY OF RAIN.

MR. ESPY is a member of the Franklin Institute; and chairman of the joint committee, on meteorology, of the American Philosophical Society, and the Franklin Institute. He has paid a great deal of attention to the subject; and has accounted for the phenomena of rain, hail, and snow, by a theory founded on principles already established, and an extensive observation of facts.

As his writings on the subject are dispersed over the pages of the Journal of the Franklin Institute, we have attempted a brief abstract of them.

We shall begin with some of the principles upon which his theory rests. The dew-point is that at which the thermometer stands, when its bulb, or a substance in contact with it, is cold enough to condense the vapor contained in the air. It does not depend upon the temperature of the atmosphere, but upon the quantity of vapor contained in it. Thus, when the weather is hot and dry, the temperature is high and the dew-point low. These two points can never agree, unless the air is perfectly saturated with vapor; which can never take place except during a fog.

The dew-point may be obtained by filling a tumbler with water, or any substance cold enough to cause moisture to settle on the outside; and ascertaining by means of a thermometer, placed in the water, the exact temperature at which the moisture begins to settle. When a sufficiently cold substance cannot be obtained, a small piece of muslin or sponge may be attached to one side of the bulb of a thermometer, and ether poured upon it; the appearance of moisture upon the other side will give the point desired.

In taking the temperature of the air, great care is necessary to avoid error. As the thermometer is liable to be affected by the temperature of surrounding bodies, it is necessary in order to get the real temperature of the air to swing it round.

The other principles necessary to this theory are, the production of heat by condensation, of cold by expansion, and the laws of equilibrium.

"When a portion of transparent vapor in the air is condensed into cloud, or water, the latent caloric given out, expands the air containing it six times as much as it contracts by the condensation." That is, water occupying much less space than vapor, the whole bulk of the air and vapor would be diminished by the condensation of the vapor; but the latent caloric given out by that condensation expands the air six times as much as it was before contracted. (This is proved by calculation; for which, see Journal of the Franklin Institute, Vol. xvii. No. iv. page 240.)

"It follows from this principle, that the moment a portion of transparent vapor in the air begins to condense into cloud, the air in which it is contained begins to expand, and consequently if an equilibrium existed before, it is destroyed now, and the cloud will continue to ascend as long as its temperature is greater than that of the surrounding air;" and as it ascends will repeat the same course of expansion, refrigeration, and condensation, until it becomes perfectly dry.

Mr. Espy supposes "the sun to heat the earth, and the air in contact with it, many degrees above the air a few hundred feet from the surface of the earth. This heated air below, and cold air above, form an unstable equilibrium, and a very slight agitation will cause to be formed upward vortices of the light air below, and downward vortices of the dense air above. Now if the dew-point is not more than ten degrees below the temperature of the air in contact with the earth, the air of the upward vortex will not ascend much above one thousand yards, before the refrigeration, produced by the expansion of the air, will cause a beginning of condensation of vapor; and the moment this occurs, the velocity of upward motion is rapidly increased, from the expanding effect of the caloric evolved during the condensation of the vapor."

The air in the vortex continues to rise, and the condensation of vapor is carried on, the dew-point gradually falling, until all the vapor is condensed, and the air becomes perfectly dry. After passing this point, it continues its motion upwards, but does not increase in temperature beyond a certain degree above that of the surrounding air, until it reaches the surface of the atmosphere, where it spreads itself out and becomes at rest. The pressure of the atmosphere on the air below, being diminished by the expansion and upward motion of the air in the vortex; the air below is expanded and flows up the vortex as before explained. At the surface of the earth, the dense air on the borders of the vortex flows towards it, forming winds, to supply the place of the air that has risen. Thus we have at the surface of the earth winds blowing towards the vortex, and at the surface of the atmosphere, a current of rarified air flowing from the vortex in every direction.

As the vapor is condensed it forms drops of rain, which

are carried upwards by the ascending current, until they have attained a large size, by the accumulation of other condensed vapor, and are then either thrown out at the sides of the vortex in the shape of rain; or carried into the regions of perpetual congelation, and then thrown out in the shape of hail. Thus the greatest fall of rain will take place on the borders of the vortex; and there will be little or none under it.

It is demonstrated by calculation, (for which see Journal of the Franklin Institute, Vol. xvii. No. iv.) that the current in the upward vortex is capable of a velocity of 4.13 miles per minute, or 248 miles per hour. With this velocity, the upward force of the air, even at the height to which hailstones are sometimes carried, would be equal to a hundred and twenty pounds on a square foot; a power sufficient to raise a cube of ice one and a half feet in diameter.

"There are many well authenticated accounts of showers of dust, and bloody or reddish rain, having fallen, and also of hail with earthy or stony matter contained in the stones, and some with green leaves of forest trees. In Persia, near Mount Ararat, there fell in the month of April, 1827, a shower of *seeds*, which in some places covered the ground to the depth of six inches. The sheep ate of it, and men made tolerable bread of it. The French ambassador in Russia obtained some specimens of this grain, and sent them to Paris, where they were analyzed and examined by M. M. Desfontaines and Thenard, and determined to be lichens of the genus *Leccidia*."

Mr. J. R. Jackson, in his *Aide Memoire Du Voyageur*, says, "I have seen in the plains of Agra, Hindostan, enormous columns of sand, sometimes thirty at a time, several feet in diameter, rising perpendicularly out of sight, and followed frequently by a shower of large hailstones, containing such a quantity of sand in large grains, that in filling a goblet with this hail, when it melted, there was a sediment of sand almost half an inch thick."

"Now, as neither leaves of forest trees nor seeds of lichens can grow in the upper regions of the atmosphere, or be precipitated to the earth from any other planet, if the accounts are to be believed, then the existence of upward vortices is established."



All these facts are mere corollaries from the theory. For when the vortex reaches down to the surface of the earth, it is able to carry up large quantities of earth, as will appear from the following account of a storm, that occurred at St. Omer, in France, on the 6th of July, 1822. "Clouds were seen coming together from all directions, and uniting over the plain; they soon formed but one, which covered the horizon. An instant after a thick vapor of a bluish color, was seen to descend and form an inverted cone, whose base was the cloud. After it had passed from the place where it was first seen, it was discovered that it had made an excavation in the earth, in the form of a basin, twenty or twenty-five feet in circumference, and three or four deep in the middle. After tearing down a barn, and some trees, it passed on, a distance of two leagues, without touching the earth, carrying with it large branches of trees which it threw out to the right and left with much noise.

"Having then arrived at an elevated wood, it tore off the tops of many oaks, and carried them over the village of Vendome. In this commune it tore up by the roots a large sycamore, and carried it six hundred yards. In the village of Witcanestre, of forty houses, thirty-two were prostrated, with their walls thrown outward, and at Lambre, eighteen, chiefly built of bricks, were sapped to their foundations in the same way.

"The various phenomena accompanying this spout, seem to favor in a most remarkable degree the fact of upward motion; especially the manner in which the houses were prostrated. Indeed this latter phenomenon appears to be an *experimentum crucis*, to prove that a light column of air was suddenly brought over the houses thus prostrated; and by thus diminishing the pressure on the outside of the house, the elasticity of the air within produced an explosion, prostrating the walls outwards, and carrying off the roof.

"An upward force, which would carry off a large sycamore many hundred yards, must have been quite adequate to produce this effect if it could be brought to act instantaneously or even very suddenly, which in the present case seems to have been the fact." At a low estimate, the force on the wall of a house twenty feet high by thirty long, when the vortex comes over it, would be 46,120 pounds.

During the tornado, which occurred at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in June, 1835, several houses were prostrated in the manner described, above, and, in one instance, a sheet was found in a crack in the wall where it appeared to have been forced by a current of air.

## SARATOGA LAKE.

"There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake, which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that, if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink."

*Willis — American Scenery, v. 1, p. 19.*

It was an Autumn evening, and the lake,  
(Save when some light breeze ruffled it,  
In dalliance with a blushing water lily,)  
Lay tranquil as a spotless maiden in her rest,  
Whose sleep is peace itself — except some gleam  
Of newborn love flit o'er her dream — and then  
Her pulse beats quicker, and her traitor lips  
Tremble, as they reveal the only secret  
Her breast e'er knew.

Skimming the quiet waters,  
Like the scared wild-fowl whom the hunter's foot  
Has startled from her solitary nook,  
Out shot a light canoe upon the lake.  
Two only forms it held, and they were lovers —  
A pale-face and his bride. — His practised arm,  
Which, until now, had urged the little bark  
With speed well nigh as swift, as would the shaft,  
Winged with destruction, leave the Indian's bow,  
Relaxed its efforts; and they floated on  
O'er the still bosom of the lake, now rosy  
With that mild tint which blushes o'er the sky,  
When the last autumn sunshine fades to twilight.

It was a lovely scene, and they, (his arm  
Was thrown unwittingly around her waist,)

In silence listened to the voice of nature  
 As, clothed in beauty, she discoursed, in tones  
 Which language knows not, to their spirit's ear,  
 Of HIM who made this glorious world, from which,  
 As from one vast Cathedral, all things raise  
 An everlasting anthem of Thanksgiving.

The scene was lovely — but to those two lovers  
 'T was more, far more ; it almost seemed as if,  
 (So to the holy Prophets once 't was given,)  
 The scales had left their eyes, and they beheld  
 The present glories of a better world.  
 Oh love ! thou art the sunshine of the soul,  
 Gilding with thine own hues whate'er thou touchest,  
 And warming into life the spirit's currents,  
 (Before dull icebound streams,) until they gush  
 In the wild music of untutored Poetry !

Their hearts were full ; they gazed upon the scene,  
 And then upon each other. Oh that gaze !  
 If but to speak be death, why sank they not ?  
 For worlds of speech were crowded in that gaze.  
 A tear shone trembling in that eye which oft  
 Had met the fearful glance of Death and quailed not.  
 He clasped her to his breast, and, as his lips,  
 (Scarce consciously,) met hers, murmured " my love !"  
 The spirit of the lake was wroth — calmly,  
 (How awful was that calm !) yet suddenly,  
 The charmed waves yawned wide and overwhelmed them  
 In life and love, as in their death, united.

\* \* \* \* \*

No sound is heard except the mournful note  
 Of the lone whippoorwill, who tells his love  
 To the deceitful echo, which, from far,  
 Like a fond mate, makes answer, cry for cry —  
 But the glad ears, which one short moment since,  
 Drank in the wailing melody, heed not.  
 The evening star still throws his trembling glance.  
 In silver lustre on the lake below,  
 But they, who gazed so oft upon his beams  
 And wondered, in their love, if he contained  
 Beings one half as happy — where are they ?  
 Dead — and what's Death that we should fear him so?  
 It is not Nature's prompting ; for the babe  
 Who knows not Death, sinks, at his beck, to rest  
 Calmly as on a fond mother's bosom —

Like children, we have drest a phantom up,  
And fear to look on what ourselves have made.

\* \* \* \* \*

In pity of the lovers' mournful fate,  
The merciful Great Spirit broke the spell  
That bound those quiet waters; but e'en now,  
So says the Mohawk hunter, at that hour,  
That loveliest hour of Autumn twilight,  
The light canoe still skims the lake, and still  
Those two float for a moment round the spot  
They loved so well on earth, and then are gone.

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#### HINTS TO REVIEWERS. No. I.

"The gentle spirit of our meek reviews."

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

WHAT a glorious life is that of a reviewer! What a paradise for disappointed authors are the fair pages of a quarterly! To enjoy the exquisite pleasure of cutting up — of hanging, drawing, and quartering — one's more successful literary rivals would, methinks, satisfy the most captious — but to be paid for so doing! why it must surely be the next stage of existence to that of an alderman, who receives a salary for the, (we had almost said sinecure,) office of distinguishing himself at civic feasts and city dinners! We are glad to see that the people of this enlightened republic are at length awaking to the incalculable advantages of reviews; already we glory in three Quarterlies, and there are rumors of as many more. They are, as it were, the drummers, who strut in the van of the "march of intellect," and though not fighting men themselves, serve to keep in exact time the bands of literary warriors who follow them.

We have made the Science of Reviewing our study for some time, and now, (since we think it would be sinful to hide our candle under a bushel, by keeping our experience in these matters to ourselves,) we come for-

ward, with zeal at least, to give our advice to beginners in the hope of doing our share, however small, to the advancement of a science of so vast, so overwhelming, an importance. At the same time we are not presumptuous enough to think, or even hope, that our poor rush-light, by being placed on top of the aforesaid measure, will give light unto the whole house. Far from it; but if its struggling rays should but cast a faint glimmer around in its immediate vicinity, it will be enough. But before we commence our instructions we would advise no man to become a professed reviewer, the fountains of whose milk of human kindness are not wholly dried up, (if he never had any it will be still more advantageous,) for friends must frequently come under the lash in order to establish his reputation for impartiality. Besides he might sometimes shrink from reviling a man whom he never knew, and this would be the death-blow to his value as a reviewer. A man of moderate talents succeeds best in this profession, because the less he understands of the work which he criticises the better. Neutrality in politics is another essential requisite, in order that he may, as occasion suits, either cater for, or satirize, both parties. In these remarks, we wish to be understood as referring to reviews not as they *are*, but as they *should be*, and as they *will be*, when that Millennium of Reviews arrives, to which we are rapidly approaching.

Critiques may be divided into two classes, namely, those which are written after a perusal of the work to be reviewed; and those which are not. These again may be subdivided into the Damnatory, (either severe or playful,) and the Laudatory. The various, and almost interminable ramifications of these classes, which belong more properly to the ART of reviewing, we shall not follow out; but confine ourself almost entirely to the SCIENCE. All these different methods of criticism may be, and no doubt are, often successfully blended in one article; but this requires a master hand, and we would advise a beginner by all means to practise them singly for a long time, before he attempts what may be appropriately called the ultimatum of the vast Science of Reviewing. Having premised thus much, we shall proceed to illustrate our own doctrines for the benefit of whom it may concern.

**THE FIRST RULE** to be observed in writing a critique is, to predetermine whether it shall come under the class which we have entitled Laudatory, or Damnatory. This is of the utmost importance, and must be settled before looking into the work; because it renders the writer impervious to the shafts of sympathy, and therefore, much more likely to give an impartial judgment of the book in hand. Moreover, it gives the reviewer much more energy, to know that all his remarks must be directed to a certain object; as a traveller arrives much sooner at his journey's end, if he be sure that he is on the right road, and is not continually obliged to stop at every cross road, and deliberate which course to take.

**THE SECOND RULE** we would lay down is, never to employ the Review Laudatory in handling the production of a beginner in the trade of authorship. Those young writers who would be discouraged by a severe criticism, you may rest assured, are those who would never have been successful, had they persevered; and those who survive your severity, and who will always prove the most vigorous, will be benefited by a rigorous exposure of their faults and defects; for no author need be informed of his beauties. At the same time, in order to secure yourself from the mortification of having your condemnatory remarks thrown in your teeth, (if the author should happen, at some day, to become distinguished,) you can close a Review Damnatory, by some such remark as the following; "Nevertheless, though the work before us abounds in faults, it bears marks of a capacity, which, if rightly applied, may raise our young author to no mean rank in the Republic of Letters." Now, if the author should rise to eminence, such a remark, as that I have given, will enable you to shake your "ambrosial locks," in the full dignity of critical sagacity, and exclaim, "I always said it, though some were inclined to put no trust in my foresight."

**THE THIRD RULE** relates to the treatment of anonymous publications. The safest, and therefore the best course would be to avoid them altogether, and "pass by on the other side." But as this is not always practicable, especially if the work make some noise in the literary world, it will be advisable to handle it gingerly. If you determine to condemn it, always employ your sarcasm on

the principles it advocates, and not on the probable author; for your situation would be by no means enviable, if the anonymous writer should prove to be a man of acknowledged and long established reputation. Another very good method, and one which we strongly recommend, is to put on the sage tone of one who knows more about the author's true name, than he is willing to allow. You can say, for instance, "We fancy that, in the close reasoning of this book, we can trace the hand of a certain distinguished any-thing-you-please, well known in a certain distinguished ditto." Then if the author should turn out to be a tailor's apprentice, you can pass off your remark, either as a fine piece of irony, and an amusing *jeu d'esprit*, or as a sarcastic fling at some distinguished public character. But if, on the other hand, the writer should really happen to be what you insinuated, the air which you assumed of

"One who explains what he can't understand,"

will procure for you the desirable reputation of being behind the curtain in all such matters.

THE FOURTH RULE is, always to assume a dignified, and easy superiority in reviewing a work. This principle of criticism will, if you employ the Review Damnnatory, render your sarcasm more biting, or your contempt more galling; if you make use of the Laudatory it will be more flattering, when it appears to come from one who himself occupies so elevated a station. This rule cannot be too strongly insisted on, as it is one of the most important in the whole system. Never descend to meet your adversary in the plain, when your incognito enables you to retain your lofty and strong position above.

THE FIFTH RULE relates particularly to the American Reviewer. Beware of too much praise in criticising the work of an American author. For some reason or other, we are never to have a Cisatlantic literature. This has been satisfactorily settled long ago by the reviewers on the other side of the water, and far be it from us to dispute their fiat. What the *cause* of this may be is altogether another affair, and yet remains to be settled. Possibly, (and this seems to be the prevailing opinion,) possibly our climate, however favorable to the growth of corn, pumpkins, and potatoes, is not so well adapted to

the healthy vegetation of literature, as the more foggy atmosphere of Britain. Perhaps our scenery is not so inspiring a school for poets, as the more betravelled beauties of the mother country. This we can hardly allow to be the true cause of our lamentable deficiency; for, though "Art" and "glory" fail, "nature still is fair;" and our Niagara, (though its roar be well nigh drowned by the more hallowed murmurs of the "Falls of Clyde," assisted by the united throats of male and female tourists,) *is*, nevertheless, a very "pretty" waterfall; and our Hudson and Connecticut, though they cannot be said to roll down to the ocean so *golden* a tribute as the "noble 'Thames," are still very decent navigable streams. Our forests are not, we must confess, so "lovely" as the "hanging woods" of Old England, and are not such romantic nurseries of poetic genius, but they furnish the best of lumber. Our lakes—but we will not enlarge the catalogue of our inferiority farther; suffice it to say that we *are* inferior. We must be content with the literature of our English brethren; for, by crossing the Atlantic and settling on these shores, we have lost every national characteristic, and have shockingly degenerated from our, and their, common ancestors. Another obstacle in the way of our national improvement is, that in our hands the language of our mother country has become so debased, that it is a matter of question whether one of our Yorkshire *cidevant* brethren would be able to understand our corrupted dialect, and still more doubtful whether we should be able to comprehend his pure vernacular.\*

THE SIXTH RULE is, never to misquote an author. This is always injudicious, because it gives a chance for a reply, in which you would be liable to an exposure. The best method of making the book to be reviewed appear to be sheer nonsense, or, to use a convenient reviewing expression, "a glaring tissue of absurdities," is, to quote two sentences in connexion, which have nothing to do with each other. In this manner you can make an au-

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\* We have heard, (we cannot vouch for the truth of the report,) that the *Reverend* Mr. Fidler, (by courtesy so called,) left the smiling plains of his native Yorkshire in order to establish a school for the teaching of pure English in this country. How shall we be able sufficiently to lament that he did not receive encouragement enough to enable him to fulfil his intention!



thor speak absurdities, and lead your readers to suppose that he does so, without saying any thing directly about the extracts you have chosen. Your silence will secure you from the imputation of unfairness, and your readers will be flattered by being left to arrive at the desired conclusion, (which they will certainly do,) for themselves.

One more piece of advice, and we have done. In making use of the Review Laudatory it is frequently of service to praise the book, but to condemn the doctrines it avows, and the principles it inculcates. This is in order to establish a reputation for impartiality, by appearing to be forced to praise a work, whose sentiments and opinions are diametrically opposed to your own. At another time, when we have more space, we shall illustrate our rules by suitable examples.

## TO —

We said thou *could'st not* die ; that such as thou  
 Were not for Death, though at his fatal sign,  
 Disease had set her seal upon that brow  
 So marked by innocence and thoughts divine,  
 Which thou hadst made, the right of angels, thine ;  
 Though she has checked thy smile and dimmed thine eye,  
 And bade thy cheek and wavy form to pine,  
 Still we restrained the tear and rising sigh ;  
 Though Death stood threat'ning near, thou wast not born to die.

Thou *hast* not died ; a brighter faith is ours  
 Than that which makes man's life a thing of earth ;  
 Else were its thorns ill-hidden by its flowers,  
 Our death a sister evil to our birth.  
 Thou hast not died ; although thou breakest forth  
 From earth, and ties too pure for earth hast riven,  
 Thy faith, thy gentleness, thy modest worth,  
*All* which to that fair form such grace had given,  
 All that we loved on earth forever lives in heaven.

## SKILLYGOLIANA. No. I.

"A little of every thing, and a small touch of something more."

*Milton.*

For a long time a dim shadow of an idea\* has been floating in our brain, that it would be a good plan, (instead of committing to the devouring element the "rejected addresses" of our correspondents,) to select from them such passages as possessed merit in any way, and string them together, thus saving ourselves some brainharrowing productions, and the printer's devil some sole-leather. But, as nothing occurred to give said "atry nothing a local habitation and a name," it had floated down on the tide of unremembered things, had not necessity and the appealings of the printer's devil recalled it. After we had been convinced of the fallacy of the old axiom "ex nihilo nihil fit," by being obliged to squeeze matter out of brains, which, for a long time had afforded a practical illustration of a vacuum, this "bright particular star" of our fancy again reached its ascendant. We then began to cast about for a name for this, as it were, posthumous child of a defunct brain. Our "cousins" of the Knickerbocker† had already appropriated the title of "Ollapodiana," and as they had thus "cut in there and cut out we," we were obliged to "seek farther" and we trust have not fulfilled the rest of the proverb by "faring worse." "Skillygolee"! Apollo, what a name! why did we not think of it before? "Skillygolee" — it contains as many ingredients as a "Green-turtle-soup-Monday, and Mock-turtle-every-other-day-in-the-week," and more than any olla podrida that ever tickled the garlic-beflooded palate of the veriest Spaniard of them all. Besides, "what's in a name? a rose by any other name would *smell* as sweet," and we would stake Skillygolee against an Olla Podrida, for this latter accomplishment, at any time, and leave the decision to any *unprejudiced* individual, provided he hate garlic as cordially as we do. "Now in the name of all the gods at once," why is Olla Podrida sounded more than Skillygolee? "Write them together, 'tis as fair a name, sound them, it doth become the mouth as well, conjure with them," Skillygolee will start a spirit as soon as Olla Podrida. With these reflections, we placed "SKILLYGOLIANA" at the head of this article.

The first communication that meets our view, on opening "the budget," is a foolscap sheet, closely written, containing seven sonnets, written — but let the author speak for himself. "They were composed," he says, "in a spirit of respectful but determined imitation of the great bard of Rydal Mount." One of them, we thought, was too good to be lost and — here it is.

## SONNET IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

There has long been a tradition in my native village that "Care killed a cat." On this pathetic incident the following lines are founded.

Brow-ploughing tyrant, (i. e. Care,) thy dart  
Hath snatched poor Tabby from our tearful eyes!  
We call her — Echo to our plaint replies.

\* The reader may rest assured that not a vestige of that, or any other idea is left in our pericranium.

† We are his fourteenth or fifteenth cousin, we really at this moment forget which. But we will hunt up the requisite documents, and if any of our readers will give us a call, we will settle the affair satisfactorily.

No more alas! prepared with frugal art,  
 The breakfast's leavings glad her grateful heart!  
 Freed from her claws, the independent mice  
 Revel on cheese and "eb'ry ting dat's nice!"  
 Sweet, sainted \* Tomcat! tears unbidden start,  
 (Spite of our handkerchiefs,) adown our nose,  
 When we remember, from thy day of birth,  
 Thy feline virtues and grimalkin worth!  
 Yet do not, for one moment, Care, suppose,  
 That nought of Tabby still remains on earth,  
 No! twelve small kittens mew to soothe our woes!

C. H.

We shall make but one more selection, to show our author's power in the bathos. It is from a sonnet to Niagara.

"Hail ye vast rocks! whose blackened counterscarp  
 Rears its bald forehead and defies all time!  
 Here nature throned in majesty sublime,  
 Wiolds — but this breeze is getting razor-sharp,  
 As round the precipice's brow it blows —  
 I'll blow my handkerchief, where is my nose?"

For the cause of the seeming slip of the pen in the last line, we give an extract from our author's note on the passage. He says, "the blunder was intentional, intending to express the natural bewilderment of the spectator on first viewing Niagara."

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Want of room compels us to defer farther selections from our varied anthology, till another number.

☞ In consequence of the unavoidable delay in the publication of the first number of the present volume, the December number will be omitted, and the next will appear in January, when there is usually none. This will, it is hoped, enable the succeeding numbers of the periodical to appear more punctually near the first of the month. *Eds.*

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\* The manuscript was here rather illegible, and we were for a long time in doubt whether to read "Sweet-scented" or "Sweet, sainted." We at length gave preference to the last, as more in accordance with the general spirit of the piece.

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## POLITICAL PARTIES.

*Quis Novator tempus imitatur, quod novationes ita insinuat, ut sensus fallant?*

THE truth contained in this well known aphorism of Lord Bacon is so evident, that every one must needs wonder at the little attention which has been given to it. Not a small number of those, whom rank or talent has exalted above their fellows, seem to have thought the perpetuity of old institutions not incompatible with the onward progress of the human mind; — that legal establishments and arbitrary distinctions, which owed all their efficacy to a state of society long since passed away, might still continue to rear their lifeless forms in the midst of men who had thrown off their old habitudes, and fashioned for themselves, inwardly and outwardly, very different garnitures. The great philosopher already mentioned has said, “a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new.” On the other hand, the conduct of a different party, those who style themselves reformers, is not less surprising. Setting before them, as the end of all their exertions, a condition of political and social advancement hitherto unattained, if not unattainable, *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, they have generally overlooked or despised intervening obstacles, which could not be removed so as to

open a free passage for the great body of the species without the toil of laborious lives.

The timid and too often selfish policy of the former class leads them to clutch at every straw, in vain efforts to stay the irresistible current which is bearing them onward; the sanguine and reckless haste of the latter reaches forward to the result, without having patience to employ the means requisite to attain it. "It is the contest between the two great moving principles of social humanity; religious adherence to the past and the ancient, the desire and the admiration of permanence, on the one hand; and the passion for increase of knowledge, for truth, as the offspring of reason, in short, the mighty instincts of *progression* and *free agency*, on the other." \* When we consider what disastrous consequences would follow, should either party gain permanent and unresisted sway, and how, with few exceptions as yet, these opposing forces have been made to move in the true diagonal, no one, who is not blinded with pride or ignorance, can fail to perceive that there is a God who worketh in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure.

But although these hostile principles have always been in the world, they have never, to all appearance, set their faces against each other with so much zeal and determination as at the present day. In philosophy, in social life, and in politics, they are engaged in a conflict which does not seem likely soon to terminate. The two great parties in politics, however, though they undoubtedly represent in some degree the principles to which we have alluded, are yet influenced by so many other motives, that the contest between them can hardly be considered as a test of the relative strength of these principles. For this reason, we propose to attempt a slight sketch of the origin of these parties — which, for want of better names, may be termed Reformers and Conservatives — of the manner in which their ranks are filled, and, in conclusion, to offer a few remarks with respect to the course of conduct, which those who feel an interest in the subject would do well to pursue.

We need not go farther back than the period at which the lower orders in different European kingdoms were,

\* Coleridge's Letters, p. 41.

by a happy coincidence of the selfish views of monarchs with the claims of humanity, raised from under the feet of an arrogant and brutal nobility. Between the rude hut of the peasant and the towers of the baronial castle, an edifice was speedily reared, in which the comforts of the one were not dissipated in ostentatious luxury, and the natural enjoyments of the other were not blighted by poverty and distress. The spread of knowledge consequent upon increasing commerce and the overthrow of scholastic prejudices, and many important and nearly contemporaneous inventions soon changed the face of the civilized world. The learned were compelled, by the example of Luther and other reformers, to use their vernacular speech. The introduction of fire arms took away from the nobility and their trained bands the advantage, which their coats of mail had long secured to them over the ill defended peasants. "All the splendid distinctions of mankind," as the champion and flower of chivalry indignantly exclaimed, "were thereby thrown down, and the naked shepherd levelled with the knight clad in steel." A fierce controversy soon arose between those who were anxious for the repeal of partial laws as well as for the more equal partition of power, and those who were interested in the maintenance of the old establishments, or who honestly thought any extension of the elective franchise perilous to national safety. In the struggle, the advantage has generally been on the side of the reformers. But when the professed regenerators of society in France entered into an unhallowed alliance with infidelity, and deserted the God of battles, they inflicted a wound, not yet healed, on the party to which they nominally belonged.

Many of the questions discussed during the progress of the controversy have been laid at rest forever, and in those which remain to be decided, it is easy to perceive that the opponents of reform have materially changed the grounds of their defence. Kings and nobles, instead of claiming power as their natural prerogative, fortified by divine appointment, are forced to rely on the much abused argument of expediency, or on the strength of prescriptive right. Reasoning has every where taken the place of assertion, and doctrines which were formerly deemed sacred have been proved hollow and untenable. Some

barbarous institutions and laws, indeed, relics of feudal times, yet deform the civil fabric of many European kingdoms, but their influence is hardly felt, in consequence of that noiseless though powerful effect which the progress of civilization exerts upon the character of a government; in many cases, producing a wide difference between the written letter of the law and the spirit of its administration. In regard to the right of suffrage, and the share of power to which the different ranks of men are entitled, though many reformers are far from abandoning the doctrine of human rights, yet they, as well as their opponents, seem content to ground their arguments on the principle of expediency; considering with Mr. Burke that "the moment you abate any thing from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment, the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience." But, although the right of suffrage may be thought a creature of the civil compact, there are others which can in no sense be deemed such. Accordingly, we find that juridical and ecclesiastical institutions, interfering in the most vexatious manner with these rights, are defended by the conservative party on the ground of their necessity to the attainment of some ulterior and highly important end. Thus, the foul treatment of the Irish Catholics by the English Tories is pretended to be the least of two evils; for without it, its advocates tell us, Protestantism would be unable to keep the field against the Pope and his followers.

It may appear unaccountable to the impartial spectator, who fixes his attention upon the small number of great principles involved in the European controversy, regardless of the infinity of minor topics which, in one shape or another, are pressed into the service of the different parties, that the progress of truth has been so slow, and that in many countries, at the present day, there should be appearances of a retrograde movement. His wonder, however, will cease after a slight consideration of the manner in which parties of all kinds are sustained. The opinions of the vast majority of men on political subjects are evidently those which have been transmitted to them

by their parents and friends. They are prejudices, understanding by that term whatever is maintained as true without a perception of the grounds on which it rests. Opinions, thus adopted, are for the most part retained through life, and generally with the greatest obstinacy and illiberal estimation of different sentiments. It is of more importance, however, to know what evidence a change of views furnishes of adherence to truth. Not a few claim to be champions of that divinity for no other reason than their abandonment of the creed of their fathers. Their contemporaries, indeed, think differently; for they too often find that the deserters are careful to go over to that party which promises its followers the greatest rewards. Every one knows probably of some politicians, in our times, who have placed themselves in this predicament. It is but fair, however, to suppose that these men were not in reality more mercenary than many of those who presumed to censure them. Suppose a person to be really desirous of discovering what party is in the right, and to know at the same time, which is the most profitable in a worldly point of view. His natural procedure would be to examine, first and foremost, the arguments which this party has in its favor; and he must have unusual self-denial, if he do not confine his attention to these arguments. Now the evidence on either side, in a warm controversy, is generally far from being demonstrative; consequently he will find no difficulty in convincing himself, that the party he desires to join is in the right, and that a love of truth and a selfish regard to his own interest for once happily coincide.

It may be said, however, that the very consciousness of a strong desire to believe in the truth of any doctrines would, of itself, cause a man to distrust even good arguments in their favor. This has frequently been the case. A person, who is investigating the evidences of Christianity, is often conscious of so strong a desire to be convinced of their conclusiveness, that doubts and objections will, involuntarily, spring up in his mind against the clearest reasoning. Let a man be told of some great good fortune which has befallen him, and he will ask for the most specific confirmation of the news — he fears, as the phrase is, lest it be too good to be true. But we question whether such a fear is often, if ever, powerful enough to



prevent one who is desirous of believing a set of men in the right, on account of the worldly advantage which would thereby accrue to him, from coming to the desired conclusion. The opinions of a large class of politicians, including many who have left one party for the other, and many who boast of their consistency in clinging to the same side, have probably been formed in the manner we have now described.

As to the number of those who choose their political connexions, as most men do a branch of trade, solely on account of the profit it will yield, without any regard to the truth or falsity of the views in controversy, no precise estimate can be formed. But as unmixed evil is as rare in men as unadulterated goodness, we think there are but very few who act thus. These few, however, generally render themselves extremely conspicuous. Apparently they are pretty equally distributed in the ranks of both political parties. On the side of the conservatives, they are busy in flattering the selfish lust of power and the pride of rank and station. They infest the purloins of courts, and to catch the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table, are ready to hold up to derision the fundamental principles of virtue and humanity. In the ranks of reformers, they usually take the semblance of demagogues, not, indeed, of those fiery hearts on whom this name is bestowed by the malignity of selfish or timid opponents; for these are often men of whom the world is not worthy; but of those creeping spirits who are active in securing to themselves the spoils of every petty office. They are, in one sense, diligent students of human nature, quick to discover the passions by which the multitude may be roused, and always furnished with topics to inflame the minds of men with imaginary wrongs, and to interrupt the tranquillity of domestic life by leading the ignorant into delusive schemes for the regeneration of the body politic. Nor are such characters less numerous, perhaps, in our times amongst the opponents of reform. By means of a set of cant phrases on religious or commercial topics, such as the church is in danger, or trade is threatened, they are often able to seduce the multitude from their true policy.

A numerous class of politicians, however, are induced to swerve from their obligations to truth by the very

nature of political associations. It seems to be an agreement in all parties, that private differences of opinion should be merged in the sentiment of the majority, which is usually that of the leaders. Now on points of little consequence, the convictions of the minority must be surrendered, else there could be no harmonious action. But the very habit of giving up one's views tends to unsettle one's attachment to truth, so that, when a subject of real importance comes to be discussed, it is too feeble to resist the opposing influences. Besides, men soon find that their own interest is identified with the success of the measures of their party. Thus ambition and a desire for the spread of right views, for a time, lead in the same direction : but where two passions coincide, the stronger is always sure to silence the weaker, and which is the stronger in the mass of politicians, it is hardly necessary to say. When, therefore, these passions, so long friends, become enemies, and take different paths, the contest is soon decided, and the result is written on every page of political history. There is another difficulty arising from party associations, which even the best intentions are insufficient to obviate. The words in most frequent use become indissolubly associated, in different minds, with a variety of opinions and feelings, with which they have no real connexion. Hence the same language conveys very different ideas to different persons ; and on many subjects, particularly on exciting political topics, it is almost impossible for the most cautious writer to communicate to the minds of others the precise views and sentiments which actuate his own. "Men imagine that their minds have the command of language ; but it often happens that language bears rule over their minds."

We have said enough of the constitution of parties to show how hard a battle truth has to fight in politics, and how little consideration is due to the numerical strength of all associations. A few hints, in conclusion, relative to the formation of correct opinions on the subject of reforms, will not perhaps be unacceptable. It is well to remember, that no great enterprise was ever started, against which objections, and plausible objections, were not urged. In fact, if all the difficulties, in the prosecution of most of the undertakings which are now called glorious and immortal, had been clearly known at the

outset, though some magnanimous spirit might have boldly faced them, no others would have taken a step in advance, and the world would have long groaned under evils, of which the heroic exertions of martyrs in the cause of humanity, have happily relieved her. Often, indeed, where, to our weak reason, nothing but clouds and darkness hang round the path which the dictates of conscience impel us to take, light will break in upon us, at a period of the greatest perplexity. This is no dream. The whole history of mankind shows, that truth has in itself an inherent power to work out blessed results. And it is always safer, when the right and wrong of a question are clearly revealed, to obey the impulses of those monitors of duty which God has given to every mortal, than to distrust the consequences, because, to our feeble calculations, they may appear dangerous. Reason, when rightly employed, is of course never to be neglected ; but, then, it should never be forgotten, that the mass of men employ it, to contrive excuses for their heartless apathy, in the cause of their fellow beings. The first question, in all political reforms, ought to be, is the end desirable? — Will it benefit all classes of men, or benefit one class without injury to others, or greatly increase the happiness of one portion at a very slight expense to that of another portion of the community. Many, who would not designedly prevent results tending to augment the enjoyments of men, are led to do so, from not reflecting on the *object* of the proposed reform, and directing their attention solely to the *means* by which its advocates are carrying it onward. But though the cause of virtue and humanity is woefully maimed by such short-sighted mortals, there is another class whose principles are far more detestable, since they make use of plausible objections to *methods* of reform, in order to disguise their selfish approval of the abuse or the oppression which others are striving to break down. No better test of motives can be applied in these matters, than to observe whether those, who oppose the particular measures of reformers, are active in bringing about the result by other means.

## TO A FLOWER GIVEN BY ———.

THEN come, thou art mine now, thou sweet little flower :  
 Thou hast ta'en of thy mistress thy last farewell ;  
 Ne'er to welcome again her approach to the bower,  
 In whose shady retreat thou hast loved to dwell.

Thou must go with me now to my lonely room,  
 Where the lamp shines dim o'er antiquity's page ;  
 And breathe thy soft odor and scatter thy bloom  
 O'er the classic old tomes of a by-gone age.

Thy hue — it is fading, thou sighest to leave  
 Thy dear lady's hand — which I well may forgive ;  
 For I, by her side, seem new life to receive,  
 Away from her, scarcely can feel that I live.

But I can, gentle flower ! from thee take away  
 A part of thy burden of grief and of care ;  
 For thy sorrowing leaves on my heart I will lay —  
 Then bloom, for thy mistress's image is there !

BLONDEL.

## THE LANTERN IN THE CASTLE YARD.

## A GERMAN STORY.

IN a wild and retired region of the Scottish Highlands, there stood, not many years since, one of those rude old fortresses, which play so conspicuous a part in the dark and bloody history of Scotland. The Castle was perched on a rocky ridge which overlooked a narrow and rugged valley walled in on the opposite side by another spur of the mountain.

One dark and stormy night in Autumn, the chieftain who inhabited this Castle was gazing from a window over the well-guarded court, toward the opposite mountains, now scarcely discernible, save by the tossing tree-tops, on the black sky. The mountain torrent was sending up its wild roar from the valley beneath, and the

creaking weather-cocks grated, as if wrangling with the storm. With the Castellain's feelings this tumult was all in perfect harmony; for he was no longer the same mild and benevolent man as formerly. His only daughter had forsaken him for a beautiful youth, who was far her inferior in rank, but for a sweet lay of love, or a light finger at the harp, the first in all the Highlands round. The remains of the ill-fated lover were found soon after at the foot of a precipice, from which it was supposed he had fallen in the night, and been dashed to pieces. This was shortly confirmed through a scroll brought to the Castellain from his daughter by an unknown traveller, the contents of which were, that since the darkness had betrayed and robbed her of her lover, her eyes had been opened to the sinfulness of her conduct, and she was now resolved to atone for it by immuring herself in the cells of some distant and lonely cloister; her father, however, should never hear of her more.

This event had well-nigh petrified the Castellain with grief and horror, and he became as stern and unyielding in his temper, as the rude rocks on which his Castle stood.

He was gazing out on the darkness, when he saw a lantern moving through the court-yard with a flickering motion, as if borne by one who was stealing with uncertain step over the pavement. Involuntarily he cried, "Who goes there?" for the affairs of his Castle were carried on at all times with the strictest order; and now that his daughter had escaped him, this order was so rigorously enforced, that every thing seemed to move by dumb and lifeless machinery. To this sudden challenge a soft voice replied, — "A poor old woman, Sir Knight, asks for a little food." But even this humble request was instantly refused. "Spy, vagabond, witch! be-gone with thee!" was the only return which the poor supplicant for charity received. And when, notwithstanding this, she did not seem disposed to obey, but once more in touching and weaker tones repeated her request, the Castellain, in a paroxysm of rage ordered his hounds to be let loose upon the impudent mendicant. Immediately, several couples of ferocious beasts were unleashed and rushed upon her. As they approached her,

however, she struck the wildest and fiercest of the kennel with a slender rod. At this every one present expected to see her torn piecemeal by the enraged hound. But, greatly to their astonishment, he ran back howling to his keeper, whilst the others tamely crouched down at her feet. Again and again the Castellain urged them on, but they only whined the more piteously and crouched the more closely at her feet. A strange shuddering seized upon the Castellain himself, as the old woman slowly raised her lantern so as to show her long, white hair waving in the storm, and, with a woe-threatening voice, cried, "Look! Thou who seest and hearest in Heaven!" Trembling in every limb, the Castellain retreated from the window, and commanded that she should be provided with every thing she required. The servants equally fearful of this ghost-like apparition, pushed a basket containing food and clothing from the door, and then hastily closed and barred it. All listened with breathless silence, as the old woman approached, took up the basket, and, with the dogs howling mournfully after her, departed through the Castle gate.

Regularly on every third night after this the lantern made its appearance in the castle-court. The moment its strange flickering through the darkness was observed, and the sound of a faint and irregular footstep was heard, the Castellain would shrink back in affright from the window,—the servants extend the basket of food from the door, and the hounds piteously whimper until the apparition had vanished. It seemed at length as if this fearful visitation, together with the pale features and frightened looks which the twilight of each third day brought with it, were to form a part of that rigorous and unceasing routine in which the affairs of the Castle now went on.

It happened one day,—it was now in the beginning of winter,—that the Castellain had been led by the chase into one of the wildest parts of the mountain. The hounds suddenly dashed up a steep ascent, and he expecting to find a good prize beaten up, urged his frightened steed with imminent peril up the rocky and dangerous path. The hounds had made a dead stand before a cavern in the side of the mountain; but what was the astonishment and horror of the Castellain, when, as he

beheld a female form step forth to the mouth of the cavern and drive back the dogs with a switch, he felt convinced that he saw before him in this desert spot no other than the mysterious bearer of the lantern. Half frantic he reined his horse about, pressed him headlong down the steep, plunged his spurs into his flanks, and with his dogs rode back in full flight to the Castle.

Never more, after his singular rencontre, did the Lantern appear in the castle-yard. They waited one, two, three days, — they waited a month long, — but the old woman with the lantern showed herself no more. If her first visit had alarmed the Castellain and his family, her strange disappearance doubly terrified them. Each one saw some dreadful disaster or other portended by this wonderful apparition, and from its withdrawal felt persuaded that the misfortune must now be near at hand. No one indulged these melancholy forebodings of evil more freely than the Castellain himself, until at length, through constant apprehension and anxiety, he became so wan and haggard in aspect, that the inmates of the Castle would gravely shake their heads and whisper among themselves, that the Laird had received his death-warning. The result, however, soon proved otherwise. According to his usual habit he went out one day to the chase, and in a state of abstraction, which of late had become quite common, rode unawares to the very spot where the old woman with her streaming white hair had formerly appeared to him, and which he had ever since studiously avoided. Again the hounds turned suddenly up the precipice and stopped before the cavern, moaning and looking submissively in. In vain did their terrified master call them away; they stood as if fearing to enter, although no old woman came forth this time to drive them back. Presently, however, they crept into the cavern, and out of the pitchy darkness their master could hear them whining and howling more fearfully than ever. At length, summoning up all his courage, he dismounted from his horse, and by a violent effort succeeded in climbing the steep declivity. He entered the cavern and found the dogs gathered around a miserable bed of loose moss, upon which the corpse of a female lay extended. But whom did he see on nearer approach? There were the long

white locks which proved her clearly to be the long-dreaded bearer of the Lantern, and close by her on the ground lay a little horn-lantern,—but the form and features were those of the Castellain's only child. Less acute than the faithful hounds which from the beginning had recognised their young mistress, the unfortunate Castellain was still doubtful whom he saw before him. But to remove all doubt from his mind, there lay on the bosom of the dead one a billet in her own hand-writing, which read thus—

“In three nights have the fair locks of the lost culprit grown gray in her sorrow for her lover. She has seen it on the glassy surface of the brook and deeply repents. For, these locks he called the snare by which his love was captivated; but snare and love, alas! have faded alike in death. She seeks to atone for her error, and recollects the many holy servants of the Church, who, unknown and neglected, have lived in humility and solitude. She asks alms therefore at her father's door, and makes her habitation on the flinty rock on which her lover perished. But her penance is well-nigh complete, and the red blood is fast ebbing in her veins. O! Fa——”

“Father,” it is plain she would have written, but the source of life and thought was drained. With horror the father discovered by the traces of blood that a deep and fatal wound had been inflicted on her left arm.

He was missed, and his people, after a long search, found him by his daughter's side engaged in silent prayer, his dogs lying around him. Spite of all entreaty he continued in this situation many days. At length, however, he suffered his daughter to be buried in the cave, but never afterwards went out of it. The wretched anchorite repelled all society, allowing nothing to approach him but his faithful hounds. These lay without the entrance guarding at the same time the grave of their fair young mistress, and the privacy of their sorrowing master. When at length he pined away and died, their sad howl first made it known to the neighborhood.

Fouqué



## WOMAN.

Oh, woman! sweet enchantress in this "vale  
 Of tears," of passion, and of misery; —  
 Thy gentle song is on the morning gale,  
 Thy blessed smile upon the evening sky;  
 Thou hast an ear for every sufferer's tale,  
 A voice of love for every sufferer's cry.  
 Thy gen'rous aid bids the faint heart endure;  
 Thy lovely chastening makes the spirit pure.

Oh, who would live without thy noble love?  
 Ah, who would die without thy pleading prayer,  
 Ascending, like the spirit of a dove,  
 To him whose mercy promiseth to spare;  
 Whose kingdom is of radiant light, above;  
 Whose ministers, the pure archangels are?  
 Can mortal accents reach Jehovah's throne,  
 They're woman's prayers, — His beautiful! His own?

Oh, be forever as a holy shrine,  
 Where man may worship, till the iron chain  
 That binds "the mortal" in its links, resign  
 Its struggling prisoner; and "the immortal" reign  
 O'er immortality! Being divine!  
 Creature of Heaven! in purity, maintain  
 Thy loveliness of empire, — man shall bow  
 Before its sanctity, his haughty brow.

ORO.

## THE DISPOSITION OF GENIUS TO INDUSTRY.

It would be a curious and benevolent undertaking to collect, and examine the *unde et quo* — the origin and influences, — of the thousand delusive maxims which pass current in the world, and frequently, without being tested or understood, are adopted as the leading rules of our conduct. The common remark that men of genius are naturally averse to study or protracted effort of any kind deserves, we think, to be ranked among the gross-

est and most mischievous of these fallacies. The reason is manifest; convert the proposition and we have — industry does not characterise (or indicate) genius. It is in this shape that the maxim operates so banefully, particularly among the young and superficial, though we may hear it quoted every where from the “whining school-boy” to the “lean and slippered pantaloan,” and thousands have thrown away even the little which it may have pleased God to endow them with, by carrying out in practice this whim of false pride. Age and experience may have opened their eyes to the error, but repentance came too late.

Every one, perhaps, is by nature more or less pre-disposed to habits of indolence and self-indulgence, and needs to be strongly stimulated by necessity, ambition, or some such powerful motive before he will bring himself down to that diligent and unwearied exertion which alone secures success and happiness in life. The degree to which these motives influence an individual, together with the amount of capacity with which he is gifted, generally determine his disposition for energetic action. Ordinary abilities combined with a high sense of duty or an ardent desire of excellence commonly lead to the greatest exertion; and, consequently, we find among those whose natural deficiency is to be compensated only by the greatest personal effort, — the most frequent, if not the most remarkable examples of devotion to study. On the same principle, it not unfrequently happens that the man of genius, — whose resources lie so much within himself, who consequently, feels less need of assistance, and, apparently, accomplishes his purposes with so much ease and success, — should indulge a certain degree of security and self-confidence, and thus gradually fall into habits of indifference or even dislike to confinement and effort. It is from such examples that we argue ourselves into the belief that the man of high powers need not apply himself to study, and conversely, that to appear men of high powers, we should never study. But surely we may find some simpler mode of vindicating the few idle delinquents whom the history of genius here and there exhibits, than by supposing any constitutional dissimilarity between it and ordinary mind, and thus laying the sin of laziness at the door of

every man who happens to be born a genius. As a matter of fact, we are fully justified in saying that few, very few men of genius are really inactive and averse to study, and these few may be accounted for by ill-health, *physical* indolence, or some other of the misfortunes to which all men are liable.

There is much, too, in the fact that we are often apt to mistake for indolence or lethargy, a disposition which is, in fact, one of the commonest characteristics of men of genius, and which indicates any thing rather than what we suspect. Such men often find solitude and isolation not merely agreeable but positively necessary, at times, to a full and undisturbed enjoyment of thought. That propensity to withdraw themselves from the common scenes and offices of life, which is frequently thought to indicate a morbid and forced state of mind and heart, is, perhaps, a natural and proper eagerness to escape the "daily contact of things which it loathes," because they check or destroy all those delicate and beautiful conceptions in which it delights to revel. There have been few men of genius who have not, at one time or other, longed for the quiet and genial pleasures of solitude, — not, indeed, from any bitterness or mortification of feeling for fancied neglect, but from a sober consciousness that it is only amid such scenes that they can act their true character: and when debarred by circumstances from the indulgence of this passion, we shall not be surprised that amid the bustle and interruptions of society they often draw within themselves and seek enjoyment in the apparently dreamy and unprofitable abstraction of the "imaginative state." An apt illustration occurs in the character of Schiller. Goethe, too, the most practical and clear-sighted in his views of all his countrymen, was never happy but amid the silent groves of Weimar, or the simple little circle of friends among whom he moved.

There is no misunderstanding the causes and propriety of this feeling on the part of such men, and it seems idle and in plain violation of the dictates of nature to attempt, by holding it up to ridicule and contempt, to drag them *volentes volentes* from the shades of retirement.

There is one order of mind which is all life and activity; impelled by ardent passions it throws itself in-

stinctively into the struggle of life, and in the disputes and transactions of the world finds its natural element. It is this energy of temperament which makes the man of practical ability — the man of business and of the world.

But there is another order of mind which, from peculiar education or circumstances, shrinks back from active and public life as from a mortal poison, and finds employment and pleasure only in pure operations of intellect. These opposite orders of mind are found blended in every proportion from the plodding shop-keeper to the sickly misanthropy of Cowper. Few, comparatively, hit the golden mean, and of these few, Sir Walter Scott is, perhaps, the happiest and most celebrated instance. In him occurred one of those heads like that of Napoleon which form "*le point d'intersection de toutes les facultés humaines.*" But how true to Nature was Sir Walter's ardent passion for Abbotsford and its fairy-like scenes; how plain the yearning, in spite of himself, for an occasional release from the world. In the majority of cases, however, men of the first scientific and literary abilities have manifested a strong love of retirement, and for no other reason than that they find it inconvenient, if not impracticable to pursue their investigations or contemplations faithfully amid all the distracting formalities and cares of social life. They do not, indeed, betake themselves to a "lodge in some vast wilderness," or like Diogenes snarl out of a tub by the road-side, but are better known by their recluse habits and total inexperience in the common affairs of life, or by their absent-mindedness and almost degrading embarrassment in the social circle. Surely, it is much to have foregone all the brighter joys and prospects of life in obeying the promptings of the nature within, but it is consoling to be taunted in return with the epithets which it has been reserved for certain literary *parvenus* of the present day to invent for such men as Addison, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Bentham, and others.

There can be no doubt that knowledge and information are as necessary to the highest as the lowest order of mind.

Nec studium sine divite venâ  
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium.

The man of genius may not be so entirely dependant for the plan and material of his structures, as one of even the highest talent, but his labors and difficulties are, nevertheless, more painful and arduous. The most that the man of talent or cleverness can accomplish is but invention,—the mere application or reproduction of things before known. But the very essence of genius consists in its power of creating; its faculty of striking out new *subjects*, and not of mere searching after strange *predicates*. Its ardor is not satisfied with things seen, but soars away into the dark chaos of things untried and unknown; it follows not the curved shore, but puts boldly to sea in search of brighter lands beyond the narrow horizon which circumscribes the view of ordinary minds.

The resources which superior minds rely upon in executing these high functions are not such as are to be attained by study, taking the term in its common use, that is, by absorbing volume after volume, or even by reproducing these under new forms. These ends are not wrought out by book or lamp; nor could they, to judge from appearances, properly be called the products of long and painful labors. They seem rather, to spring from the plastic hand of Genius, like Pallas from the aching brain of Jove,—new, but full and perfect in every part. Genius appears at a single effort to drag to light that which ordinary minds for their blindness cannot see, and for their ignorance could never ask. It would be absurd to suppose that it can accomplish thus much without labor or difficulty of some kind. It seems to produce with ease and readiness because its labor is of a kind that is unseen. We know that the scholar labors and endures, because we find him perpetually engaged in the study of books. But how are we to see or know the labors and sufferings of that life within life which the man of genius may be said to pass. Whilst to the outward eye he may seem to exist in indolence and loneliness, pining for things that cannot be, or enthusiastic for what can be of no avail,—there may be within the exquisite glow of fancy, the mad frenzy of passion, the deep broodings of contemplation, or the distracting throes of doubt and despair,—and for their fruits, —

“ As imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name.”

Little is known to us of the private characters and habits of men of genius in ancient times, nor even of the earliest of our own stock and tongue ; but all that is known of those whose characters have come down to us through the pages of biography goes to establish the general rule that men of genius are seldom really indolent, and that the fondness for retirement which breathes through their writings arises less from disappointment than from a desire for an uninterrupted pursuit of the pleasures of intellect. It would be difficult to find in the histories of those who are best known to us, such as Milton, Newton, Bacon, Pope, or in later days Southey, Wordsworth, and, above all, Sir Walter Scott, a single line which does not testify to the most scrupulous application and use of their time and opportunities. True, they may not have immured themselves for life in their libraries, amassing stores of other men's opinions, but what is of equivalent and far greater consideration, they were following in silent study the powerful strides of their own reason, or the soarings of their fancy ; contemplating and proving their own intellectual creations.

Not only the pages of biography, but the very spirit and constitution of Genius itself go to prove its general diligence and perseverance in the labors and disappointments of mental effort. Suffering an ever-impelling thirst for things beyond, — delighting, as it must, in the productions of its own might, — and allured on by all those generous dictates of virtue and philanthropy, which it loves to obey, — it would be singular, indeed, if true genius could ever be divided from those lofty ends which both nature and conscience place before it.

## REGULAR VISITS.

THE lapse of years and the concurrence of an infinity of circumstances have combined to form what we call Society. The intercourse of men with their brethren has at last become a matter of business, and is to be carried on under set forms and rules. If we meet a friend in the common walks of life, that is, in the streets or the omnibus, a nod of recognition is all that need pass between us ; but, though even in the use of this nod, great philosophy and circumspection be necessary, — to keep up our list of acquaintance, we must undergo a far more severe set of trials and difficulties, included in the catalogue of our Regular Visits.

In the series of circumstances that this necessity calls forth, there is not a little that is curious, — but though all have to support their own part of it, few have an opportunity to see its operation in the extent of all its branches. Without professing to possess any Asmodeus power, or even any of the conveniences of modern Animal Magnetism, we may perhaps by giving our readers such information on this subject as has passed under our observation, remind them of similar incidents which they themselves have seen.

Men are unwilling to expose either their minds or their bodies, when they can help it, to their neighbors in an every-day dress, and this circumstance has given rise to one of the most amusing class of visits, — Sunday evening calls. The day with its influences is supposed to have elevated the mind and the fancy to such a stage, that it may look down upon the little things of this world and astonish as well as instruct ; — while the body, in this part of the world, is on that day adorned with those vestments which so far outshine its ordinary apparel. The individuals with whom these visits are most in use, are those whose local acquaintance is from any cause so circumscribed that by the judicious use of one evening in a week, all their social duties can be accomplished. These visits rarely lead to any nearer acquaintance, so that could you see one, you have a picture of all.

Imagine to yourself some gifted sophister of our

own Institution, giving the last touch of the brush to his coat as he leaves his room, to perform again the duty he has rigidly accomplished through the preceding year at stated intervals, and which was entailed upon him, at the time of his entering college, by a well-meant but mischievous letter of instruction. He hopes fervently that there may be some other visitors, that the whole load of the conversation may not fall upon him, being haply ignorant how much easier it is to maintain a *tête-à-tête* than a general conversation. He reaches the house and, adjusting his collar and trembling with embarrassment, asks if the ladies are at home.

Now it never occurs to this victim of the artificial state of society that he is not the only victim. Did he understand this point, the very sympathy might bring both parties immediately to a more agreeable footing; but, in ignorance, he enters. The ladies of the house greet him cordially, while he answers their salutation by a distant bow, and draws up a chair for himself at the other side of the fire from their station, with half of the width of the room between them. Had the parties met with hostile intentions, there could not have been a more marked separation of their outposts. We have said such a visitor never makes a close acquaintance, — he accordingly finds no topic in common with his hosts, and sits the picture of despair. The clock ticks audibly, and it is in vain to strive to “take no note of time.”

Such is his situation. We cannot dwell on the picture of his distress. He rises to go, — “You must come oftener to see us, Mr. —, it is a great while since you have been here before.” — “I thank you maam, *I have been wanting to come,*” (what a fib, my little man, no diplomacy or courtesy justifies that,) “but — but we have been very much occupied with our studies lately”!! “I suppose so; we hear very good accounts of you.” Now this, it is more than probable may be true enough, since if a college youth is asked of the standing or acquirements of a classmate, it is ten to one he knows nothing about him, and another ten to one that if he knew any harm of him he would not tell of it to those who, according to hypothesis, take an interest in him; so that the answer to a sounding question (probably put, by the way, more for the sake of conversation than information) would usually be, — “I don’t know him at



all, maam, and have never heard him recite, but *I believe* he stands very well, — *very* well." Upon such information as this, one might well so address our supposed victim, as to call up the most ingenuous blushes as he left the room.

It belongs to a more advanced stage of visiting-prowess, for the adventurer to exclaim to himself as he leaves the house, — "Well, that's over!" In these early attempts his mind is usually too full for utterance. He loosens his stock and hastens to his home.

But it would be mere repetition to go over the ground necessary to describe the different orders of the visits of this youth, just crossing the threshold of society, as his acquaintance and the sphere of his labors increases. The same principle still acts, — that a duty is to be performed as if he were experiencing a pleasure.

Perhaps the extreme instance of the extent to which this may be carried, is in the ceremonious visits of those days which custom has set apart almost for that exclusive purpose. A custom, originating, it is believed, in the city of New York, has been creeping gradually into honor among the inhabitants of the other Atlantic cities, of holding the first day of the year sacred for this intent. The neighboring city is almost inexperienced in these matters, yet we heard a gentleman assert on that day, at the house of a lady who pressed him to prolong a visit, which had been hardly long enough for the usual courtesies of meeting and parting, that — he believed he *must* go, he had made *thirty* calls that morning, and had got all the lower part of the town *to do, yet*.

Here is the very acmè of visiting. It has been supposed that the demands of social life might swallow up all the time which man should devote to self-cultivation, but with the safety-valve of from thirty to forty calls of a morning, no list of unreturned visits can ever overpower or terrify one. I do not pretend to rapidity in statistics, but it seems as if, with such powers as this, no one need fear to take even the Directory for his list of acquaintance. With the view of enabling my friends to keep up their part of the social contract with as little labor as possible, I may not be able to refrain from giving, on some future occasion, some light hints upon the most convenient ways and means, but at present I am taken away by *other calls*.

## SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

BY THE LATE G. A. SLIMTON, Esq.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE. — *Oystershop.* TIME. — *10 o'clock, P. M. Room brilliantly illuminated by two tallow candles.* OYSTERMAN *in the background brandishing his knife with a tragic air over a prostrate oyster.* Enter TOM and DICK.

THOMAS (*loquitur.*)

This hour is big with fate, and must decide,  
As Shakspeare well remarks —

RICHARDUS.

I like 'em fried,  
'They suit me rather better; and I think  
That, (as you pay,) we'll have a little drink.  
I'm not at all particular, but fain  
Would — (*to Oysterman*) — hand that bottle — taste of this  
Champaigne.

(*To Oysterman.*)

Just file the wires or break them with a fork,  
And, when I'm ready, liberate the cork,

THOMAS.

Say, gentle Oysterman, old Neptune's son,  
Oh say and soothe me! are the shellfish done?

OYSTERMAN.

That warn't my father's name! I've no idee  
Of having fun nor nothing poked at me!  
But to add rubbing in to poking — yes,  
That's most too hard for any one I guess,  
And as for me — young man I tell you what  
I am — no matter what I am — I'm hot,  
Ay, in my wrath a very mustard pot! }  
A curse is on me, wander where I will  
That dreadful ban, by jingoes! dogs me still!  
E'en so some puppy, to whose harmless tail  
Some urchin's hand has tied an old tin pail,

Flees to escape it, yet forever feels  
 The cumbrous pendent dangling at his heels,  
 And finds the only method left to take  
 Is — for his heart, or tail, or both, to break !

I once was gentle as my own sweet Sam,  
 But perfidy has made me what I am !  
 I have been cheated, and have suffered wrong  
 Not to be sneezed at, I have borne long, long,  
 That pay deferred that makes the full heart ache —  
 Oh trebly cursed be they who coldly take  
 The poor man's oysters, eat them up and say  
 " Trust us, good Oysterman " — and never pay !!

THOMAS (*aside.*)

I've heard of second-sight, but can it be  
 That fate's dark book is conned by such as he ?  
 If it be so, perhaps he may not trust —  
 We'll eat the oysters though, and then he must !

OYSTERMAN.

'T is hard, at best, to keep a wife and child  
 And grievous when the last, last tatur's biled !  
 When the wide world is wrapt in slumbers all  
 And only Sammy wakes, and wakes to squall,\*  
 Then on my restless couch I sleepless turn.

RICHARDUS.

I say ! old cock, these oysters here will burn !

OYSTERMAN.

Let me alone for that — I scratch my head  
 To think the morrow brings no loaf of bread.  
 All this is sad enough, but sadder far,  
 When I pass by the tavern's well-stocked bar,  
 See rum o'er rum, o'er whiskey, whiskey placed,  
 And my mouth waters for one *leetle* taste  
 To warm the blood that curdles round my heart,  
 And add fresh vigor to my baser part, —  
 Often I've told the bar-keeper how slick  
 'T would be for both, if he would only " tick,"  
 Just tick this once, I'd never ask again,  
 'T would *so* relieve an intermittent pain,  
 A sort of daily cholic that *would* come,  
 And only yielded to New England Rum.

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\* " And only sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep." — *Rogers.*

*(Aside.)*

Take that junk bottle, Samuel, my son,  
 (It stands up in the corner there,) and run  
 Round to the grocer's; get it filled with — stuff  
 And hasten back again — Begone! Enough!

THOMAS.

Much like the frightful colds which students tell,  
 Just reach their crisis at the matin bell,  
 Sudden they come and sudden disappear  
 When the loud breakfast peal salutes the ear.  
 The symptoms are a deep lethargic snore  
 Till much-loved prayers and more-loved Locke are o'er,  
 At morning meal an appetite diseased,  
 Which, like poor Rachel, will not be appeased.  
 The danger then subsides, but oftentimes  
 Returns more dreadful by next morning's chimes —  
 In former days they had a funny cure,  
 Which, though severe, was almost always sure;  
 The President in person used to pick  
 In Craigie's woods full many a walnut stiek  
 Of toughest quality, and having got 'em  
 Applied the same unto the patient's \* \* \* \* \* †  
 But now-a-days the country air is thought  
 To cure such maladies of every sort.

But are the oysters fried? I cannot wait  
 Much longer, Oysterman, it's getting late.  
 I hear sad accents which you cannot hear,  
 Ventriloquistic voices meet my ear,  
 My mental ear, and weeping, seem to say,  
 "Our Commons dinner was but poor to-day."  
 And when I strive to put the tempter down,  
 They moan again, "Do have them fried quite brown!"  
 Dick, if Fate's hand were ever shown in aught,  
 These dreadful omens are not meant for nought.  
 So ghosts, when Cæsar fell, wrapt up in sheets,  
 "Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,"  
 As Shakspeare says —

RICHARDUS.

Dear Tom, the oysters wait,  
 Don't stand and moralize, but fill your plate.

† Manuscript illegible.

THOMAS.

Fill! I'll do more, I'll empty it as fast  
 As what is "present" hastens to be "past;"  
 For verily my nose, most mighty Dick,  
 Informs my bowels that the treat is slick!  
 E'en so some grunter, monarch of the sty,  
 Lifts o'er the new-brought swill his nostrils high,  
 Keeps all the other rev'rent piglings off  
 As he inhales the incense of the trough,  
 And while his very tail for rapture curls,  
 Prefers his banquet to a feast of pearls.\*

RICHARDUS.

Bring on the bottle, Oysterman, this knife  
 Shall bring its prisoned energies to life,  
 See how it foams and fizzles to be free, —  
*(Cuts the cork loose.)*  
 Pop! that's a sounder! how it sparkles! See!

THOMAS.

E'en so my spirit, Richard, scorns the rules  
 Of College order, made to shackle fools!  
 What are all laws in fact but galling chains,  
 The empty work of still more empty brains;  
 A poor device, if history tell us true,  
 To make the many buckle to the few?  
 Laws! shame that such frail gossamer should bind  
 The God-like powers of the mighty mind!  
*(Dick, in the mean while, keeps alternately tipping the  
 bottle towards his glass, and his glass towards his  
 mouth, with a dexterity which Sancho Panza himself  
 might have been proud to imitate.)*  
 Oh how my spirit struggles to be loose  
 And strives in vain! alas it ain't no use!  
 Oh Dick! Dick! Dick! if you but had a soul  
 Like mine, to grasp the world from pole to pole,  
 And, in its universal charity take in  
 Each fellow mortal of whatever skin;  
 Brown Indian, roasted by the eccentric sun,  
 And ebon Ethiop, rather overdone,  
 (What time poor Phaëton in Sol's bright car,  
 "Shot from the zenith like a falling star,")

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\* "Cast your pearls before swine," &c. Every one has heard of Cleopatra's pearl. After her example, pearls dissolved in vinegar became almost a standing article of dessert among the luxurious Romans.

Had you a soul, I say, as vast as that,  
 You'd say — these things are fried in too much fat —  
 You'd say, What are the laws to me, to any one,  
 If but approving conscience say, "Well done!"

RICHARDUS.

Well done, forsooth! Well done! I do not care  
 What conscience likes, but *I prefer things rare!*  
*(With this he pours down the last glass of Champagne.)*

THOMAS.

Yet why this eloquence? he heeds me not,  
 Far better eat my oysters while they're hot.  
 Besides, this speech, if husbanded with care,  
 May one day make the Harvard Union stare,  
 And bellowed forth with more than Stentor's lungs.  
 Call thundering plaudits from a dozen tongues!!!  
 So some huge Freshman, hero of a *tail*,  
 Delights to feel it fluttering in the gale,  
 But more delights to save it nicely brushed,  
 Till Sophs' fell ire by Sunday's calm is hushed,  
 Then proudly does his young ambition soar,  
 As he struts sternly to the chapel door,  
 In all but age and size, a Sophomore! }

RICHARDUS.

Oh nature's noblest gift, New York Champagne!  
 Light of the sense! Elysium of the brain!  
 Who cast aside the grape, and mixed instead  
 With one part brandy, four of pure white lead,  
 And thus our country's freedom did enhance,  
 No more dependent on the vines of France?  
 A leather medal his reward should be,  
 A leather medal and an LL. D.! *(after a pause, sings,)*

"Come hey down derry  
 Let's drink and be merry  
 In spite of Mahomet's law!"

But stop! oh sight of horrors! by the stove  
 Stand two twin oystermen! they do, by Jove!  
 Glaring at me, with look intent, they stand,  
 And knives, for murder thirsty, in their hand,  
 Oh men of oysters! men of oysters oh!  
 What can possess ye to regard me so?  
 And Thomas! long loved, honored Thomas too,  
 Why have you thus transformed yourself to two? }  
 I ne'er expected such a thing of you!

THOMAS.

Richard, thou'rt drunk! you're fuddled Dick, I say,  
Here, take my arm, and let us haste away.

RICHARDUS.

Believe me, Tom, I really am not high,  
This seeing double's wholly "in my eye" —  
And really, (hiccup,) Tom, I cannot see  
Why you should thus insinuate at me.  
E'en so the pot behind the kettle's back,  
As history tells us, called his cousin black.  
A meddling saucepan to the kettle told  
The whole affair, before the words were cold.  
The latter *boiled* with wrath, 'called out' the pot,  
And shot the luckless slanderer on the spot!!  
So prithee, Thomas, do not make a fuss,  
And let the pot's sad fate take one of us.

THOMAS.

I will not, dearest Dick — but let us go,  
We've something else to do to-night, you know;  
And though some proctor, on his evening scout,  
Led by his nose, should chance to find us out,  
And peeping through night's blanket cry hold! hold!  
I'd try his courage, Dick, I feel so bold!!

RICHARDUS.

Yes, Tom, if courage dwelleth in the *feet*,  
I think you'd stand the fairest chance to beat.

[*Exeunt Tom and Dick singing*]

"We won't go home till morning!"

(*A proctor comes out from the other cell in the shop.*)

PROCTOR.

Now will I keep a very strict look out,  
And, (if thou'rt faithful to thy charge, my snout,  
And guid'st me truly yet this one time more  
As thou, unerring, oft hast done before,)  
I hope to nip in time this budding scrape,  
Nor let the actors or the act escape!  
Then in all future proctors' mouths my name  
Shall be synonymous with deathless fame.  
Guy Fawkes was nothing to this horrid plot, —  
But I must strike while yet the iron's hot!

[*Exit Proctor, in his haste forgetting to pay.*]

*Manet* OYSTERMAN.

Now by the terrors of this mighty fist  
 Which rival oystermen could ne'er resist,  
 I'll *pay* that rascal who forgot to pay,  
 E'er yet the sun proclaims another day.  
 Nor sword nor horrid oysterknife will sheathe  
 Until I make him banquet on his teeth !!\*  
 (*Takes a swallow from the bottle.*)  
 To seal the oath I take one leetle drop —  
 Sam ! while I'm gone, do you attend the shop !†  
[Exit.]

END OF ACT FIRST.

## RESOLUTIONS. — RAINBOWS.

THE Iris bright in summer shower  
 Illumes the cloud-enshadowed skies ; —  
 So clouds upon the conscience lower,  
 So firm resolves in brightness rise.

But as the rainbow owes its form —  
 Its very being — to the cloud ; —  
 So to our inward-raging storm  
 Are due our resolutions proud.

And as the rainbow colors vanish,  
*They* fly and leave the cloud behind ;  
 The very foe they meant to banish,  
 Their only hold upon the mind.

And all too like that painted robe,  
 Nought gives their tinsel brightness worth ;  
 They clear the mind, illumine the globe,  
 But date their fading from their birth.

June 18, 1887.

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\* A poetical expression for knocking his teeth down his throat.  
 † " Tityre dum redeo, brevis est via, para capellas."



## JOURNALIZING.

Most young men before they are twenty, have in some part of their lives kept journals. I did myself, once, — I am not going to give any extracts, I believe, startled reader, — and enjoyed it very much at the time, although I have since derived equal pleasure from discontinuing it. I never have been able quite to understand the cause of this “general assent” to journalizing, since most of those who undertake it are very shy of having their diaries read. There is probably a feeling of the immense importance these may attain to at some future day, when a wondering world may read, in their then public pages, the early indications of the genius of which they contain the first developments.

Be this as it may, it has always been found that the sale of every new edition of “Moore’s Life of Byron,” is followed by an immense demand for small blank books, intended, probably, to contain the “memoranda, journals, and detached thoughts,” of the admirers of the private life made public in that almost-autobiography.

It does not require an adventurous life, in those days, to keep a journal. Children invariably tell what they had for breakfast and dinner, and put down the fact that they “wrote journal,” which form the principal points of notice in each day. As they grow older, and perceive of what importance their education will be to themselves and the world, they write daily, “read Hume,” (if sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of published journals, “redde Hume,”) and if they have toiled through, with the assistance of their instructor, their allotted lessons in the languages, they add “redde also more of Dante and a few pages of Fontaine. Homer, too, and the rounded sentences of Tacitus; how could a day pass without them!”

A good deal of discrimination — easily gained, it is true — is necessary to discover what events of the writer’s uneventful life will appear well on paper, and what not. Now a game of Cricket seems a little thing, but it looks well enough in the diary to say, “Took a game of Cricket to-night, and fear I got somewhat overheated;” yet a circumstance of really greater personal importance can

by no means find place, as thus, — “and what is worse, I fell down and split out the knees of my pantaloons.” No journal-writer of any standing would insert this, though the cricket may happen every day, and this be of rare occurrence.

It is customary to fill out the journal of the day, by any remarkable thoughts, bon mots, or the like, which the writer may have perpetrated in its passage. It is by no means necessary that these should be very brilliant, for if the journal becomes celebrated in future days, any youthful remark of an acknowledged genius is interesting; and if it do not — oh! it is unnecessary to consider that case. We give an instance of the manner of inserting these from the journal of a friend. “A friend of mine remarked to me that I would make a good soldier, I replied, I hoped I should make something *better* than a good soldier.” What could my friend have done that would be more useful than writing down a small anecdote like this? It gives a picture of his mind, at date, of his ambition and his hopes. Time only can show the result.

A history of a man's life; even when written by his most intimate and sympathizing friend, must contain many events, where, from his deciding in haste or under the control of circumstances, his actions do not express his character or his opinion. Hence we should judge of him through a false medium. But when he keeps a journal, when he deliberately writes down the results of his actions, he may *leave out* any thing he is ashamed of, and make himself consistent with himself. How much truer will be the picture we shall gain by these means!

I would by no means have it supposed that journal-writing is confined to one sex. It is one of the prettiest of modern female accomplishments, and to the best of my observation, seems to have wholly taken the place of albums. It has been said that the family doctor is always a favorite with the ladies, because he is the only person to whom they may talk exclusively of themselves, their feelings and complaints. Perhaps their fondness for this kind of composition may be accounted for in the same way, since it indulges the same propensity, perhaps to a greater degree.

Female ingenuity is racked for methods of conceal-

ment for these "heretical books." If a secret must become known, a lady chooses to have the credit of telling it herself. We recollect a great hubbub which was once created in a peaceable family, by a brother, who found and made public a little blue book, in manuscript, belonging to his sister, which she had cunningly hidden in the kitchen chimney. There is in fact some reason for keeping these little books secret, when we consider that their anecdotes and lucubrations include the whole range of the writer's acquaintance, with remarks and opinions upon all the great characters of the day. He who takes it upon himself to peep surreptitiously into a lady's journal, may find in the words of the old saying, that he "hears no good of himself." For it is observable that, to the keeper of a diary, there is much more attraction in putting down a harmless bit of satire than a useless bit of praise.

Not many men of the last generation indulged in this habit. Therefore the whole race of autobiographies, private memoirs "by his son," posthumous papers, &c. where they have existed, have been read with avidity. If this have prompted those who intend to be the famous of the next age to take up this course, they have probably labored in an error. The market will be overstocked. Private Journals will be as much a drug as Sea Sketches by retired boatswains, and it will appear that while all the world has been carefully committed to paper, some few eccentrics will have unconsciously fallen upon some other means to gain names for themselves, and to lead a whole successive generation into a new highroad to fame. At present, journalizing appears to be the only "people's line, — fare reduced."

## THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

## I.

MARK where yon lamp's dull dying flame  
Gives out its lonely light,  
The bard creates his dream of song,  
His visions wild and bright,  
He sings of love, — of love the star  
In every maiden's sky,  
The star lights up her rose-strewn path  
And gilds her destiny.

## II.

He sings of love, and lo ! a tower,  
A tower with frowning wall,  
And four strange steeples on its top,  
Four steeples white and tall,  
And lo ! — a captive knight within  
That ancient frowning tower,  
Sighs to the cold, cold moon, and chides  
The long, long lingering hour.

## III.

And lo ! — beside that ancient tower  
A lovely maiden stands,  
A flowing robe around her form,  
A ladder in her hands, —  
'T is Dulcinea, — hark ! she breathes  
A soft and plaintive lay,  
Beside that ancient frowning tower,  
Beneath the moon's pale ray.

## IV.

And straight the ladder rises up  
Against the wall so high,  
And straight the ransomed knight descends  
Beneath the silent sky,  
And straight the maiden shrieks and falls  
Upon the frozen ground,  
And straight the ransomed knight kneels down  
To wake her from her swoond.

## V.

Alas, he weeps and tears in grief  
His curling chestnut hair,  
And vows he's half inclined to die,  
And half inclined to swear;  
And pulls his smelling-bottle out,  
And draws his shining sword,  
And vows again he'll die, unless  
The maiden is restored.

## VI.

The maiden will not wake nor heed  
Her knight upon his knees,  
He thought he saw her wink her eye,  
He thought he heard her sneeze, —  
But no, her face is marble-white,  
Her hands are marble-cold,  
Her little heart has ceased to beat  
Beneath its stiffening fold.

## VII.

Then rises up that ransomed knight  
And points his glittering steel,  
Right at his heart, just where the wound  
Is difficult to heal, —  
He thrusts it deep, and falls in blood,  
Beside the maiden's head,  
A flash, — a crash, a whizzing noise  
One kick, and he is dead.

## VIII.

Above that spot, when night around  
Its lengthening shadow flings,  
The sad winds sigh their mournful dirge,  
And ravens flap their wings,  
Those lovers colder, colder grew  
And ne'er to life awoke,  
The maiden disappeared in flame,  
The knight went off in smoke.

## IX.

So sings the raptured bard of love  
And many a maid has wept  
Above the tale at midnight, when  
Her father thought she slept.

And when she turned to sleep — has dreamed  
Of sighs and dismal groans,  
And thought she saw two skeletons,  
And heard their rattling bones.

## X.

But not alone the bard has felt  
The spirit of Romance,  
Its bright enchantments live in prose,  
Its myrtle and its lance.  
Romance, — its flashing seal is set  
On Fictions's burning page,  
It chronicles the past in light,  
And gilds the coming age.

## XI.

You may have heard of one who sleeps  
Beneath the church-yard stones,  
Daughter of misery, and niece  
Of Mr. Samuel Jones.  
She died for love, — her hapless fate  
Is written o'er her grave,  
She took ten grains of calomel,  
And nought her life could save.

## XH.

I read her story once in some  
Old dusty magazine,  
She died, — unhappy maid, — she died  
For love and Gabriel Green.  
And now the bending willows sigh  
Above her lonely bed,  
Ah! lovely maid, — if thou wert still  
Alive, — thou 'dst not be dead.

## XIII.

Perhaps you 've heard of Gabriel Green,  
He was an only son,  
And used to *fish* for *clams* before  
His mortal race was run;  
Till once, 't is said, one dismal night  
He put off from the shore,  
And ne'er came back, and ne'er was seen,  
And ne'er was heard of more.

## XIV.

And now he sleeps in coral cave,  
Beneath the rolling tide,  
Wrapt in his slippery sea-weed shroud,  
His clam-rake by his side ;  
Yet still he lives on many a page  
In black Morocco bound,  
“ One of the few that were not born  
To die,” — but to be drowned.

## XV.

Thus many a hero drowns in prose,  
And many a heroine dies,  
Whilst many a bard in song weeps out  
His little light-blue eyes,  
And vows that 't is indeed most sad  
And very, very hard,  
That such a lovely maid should sleep  
In such a lonesome yard.

## XVI.

Romance, — what were the poet's song,  
Had not thy silvery beam  
Slept in soft beauty on each cloud  
That floated o'er his dream !  
What were bright Fiction's winning charm,  
Had not thy spirit-form  
Wandered in every moonlight scene,  
And hovered o'er the storm !

## XVII.

Romance, — what visions at that name  
Rise fresh before the eye,  
Of ghosts with daggers dripping blood  
And dark shapes hanging high, —  
But let some tender bardling sing,  
Whose verse harmonious flows,  
Fain would I die a sinless man,  
A sinless man of prose.

PEREGRINUS.

## SKILLYGOLIANA. No. II.

"O most lame and impotent *conclusion!*"

Readers! if those there be that ever read  
 Our sleepy page and bid the work "God speed!"  
 To each and all we wish a happy year  
 Unsullied by one doubt or care or tear,  
 Save those bright drops at parting, rendered sweet  
 By the found thought that we again shall meet,  
 And those of joy, that virtue only knows,  
 When our cup filled with gladness overflows.  
 And ye, fair readers, if indeed one glance  
 Of sunshine on our foggy pages dance,  
 From eyes so soft they seem of heaven's own blue,  
 Like violets sparkling in the morning dew —  
 And thou, almost ideal! whose pure face  
 Beauty and innocence combine to grace,  
 Whose voice is music and whose glance is love,  
 Whose smile like what we dream of joy above,  
 Whose eyes — but whew-ew! what's bewitched our pen?  
 The seventh heaven is beyond your ken;  
 Come back again, and wish our readers fair  
 An hundred happy new years for their share.  
 (*Here followeth a vision "that caused our bones to shake and made  
 the very hair of our flesh to stand up."*)

PENNA (*interloquitur.*)

An hundred to a lady! bless your eyes  
 They would n't thank you for the "soft surprise!"  
 Wish 'em all matrimony, love, or fat,  
 Or death, or any other bore than *that*;  
 Wish 'em long noses, mouths, — nay, even ears,  
 But never, never wish 'em length of years!

POETASTER.

Well, call it fifty.

PENNA.

Where alas! would be  
 Those eyes that sparkle now with girlish glee?  
 Peering through spectacles with vacant look  
 They spell the sentences of some worn book;  
 Where that fair hand, that tiny hand of snow,  
 Whose taper fingers have bewitched you so?  
 Why, knitting stockings with absorbing care  
 And always trembling o'er the self same pair.  
 And where the voice whose music makes you start,  
 Sending the warm blood quicker to the heart?  
 Garrulous with age it tells you, day by day,  
 What such and such an one were wont to say  
 In days gone by — pauses for breath — and then  
 Repeats the same old story o'er again,  
 Look on the picture — have not fifty years  
 Made mournful changes in their long careers?



## POETASTER.

What! is that spectacled old lady there  
The maiden whom I once esteemed so fair?

## PENNA.

"That spectacled old lady!" cast your eyes  
Upon that glass — nay stifle your surprise —  
Those are not crowsfeet, they are dimples — nay  
Don't look so blank, those curled locks are not grey;  
Come, hasten! fly! get down upon your knees  
At that young lady's feet, and pray and tease  
To print one kiss upon that lily hand,  
Which owns no lovely rival in the land. —

## POETASTER.

Now I look closer, why I think I *do*  
See that she's not so *very* old — don't you?  
But call it twenty.

## PENNA.

Where the deuse might be  
This venerable university?  
Just think of buildings flying round the yard  
On the swift pinions of a hand-grenade!  
Imagine five and forty thousand tomes.  
Torn from companions dear and long loved homes,  
Darting about, here, there, and everywhere,  
Scattering the dust of ages in the air,  
And breezes turning those vast pages o'er,  
Which, save their writers, none e'er turned before!  
Lo! monstrous Polyglotts and sermons rise  
Jostling with plays and novels to the skies,  
And getting higher in the public view  
Than e'en their authors would have wished them to!  
The janitor beginning to perceive  
Through his dim specs, that all were taking leave,  
Would think 't was one, and give a farewell shout,  
"One o'clock, gentlemen! you must go out!"  
Then, on some cherished tome he'd take his flight,  
And, coat-tails flying, vanish out of sight.  
Perhaps to some bright planet-realm he'd soar  
Where *Ducks* \* are sacred, and all toils are o'er,  
Perhaps to Erin green he'd wing his way,  
"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue *say!*"  
Then too the Philosophic "things" below,  
(Put there to catch the dust and make a show,  
And twice a week, for lecturers to take  
To show their audience how "slick" they break,  
Just think how quick the orreries would be,  
With all their suns and stars, in apogee;  
How "transit instruments" and all would change  
To *exit* instruments, — 't would be as strange

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\* "There you're too hard for me!"

As some men's politics, which oft obtain  
 The name of weathercock, they are so vain.  
 How "FUTTERBUNKS" would streak it through the air  
 With so much "*emphasis*" his very hair,  
 His auburn hair, that stands too proudly straight  
 Would sink in terror from its high estate!  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Verily this is late in the month methinks to be wishing Happy New Year! Gentle reader thou art quite right, for here it is Monday, January 15th, 1838, and the bell is ringing for eleven o' the clock. But we appeal to thy sensibilities reader, *could* we do any thing in vacation time? answer me that. And in weather too which Italy might grow green with envy for? it would have been "flat burglary," as Dogberry says.

The first and most appropriate article in our budget is a "New Year's Gift," by "Delta." The chirography thereof is after our own heart. The letters stand boldly up and look one straight in the face; and do not lean over forward or backward as if too weak to support themselves. It resembleth hugely our own delectable manuscript. Truly honest Dogberry was right when he said that "to be a well favored man is the gift of fortune; but reading and *writing* come by nature." Well, here it is.

" TO —

"What shall I give thee, best and dearest,  
 In honor of the new-born year?  
 Not gifts which, when life's year is serest  
 Shall be as faded, dead and sere;  
 Not gold, (the soul of sunshine lovers,)  
 Nor gems to deck thy wavy hair,  
 The artless charm that round thee hovers,  
 In native grace is far more fair.  
 The love with gold and jewels laded,  
 Like them will glitter, yet be cold,  
 And ere the heart's spring-flow'rs are faded  
 Will be but as a tale that's told.  
 A gift for thee should be more worth love,  
 All pure and gentle as thou art,  
 I give, (there's nought so fair on earth love,)  
 A faithful and confiding heart!

DELTA."

Assuredly good friend thou art worthy of a "soft answer."

The regularity of the handwriting of the next piece that answers to the dive of our eager hand into the "casket," remembereth us of the careful manuscript and queerly folded communications of our whilome friend, F. Where is he? truth to tell we hope he is not dead, "but only sleepeth." And now our hand is in, the spirit moveth us to "have a crack wi'" some of our other friends. "Odorifero" was taken from our box at the Post Office at precisely quarter past 10 o'clock, on this (Monday) morning, and was consequently too late for insertion in this our present number. But in our next he may rest assured that his "Amatory effusion" will fill an elevated station. By the way, "Odorifero," (for we already feel familiar with thee,) did'st ever read Pope's "Song by a person of quality"? Never mind, (if it be not heresy to say it,) thou hast improved on him.

And now come we to our worthy friend "Dick Dashall." Verily, Dick, we were aminded to extract the first verse of a certain parody of thine to season our Skillygolee withal; (we shrewdly suspect by the way, that Richard Dashall, Esq., and P—— O—— are synonymous terms.) But thine article is not "exactly the thing" and sorry are we at heart to say it.

Come again. "S. E. R. M." too, revise thy piece and render it *more complete*, and it will be thrice acceptable.

Now for our Skilly — the piece we spake of is a Pindarick after this wise.

"PINDARICK."

*Strophe.*

"As two 'boys' from the 'gem of the ocean,'  
 (True sprigs of the Shamrock, and green  
 As that iligant plant has ever been,)  
 Exemplified progressive motion  
     Along a certain street;  
     A signboard chanced to meet  
     Their roving eyes,  
     Of largest size,  
 'Twas placed on a grand establishment for  
 Selling the 'pomp and circumstance of' war,  
 To wit: swords, sabres, stiff stocks, sashes,  
 Stilettoes, stays, and spatterdashes,  
 Lace, epaulettes, in short, *το παν*  
 That makes the soldier of the man.  
 Pat read the sign — that is, spelt out  
 'ARMS FOUND,' and turning short about,  
     'Tague, my jewel,' says he,  
     'Here jist the place for me,  
 Sure as blessed St. Pathrick put to the sword  
 All the sarpints he slew by the might of his word  
 Whin, for his most suprame diversion,  
     He rode through the land  
     On a very grand  
 Pedestrian wather-excursion!

*Antistrophe.*

For sure if that sign boord spakes thrue  
 That they find little things like an arm,  
 By the Powers, Tague! where is the harm  
     If I step jist and beg  
     The swate cratures to look  
     For the iligant leg,  
     That a cannon ball took  
 From its fellow at Waterloo?

*Epode.*

'Och! murther and turf! if they do the job chape,  
     How much you'd have saved  
     If that ball had but shaved  
 Both your legs 'from its fellow' in that same scrape!'"

The next article is a "Tale of the Olden Time, or a Legend of Sweet Auburn, by an Octogenarian," modestly superscribed "Messrs. Editors, insert this in your next Number, you will then receive the second chapter." All that we can say in the author's favor is that he is evidently a Freshman. This is one of those tales in which "special providences" are so liberally used. Fourteen individuals — no less on our honor — are killed exactly in the nick of time in order to bring about the finale, which is that — what think you, gentle reader? why, that George Washington Martin Van Buren Stubbins may be united in happy wedlock with Mehitable Victoria Harriet Martineau Gubbins, both of Sloccombe!!!!!!!!!!!!

Another time, reader, &c. &c.

# HARVARDIANA.

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No. V.

## CIVILIZATION.

It has alwas been a favorite pursuit with philosophers, to describe the course by which a tribe or nation has travelled from the darkness of barbarism towards the glorious sun of civilization. They love to dwell upon this subject, — to point out the different stages in the journey, to designate them by appropriate names; and so accurately have they traced the whole length of the route, that they feel themselves authorized to decide upon the path by which every enlightened community has arrived at its present position. In the first place, we have that which, for the best of reasons, may be termed the bestial age. Human beings wandering in primeval forests, gathering a scanty subsistence from acorns and wild berries, fleeing before the savage tenants of the woods, and yielding to the social instincts of nature, precisely as bears nourish their young and defend them from the assaults of different tribes. Next comes the age of shepherds and warriors. Families grow into tribes, discover their superiority to some species of animals, gather them into herds, and roam from place to place in search of pasturage for their cattle. As soon, however, as man appropriates to himself the bounties of nature, the fear of his brother enters his heart. Then come wars and the wild virtues of war. But for attack or defence, a leader must be acknowledged; and this

brings us to the era of governors and governed. In this way, we are carried forward from a military chieftain to a feudal aristocracy, from nobility to representation, until we are safely landed amidst laws, and commerce, and literature, arts, science, and all the refinements of our present condition.

These speculations are very well of themselves, but they leave untouched the great question with regard to civilization. Can a nation civilize itself? We know too well that a people, great in arts and arms, may speedily relapse into barbarism. This can never cease to be remembered, while the broken columns of temples and palaces continue to cumber the soil of Greece and Asia, and the more enduring memorials of literary excellence still gladden our earliest aspirations with visions of Athenian or Eastern magnificence. Where now are the splendors of Babylon, of Palmyra, or of Egyptian Thebes? Like clouds burnished by the setting sun, their glory soon vanished, and left behind naught but the elements of tempest and desolation. It contained in itself no perennial spark of life, and the smouldering embers were flickering feebly on the plains of Italy, when the fierce blasts from the North once more fanned them into a flame, which now sheds a light, we fondly deem imperishable, over Europe and these Western shores.

But when we seek in the hoary traditions of the East, for the origin of that civilization, which indisputably once existed in Asia and Northern Africa, we are always met by accounts of a foreign derivation. Let us begin with Egypt. The Mosaic history informs us, that even at the distant era of the Patriarchs, — an era which authentic chronology strives in vain to settle, — civil society, division into castes, a powerful priesthood, manufactures of various kind, and many institutions betokening a long period of antecedent culture, had established themselves on the banks of the Nile. The correctness of these accounts has also been wonderfully substantiated by the recent discoveries in the ancient scriptures of the Egyptians, — the Hieroglyphics. But the inscriptions on the monuments and the best authenticated histories assure us that civilization in Egypt advanced from the South, and existed first in Ethiopia, as the ruins at Meroe

testify. There it arose, apparently, under the influence of emigrants from India by the way of Southern Arabia. The evidences of this fact are drawn chiefly from the temples of Thebes and the worship to which they were devoted; these being clearly an offshoot of a previous religious establishment in Ethiopia and, as there seems little reason to doubt, in India. We are told, in fact, that the Sepoys from Hindostan, in the British service during the campaign in Egypt, were surprised at the resemblance of the temples to those in their own country, and angry with the Egyptians for neglecting the worship of the Deities.

These testimonies to the foreign origin of Egyptian civilization receive additional probability, from the known existence of a ruling caste of priests, which is thus readily accounted for. Since, if we suppose, as the monuments in truth assure us, that the tribes of immigrants were led chiefly by religious motives, it is easy to conceive that, bringing with them superior knowledge and cultivation, they became dominant upon the establishment of their system of worship. As to the antecedent civilization in India and throughout Eastern Asia, its source is too remote and the channel along which it flowed has been too long filled with the dust of ages and of barbarism, to admit of discovery at the present day. All that can be said of it, is, that the traditions and mythological fables of China and India point clearly to early conquests by more powerful tribes; who probably brought with them the rudiments of culture. One circumstance, however, in these ancient memorials is worthy of notice, — the constant ascription of the establishment of the most useful arts and institutions to strange beings or to divinities, and the wonderful coincidence between the traditions of different nations in this respect. There seems to lie at the foundation of these accounts, a deep-rooted perception of man's helplessness and his entire dependence upon divine assistance, in that stage of his condition which poets call the state of nature. Nations are then like children; their infancy must be watched and the germs of knowledge unfolded by the teachings of more intelligent and cultivated persons, or their growth soon becomes merely physical and comparatively worthless.

In examining the source of Grecian and Roman civilization, we tread upon firmer ground. The belief in the settlement of Egyptian or Phœnician colonies on the shores of Greece, is too well established to be shaken by adventurous speculations; and the ancient accounts, which testify to the immigration, likewise assure us, that the foreigners imparted to the rude natives the knowledge of many useful arts and of those civil and social institutions, which every where constitute the basis of political union. Rome also was civilized, if not founded, by colonists from Greece. The same may be said too of Etruria, if any one chooses to credit the tradition of a highly prosperous state of the arts in ancient Tuscany. As to the source of Carthaginian glory and power, there is still less doubt. The claims of Tyre to that honor have hardly been disputed.

Thus in the old world, we find that all the most renowned states have been indebted to strangers for that impulse, without which social and political advancement seems impossible. Such an erratic course has the stream of civilization pursued; now welling forth its waters of life along the banks of the Nile; now clothing the shores and isles of Greece with verdure; and then fertilizing the plains of Italy. Trace its wanderings as far back as possible, and we are led into the vast plateaus of Central and Western Asia; its source cannot be found, or found only with the snowy peaks, at whose feet we search, in the depths of Heaven.

A question, however, more interesting to us, — inhabitants of a different hemisphere, — is the origin of that civilization which, according to the statements of the conquering Spaniards, once existed in Mexico and Peru. That these statements were correct in regard to Mexico, a recent discovery will not permit us to doubt. As some of our readers may be unacquainted with the fact to which we allude, a brief notice of it may not be mistimed. Every one tolerably conversant with the subject, will remember that several of the ancient writers, Plato and Seneca in particular, have, in various passages of their works, spoken of a continent or extensive island, lying at a great distance west from Spain. And as many have, from this circumstance, supposed that the ancients were aware of the existence of America, it has always been

regretted that the sculptures and paintings of the Mexicans, which might have cleared up all doubts, were devoted to indiscriminate destruction by the superstitious Catholics. Nearly a century ago, however, a discovery was accidentally made of a large extent of ruins, evidently the remains of a great city, if not of several cities. By command of government, an investigation was commenced ; but its results were for a long time undivulged. Within a few years, a new search has been instituted, which has already done much to reward the labors of several antiquaries, and promises to throw considerable light upon the early history of Mexico. Many of the monuments and sculptures which have been found, are reported to bear a striking resemblance to those of Egypt and Phœnicia ; and persons of discernment have been led to believe, that Mexican civilization was the work of colonists, either from Carthage or Tyre. At any rate, whatever conclusion we choose to form with regard to the particular nation, which may have sent out from its trunk branches to be engrafted upon the rude growth of America, there can be no doubt, that the source of civilization, both in Mexico and Peru, was foreign. The traditions of the Mexicans, in fact, prove this clearly enough ; for every step of the progress of the nation in culture is denoted by the ingress of strangers. And, as several bands of foreigners were believed to have come from the west or northwest, it is at least supposable, that the Chinese may have found their way over to our continent. These views might once have been set aside as fanciful and groundless, but the recent well-authenticated accounts of early visits of the Northmen to New England, and other parts of the country, will probably cause them to be esteemed more worthy of examination and credence.

In regard to the Peruvians, there is equal evidence of their being reclaimed from barbarism, by the arrival in their country of the natives of some more civilized state. When Pizarro invaded Peru, the reigning family boasted of their descent from a man and woman, who, according to tradition, first exhibited themselves to the Peruvians on the banks of the Lake Titicaca. These persons pretended to be children of the sun. Their stature was said to be majestic, and their garments of better materials,



and of a different character from those of the natives. When, however, we discover that the sun was devoutly worshipped by the Peruvians, there can be no doubt that these strangers, from motives of policy, gave themselves out to be children of the Deity. Since, by this means, they acquired the chief power, and instructed their willing subjects in many useful arts. Notwithstanding, the traditionary and even fabulous nature of this account of the parents of Peruvian culture, the fact of their being foreigners is clearly evinced. Through the misty outlines of their forms, seen by the uncertain glimmering of tradition, the truth still shines, like stars dimly twinkling through the ghosts of Ossian. Every vestige of civilization on the Western Continent before the discovery of Columbus, is thus satisfactorily proved to be of foreign derivation, though the particular source may long remain in question.

One of the conclusions forced upon us by the consideration of the facts now stated, is that the human race, in the first instance, must have been divinely instructed in those rudiments which constitute the *possibility* of progress in civilization. For if no instance can be found of any nation's emerging from a savage state, without intercourse, either in the way of conquest or peaceful emigration, with a more advanced people, — while instances of an opposite character — of nations falling into a rapid decline, and from a cultivated, becoming a rude people — are but too numerous, there remains no explanation of the difficulty, but the supposition of divine interference in human affairs. And when, as in the Mosaic records, an account is transmitted to us not only bearing intrinsic evidence of its truth, but substantiated by historical proofs of great weight and cogency — an account professing to relate the manner in which the Deity chose to order the infant condition of men — no one can fail to see the overbearing strength of the testimony, brought by the facts we have mentioned, in favor of the claims of the Scriptures. There is no way of evading the force of this reasoning, but by bringing forward an instance of a nation's having civilized itself. It would not be enough to show that the annals of any one cultivated people were destitute of evidence to prove the fact of early intercourse with a civilized state. For, if the vast

majority of civilized states, if all, in fact, whose circumstances and character admitted of any decisive proof in regard to the question at issue, were clearly indebted to a more advanced nation for their primitive culture, this would, with a candid mind, establish the point for which we contend.

Another reflection, suggested by the course of events we have been considering, is the important agency of religion in the advancement of civilization. The first colonies, particularly in the primeval ages, were always attentive to the propagation of their system of worship. In many cases, this was the chief design; and where other motives came in to cause the emigration, religion was never lost sight of from principles of policy, if not from the suggestions of conscience. For, in truth, it would seem that a rude tribe of people was always ready to submit to the guidance of those, whose ideas of the Divinity were more enlarged and systematized than their own. But not only does religion hold a prominent rank among the means of reclaiming a state from barbarism; it is, of all other supports, the most efficient, and in the long run, the only one able to sustain the fabric of civilization. No sooner is the hold of the popular religion on the hearts of the community loosened, and the feelings of veneration and attachment, whether rational or superstitious, it matters not, to the gods of the country deadened, than the period of national decline commences. Every step in the downward career is preceded by a loss of faith in the popular worship, until at last the whole theological system of the nation becomes a lifeless formality, and utter ruin can only be averted by the speedy adoption of a new religion. This was the case with Greece and Rome, when the crowded inmates of their Pantheon had long ceased to command any heartfelt adoration, and were waited upon only by artful politicians and selfish priests. This must be the case with every tribe or people, which becomes civilized under the influences of a false system of worship. It is the fiery ordeal, through which every nation must pass, that throws off its old religious vestments to adopt new ones. France attempted it, and was only saved from entire destruction, by a quick retreat. What then are our obligations to Christianity, which is found, at every advance

in civilization, to reveal some new meaning, some before hidden worth; whose significance no possible progress can exhaust; whose revivifying spirit alone prevents the dead mass of sensuality, heaped up by luxurious indulgence and increasing with fearful rapidity, from dragging the world into a worse than pagan barbarism; whose power, through all the chilling influences of false refinement, is yet able to send a ray of divinest love into our cold hearts.

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## A SCENE. — TO MY COUSIN.

“ LOVELY cousin, in thy glances  
I will steep my ardent eyes,  
Pink emotion, toeless, dances  
O'er thy cheek, to choral sighs.

“ There is music in the billow,  
When it gurgles in the storm; —  
Beauty in the whisking willow,  
When it wags its witching form.

“ But thy beamy tresses quiver,  
Like the light from Arctic pole;  
And thy tones serenely shiver  
Every sinew of my soul.

“ Ha! a soft, erratic breathing  
Waves my whisker with its wing;  
Round yon mouthy outlet, wreathing,  
Smiles their sunny shadow fling.

“ Lift that eye-lid's yellow fringing!  
Quick! the lamp's ascending blaze  
Oleaginous, in sing(e)ing  
Fury on its softness preys!

“ Ah! that eye's extatic lustre  
Loses now its golden veil!  
And lugubrious globules cluster,  
Voiceless, in their humid wail.

"Stay that tear's aquatic trickle !  
Catch it, oh, my burning palm !  
Little drops of briny pickle,  
Be to me translucent balm !

"Fill my porous breast with sadness,  
Sympathy's responsive flow !  
Yield me *thy* delicious madness,  
Reciprocity of wo !

"Stream, thou lamp relentless ! brisker, —  
Since thou scorchest Cousin's eyes,  
Scorch my sympathetic whisker !  
Vulcan ! take the sacrifice !"

ODORIFERO.

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CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF PHILOMELUS PRIG.

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CHAPTER I.

"I want a hero, an uncommon want."  
*Don Juan.*

Is it possible that heroes are growing scarce? *Dii meliora!* It would be worse than an international copy-right law. What in such a case would become of the novel writers? What would become of Carey and Lea? And the Harpers? Alas! the devil might take the hindmost of them, and no one be a whit the wiser. But it cannot be possible that Providence which feedeth the young ravens, (I don't refer particularly to the gentlemen above mentioned,) should cut short a race of individuals, who, without consuming aught themselves, put bread into the mouths of so many fellow-creatures. But the heroes who shine through the pages of your modern novel are not the "jockies for me." I don't like men, (or to speak more correctly, heroes,) who do everything by a very easily written sort of inspiration, and who are able to say to inferior spirits, (and *all* are inferior,) "go, — and he goeth."

Not I. Give me one that is subject to the same

"Most disastrous chances  
And moving accidents by flood and field,"

with his fellow mortals. These Bulwer-bipeds are not men. Imagine Paul Clifford hung for sheep-stealing! Pelham killing the short hours of the night in a round house! Ernest Maltravers pulling on a pair of tight boots, enduring the martyrdom of a stiff dickey, or trying to look cool with a piece of hot pudding in his mouth!

"Wisdom is often nearer when we stoop,  
Than when we soar,"

and people like to look into a story as they would into a mirror in a ballroom, and see either themselves or some of their acquaintance reflected there. These "most rare monsters" are not the thing, they have been handled till there is nothing left of them, and are now getting to have a very "ancient and fish-like smell." We must draw from nature; and if we imagine that we are painting ourselves or our friends in one of the Bulwer-heroes, we shall find ourselves wonderfully mistaken. It is like the old-fashioned mode of portrait-painting, which converted every aged maiden lady, who had been long enough of a certain age to escape even the surmises of her female acquaintances,\* into another grace, and every gouty alderman, whose "fair proportions" would have been uneasy in Daniel Lambert's waistcoat, into a smiling Apollo in a bob wig and figured inexpressibles. This making molehills into mountains is a diseased state of mind in a story-teller, and, like a fog, causes every object in the range of vision to loom up gigantic.

There is yet a worse class of tales, and those are when we dress ourselves up thus fantastically and write in the first person. Each one fancies his own goose a swan. But if some Oberon would touch their eyes with "Dian's bud," they would awake and exclaim with Titania,

"Oh what a vision I have seen,  
Methought I was enamored of an ass!"

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\* Young women and elderly ladies, (for they generally degenerate into ladies in *maturer* years,) in debating the age of acquaintances, are allowed the same privilege which auctioneers take with the wine they sell, namely, of putting the date as far back as they please.

Such being my ideas on the subject of heroes, my readers will not be astonished that I have chosen a character from real life: To wit: no less a personage than that remarkable young man, Philomelus Prig, of whom Snipwell Cabbageleaf, Esq., at a public dinner in his honor, justly remarked, "That he was the brightest jewel in the diadem of Slocombe, and that he was proud to be the fashioner of his coat, vest, and inexpressibles!" \*

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## CHAPTER II.

"These signs have marked me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show,  
I am not of the roll of common men."

*K. Henry IV., P. I.*

For a long time I was unable to discover that the birth of my distinguished countryman was attended by any portentous circumstances. Certain it is that our "grandame earth," did not quake, nor did the Salt River Creek, which turns all the millwheels, and irrigates all the onion beds which form the principal source of revenue to town, overflow its banks, and carry destruction on its mad waters, (which are navigable for clam-boats as far as Slocombe, thus giving, as the Journal remarks, unrivalled commercial advantages to that favored town,) over the swamp through which it winds during the greater part of its course. I was in despair, for I had depended on a seasonable earthquake or comet, and only hesitated which to choose, until I found by a diligent search into the town records,† that a man was hung on the very birthday of the celebrated subject of this memoir, which took place January 20, 1794. Was it not enough to mark him hero forthwith, that a fellow-mortal was dangled into eternity at the extremity of cord, the

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\* Vide speech as reported in the "Slocombe Journal and Independent American's Gazette," for June 12, 1835. The original draft of the speech, in the handwriting of Mr. Prig himself, is to be found in the state paper office at Washington.

† I am happy to acknowledge my indebtedness to Peleg Alpheus Doolittle, Esq., the accomplished town-clerk, who, with that ardor in the cause of literature in general, and that of Slocombe in particular, for which he is distinguished, submitted them to my inspection.

hemp for which was "grewed" and twisted by the native industry and skill of Slocombe?

A great day was that in the town, the only hanging that ever took place there; and the glory of the Slocombeites, (the culprit being a fellow-townsmen,) was only equalled by the envy of the neighboring rival towns of Troy and Pompey. Indeed so great was the "excitement," that, (a second Quintus Curtius,) one public-spirited Trojan offered himself as a victim for the next new year, in order to retrieve the credit of Troy. To be sure he was drunk, but the refusal threw him into a "a green and yellow melancholy," and it is not a little remarkable that not long after he *did* actually fill the elevated public station for which he was so eminently qualified.

It is no wonder, if, having a son born to them on such an occasion, the minds of the parent Prigs, should be filled with glorious and astounding anticipations. And this determined them, (or rather Mrs. Prig, who was decidedly the "better part" of the domestic arrangement of the Prigs,) to give the infant a name worthy of his future fate. Sweet little innocent! thou wertst lifting up thy voice, with a sonorousness that proclaimed thy sex, totally unconscious of the brilliant name and more brilliant fortune that awaited thee! Who shall say that the infant Philomelus Prig was not happier than the man Philomelus in the zenith of his reputation?

Mrs. Wilhelmina Hoskins Prig, or as she called it, Mrs. Wilhelmina H. Prigge, was not one of those who entertained the heretical doctrine that a "rose by any other name would smell as sweet," no, not even under the guise, (so captivating to her father, the late Homunculus Pettibone, Esq., Merchant Tailor,) of a cabbage, "that giant rose wrapt in a green surtout." So she hastened to consult the village pedagogue, who was a senior from Harvard, on the subject. She having determined that her son should be a poet, the schoolmaster suggested the mellifluous title of Philomelus, which, he informed her, was the masculine of nightingale, and had been the name of a distinguished Roman bard. Mrs. Wilhelmina H. Prigge was delighted, and rashly gave her adviser an invitation to tea, which, to her infinite gratification, he did not accept, and the child was christened

Philomelus forthwith to the secret envy of half the mothers in Slocombe. And so farewell to Philomelus the infant !

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CHAPTER III.

“ Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical.”

*Shakspeare.*

“ I’ll rhyme you so eight years together; dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted.”

*Ibid.*

I shall pass over the childhood of my hero, because his mother having decided that he was to be a “ remarkable young man,” all the rest follows of course. I state for the information of the curious in such topics, and as a characteristic of the man, that during his boyhood he displayed an astonishing predeliction for molasses candy and gingerbread; and that when the straitness of his finances denied him the gratification of his harmless fancy, he was to be seen during a great part of his leisure hours, with his thumb in his mouth, before the shop-window where these articles were exposed for sale, apparently lost in a deep reverie, and occasionally repeating in an abstracted manner to himself two lines of that glorious national lyric which is now so deservedly popular,

“ Oh if I were President of dese United State  
I’d suck ’lasses candy, and swing upon de gate ! ” \*

There is no saying how much this interesting peculiarity influenced the character and destiny of the future man. It undoubtedly was the first dawning of that fondness for molasses gingerbread and solitary meditation, which formed afterwards so prominent a trait in his character.

When I first visited Slocombe, the theme of universal admiration and interest was the celebrated mammoth

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\* My friend, Mr. Doolittle, has published a series of pamphlets under the title of “ A modest attempt to fix the authorship of Zip Coon, by Peleg Alpheus Doolittle, Hon. Mem. Sloc. Instit. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.” Mr. D. has endeavored to trace this song, which, in the mouth of our illustrious countryman, James Crow Rice, Esq., has created such an interest in American literature in Europe, to Mr. Prig.



onion. It formed the text for the speeches of the Representative of the town in the General Court, and was the subject of all the "leaders" in the Slocombe Journal and Independent American's Gazette, which, on such a topic, were enough to draw tears from one's eyes, as it exposed the duplicity of the rival weeklies of Troy and Pompey, "whose shameless conduct," it went so far as to say, "considering the crisis of the times and the mammoth onion, and arising as it did from the ruinous policy of the administration, endangered the welfare of the country and the best prerogative of Freemen," by setting up the opposing claims of a turnip and a senator. When I went thither a second time it is enough to say that Philomelus Prig was a young man of eighteen.

He was already the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" to all the adolescent aspirants of his native town. Happy Philomelus Prig! — I shall never forget the first occasion on which I saw this wonderful young man. It immediately struck me that nature, wearied with the extraordinary pains she had taken with his inner and spiritual man, had carelessly adjusted the mould wherein a fitting case was to be cast. He resembled the huge chronometer which, reposing in his fob, weighed down the whole right side of his pantaloons, the case was ungainly, but it enclosed works that would go faster, (the town clock being umpire,) than any other watch in Slocombe. In person he was tall and slim, his legs genteelly slender were adroitly set in the middle of a foot which "St. Patrick himself could n't trip up." His knees seemed to have as much attachment, as his feet apparently entertained of disgust for one another. His face wore continually a mournful expression, which gave it very much the appearance, (if you can imagine such an object,) as a lovesick calf's-head. In his early days he for a long time doubted to which of the great poets, ancient or modern, he bore the most striking resemblance. An accident decided him. He at one time suffered the excruciation of a tight boot, which gave him a slight lameness in one of his feet. This determined him to draw a parallel between himself and Lord Byron. Accordingly he limped worse than ever, turned his collar down, plastered two long black locks to the side of his face with a tallow candle, dispensed with the superfluity

of a neckcloth summer and winter, and looked fierce enough to have filled the breast of Lucifer himself with serious apprehension. On the day that I first saw him he appeared for the first time in a bell-top hat, a bobtail coat of a sickly snuffcolor, and a pair of pepper and salt unmentionables of a peculiar cut, namely, gathered full round the body, they sloped gradually down till just below the knees they were met by a pair of list straps which secured them under a pair of shoes encasing a foot clad in skyblue stockings with small white spots. What a sensation! Every window in the street was crowded with anxious spectators as he marched along with a piece of molasses gingerbread in one hand, and a red bandanna handkerchief with a manuscript Epic in the other. Immediately every long tail was docked of its fair proportions, the factories made nothing but pepper and salt cloths, and bobtails with pepper and salt accompaniments became the "only wear" in Slocombe.

*(To be continued.)*

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GENIUS.

GENIUS! thou mighty and majestic power!  
 Incomprehensible Omnipotence!  
 A Deity in man, thou bid'st him tower  
 Above the subject and the mutable,  
 To the Eternal, and Supreme, — and bear  
 His brow before Infinitude's high throne, —  
 And walk with angels — with but angels bow.

Monarch of human greatness! to thy sway,  
 Strength that defied decay — invincible —  
 Bows down, subservient! Thou speakest, and  
 Thrones reel, and fall in ruin! Magnificence  
 Is desolation! Lo! thou thunderest —  
 And dark oppression yields her fettered empires,  
 While Freedom rears her high dominion there!  
 Eternal impulse! if but reason guide —  
 Thy mighty-counsellor — thou art divine!  
 Its voice despised — oh, thou art terrible!

God's majesty no more adorns thy sceptre, —  
 No more man bows in noble adoration, —  
 No more thy worshipper, but powerless slave!

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Hark! from the dust that once was grandeur, comes  
 A kingly voice! And crumbling arches fall,  
 As they reflect and bear its echo on —  
 Undying, and redoubled, as it rolls!  
 Genius doth commune with the dead — on earth,  
 The ministers of her stupendous power.  
 Lo! from their bursting sepulchres, the forms  
 Of Sage and Hero, at the summons, rise,  
 Peopling their mouldering palaces with shades!  
 Behold! there spectral royalty resumes  
 Its purple robe — ascends its phantom throne —  
 And shakes its sceptre — as again 't would awe  
 'The prostrate world! — then sinks, and fades in air!  
 Here, Eloquence has risen like a mist,  
 Moulded with human features! She assumes  
 The mantle and the scroll, and, like a God,  
 Advancing loftily, with kindled eye,  
 And moving lip, and arm extended, as  
 To thunder to an incensed Senate, and  
 Pronounce the doom of nations, disappears —  
 Ere utterance, with brow of ghastly frowns!  
 Now poetry glides lightly to the scene —  
 Pale fantasy! glory's immortal wreath  
 Scarce binds the tresses that would float, released,  
 In radiant curls. Softly that troubled brow!  
 Sublime the majesty pervading all  
 That forms soft tracery! It leans upon  
 A shadowy lyre, in musing attitude.  
 Slowly a finger strikes the chords — and lo!  
 They burst — without a sound! as if to say —  
 " 'Th' 'immortal note' shall be awaked no more! "

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Oro.

## A CHAPTER ON NOSES.\*

THERE are some features of the countenance, fickle and ever varying according to the state of the mind; there are others which remain ever the same, whatever be the emotion of the soul; of this latter class the nose is a prominent instance. Whilst the lips are expressing gaiety by a smile, scorn by an equivocal curl, or impatience by a saucy pucker, the nose looks on unmoved and immovable. Mute and passive spectator, it sees itself involved in storms of passion without the power of striking a blow. Surrounded by busy actors, it lends its cold assistance alike to all comers, but active part it has none. Whether the scene be tragic, as in a hurricane of wrath, or comic, as in the loud cachinnations of joy, it varies for neither one nor the other its play or its exterior. It preserves, unchangeably, the staid gravity of a responsible dignitary, or the quiet indifference of a retired wood-sawyer. But are we to infer from this that the nose is an insignificant hanger-on; a feature which affords no clue to the inner man? By no means! It is, precisely, because it hath neither part nor parcel in these transient shades and emotions, which make such a diversified *tableau-vivant* of the human countenance, that we are to attach the more weight to the developments which it doth furnish us.

The nose, in truth, does not indicate the changing emotions of the mind and heart, so much as the natural disposition of the character, the energy, and kind of temperament. By it we can discover weakness or resoluteness, generosity or meanness, excessive sensuality, or a subjection of the passions to a more powerful will. It indicates the native propensities rather than the acquired tastes and desires which are derived from education or example. In fine, it reveals little of the conventional character, but denotes with great accuracy the native qualities of the individual. This we shall attempt to prove, as we are anxious to rescue from contempt and neglect, a member endowed with a delicacy and modesty

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\* It is proper to state that this is a paraphrase rather than an original article.

which will not speak for itself, and yet but too clearly betrays its sensibility to the cutting coldness of the world.

Towards the age of 13 or 14 years the nose begins to take that form and character which it will thenceforth retain with but little variation. Philosophically speaking, it is only a prolongation, or a sort of off-shoot of the forehead, and consequently, has as much right as the forehead to be considered as a kind of effigy of the mind and index to the character. Why then may there not be a science of Nasology as well as of Phrenology? But of this more anon. The nose and forehead we shall observe, are always in perfect proportion and harmony with each other; they are of one mind on all subjects; what one says the other swears to. It is rare, therefore, to see a mean or vulgar nose in company with a fine intellectual forehead.

NOSE : FOREHEAD :: FOREHEAD : MIND.

This rule has just enough exceptions to prove it infallible and immense; it having been discovered of late that there is a certain ratio between the rule and exceptions which demonstrates universality and, sometimes, even infinity.

At 15 years of age the breast enlarges, the voice changes, and the sex is characterized. Up to this age it is difficult to foresee exactly what form and size the nose will take, but it is then determined.

The epoch, therefore, at which the sexes are finally distinguished, the temperament formed, and the physical faculties strengthened, is that at which the development of the nose is indicated; so that it takes its character contemporaneously with the passions, tastes, bodily temperament, and energy. Why then do we neglect those precious indications which decipher the character better than any observations or chronicles of life? It is rank abuse of our faculties and endowments.

We shall give some of the general forms which the nose assumes, and, without attempting at present to perfect our system, throw out a few conjectures on the subject, which our readers may fashion into whatsoever shapes they please. We are aware, at the same time, that every thing new or original is liable to be hooted at

as an innovation. But we shall forestall the spirit of ridicule which "new-fangled systems" have always to encounter, and console ourselves with the reflection, that no truth can be very deep or valuable which is discovered and approved at first sight. We rank ourselves with Transcendentalists, Mormonites, Abolitionists, and all that army of martyrs who meet with nothing but frowns and disparagement in this "benighted age;" but who look, with a joyful hope of justification and immortality, to the great Millennium, when the scales shall drop from the eyes of men, and Truth be no longer viewed through glasses that see darkly. In fine, we have put on our "Logic-Spectacles," and amid the chaos of the future clearly discern a bright reward of our labors, dangers, and sufferings; with which few and comfortable reflections we proceed to develope the Poetry of the Nose.

Sic itur ad astra.

We remark that mankind are divisible into four great classes. 1. The long-nosed or Caucasian. 2. The flat-nosed or Mongolian. 3. The short and broad-nosed or Melanian. 4. Those that have no noses at all, and, consequently, *no characters*.

The most happily organized character is to be remarked by those very large noses, whether aquiline or not, which are one third of the face in height, and about one fourth of the whole head in size. The delightful climate of Athens and Rome, their republican simplicity of manners, their life in the camp, the gymnasium, and the arena, rendered this a very striking characteristic of the Greek and Roman physiognomy; and these great people, whom we choose for models with the proud hope of some day surpassing them in this desirable particular, regarded their classical style of nose, as the only one compatible with the port and majesty of gods and heroes. It is rarely, indeed, that we meet, in these degenerate times, with one of those portentous noses whose blast could shake Olympus, or summon heroes to deeds of direful war. We know of but one case. Such were the noses with which the artists of Greece were accustomed to endow their statues, and which, if we are to believe Lavater, are the height of all perfection and happiness; "for," says this wonderful writer, "a nose is to be reck-

oned, physiognomically, elegant and spiritual, not according as it presents delicate proportions and gentle inflections, but as it swells out in long and majestic undulations and huge, knotty outlines." He adds, "when-ever you find a little inclination, a sort of cavity, in the passage of the brow into the nose, you need not look for the least nobleness or generosity of character."

So much importance do the Persians attach to the feature of which we speak,—the aquiline and prominent nose,—that they will scarcely acknowledge allegiance to any prince or king who is not highly gifted in this respect; and a civil war of many years' length actually occurred on the accession of the renowned Shah Slam-bang, who unfortunately inherited from his mamma (a celebrated Ethiopian beauty) a flat and snubby nose. He succeeded at length in mounting the throne, only by surprising his rival in his sleep and depriving him of his superior qualification. So sensible, however, did experience render him of the great advantage of a respectable nose, that he established a new minister of state, whose sole duty it was to see that the noses of their young Royal Highnesses, the heirs apparent, should be properly modified and trained.

We have frequently observed families in which a similarity of noses formed a distinctive and hereditary feature; and this transmission from one generation to another, like that of the gout, happens mostly among the inactive and polished classes, to whom a state of constant prosperity gives the power of choosing their own alliances, and of enjoying life without incident or vicissitude. Those who happen to have aquiline noses rarely apply themselves to bodily labor, which tends to change the organization of this feature; commonly, however, they are enterprising and ambitious. A large nose, surmounted by a lofty and prominent forehead from which it is separated by a gentle slope, indicates a great desire of power, a firm resoluteness in overpowering obstacles, and perseverance to accomplish it; but no circumspection, to escape them, or foresight, to turn them to one's own purposes; of this sort was the nose of Napoleon.

When the eyes are nearly even with the nose, it will generally appear that the mind is weak, the will uncertain, and the deficiency of common sense great. If the

nose extend straight down to the nostril without an intermediate cavity or depression, it is almost always an indication of childish capriciousness, excessive vanity, and, sometimes, of vice and meanness. Nothing tends so much to render a man vile and cringing, as a perpetual striving after power which he does not deserve and cannot attain. It is this petty ambition which renders men despotic and cruel. Such a nose had Nero.

An aquiline nose mostly denotes pride and great love of approbation, and is seen almost universally among those of a melancholy and bilious temperament. Persons having large noses, have, mostly, heavy beards, black or dark eyes, and dark coarse hair. Most celebrated politicians, poets, historians, and men of ambition have been remarkable for the dimensions of their nose. Cyrus, Constantine, Machiavelli, Louis XI., most of the authors during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne, Schiller, Cuvier, &c., are a few instances of this singular fact.

A thin and moderately sized nose indicates keen sensibility of feeling, imagination, enthusiasm, sometimes cleverness and acuteness; this sort of nose is always found on persons of a nervous temperament. It is not uncommon, however, to see persons with large noses endowed with a craftiness which sometimes borders on dishonesty. A short club-nose, thick at the sides, pale, and bloated, is a symptom, and often a sure sign, of a lymphatic temperament. These short and massive noses are generally accompanied with blue eyes, large lips, and fair hair; the beard is thin or scattered. Such noses denote little energy, little firmness, still less judgment; but are not incompatible with a certain degree of memory and imagination.

Violent passions, like diseases, reduce the bulk of the nose and render it more thin and salient; so that the French say of one who has met with some mishap or cause of astonishment, "*Il en aura un pied de nez!*" A foot is a great deal to be sure, but of a truth, we *have* seen noses appear longer. Sometimes they are inclined to the right, but this is of no consequence as to the character; it is merely the effect of that propensity which most persons have to use their right arm chiefly in action. Left-handed people frequently have the nose inclined to the left.



When the dividing cartilage of the nose extends below the wings or nostrils, prolonging itself toward the mouth, it denotes a vast deal of egotism and obstinacy, and sometimes, a sensuality which needs no external sign to indicate it. If the root of the nose sinks into the face, and the extremity is thick and turned up, it shows a want of sagacity and dignity, but as a compensation for these, great stubbornness and a violent propensity to jealousy. There are some cases in which the nose develops itself moderately till near the tip it runs out into a bold promontory more or less curved; this is generally accompanied by a nasal twang of voice. If the curve be superior, we may expect great self-conceit and pusillanimity; if inferior, bending over the mouth, or as M. Chateaubriand would say, "S'inclinant vers la tombe," it is an indication, not of resignation and humility, as the author of *Atala* thinks, but of thoughts and passions essentially earthly.

The parallel lines which are frequently seen winding over the sides of the nose are, commonly, marks of hypochondria, obstinacy, or misanthropy,\* and often of that cowardly malice or impudence which, not daring to speak, vents itself in grimaces. People of a timid disposition, maniacs, or those whose minds are much taken up with anxious cares or laborious thought, have a very singular way of gathering their nose into wrinkles and folds; sometimes of turning up the head, raising the lip, and closing the eye on the same side. These are peculiarities which are of little consequence except as facts for future inductions. It sometimes happens, too, that the wings of the nose have a tremulous motion. An actress of some celebrity derives much assistance from this peculiarity, adding greatly to the effect of an effervescent passion by introducing, now and then, a quavering snuffle or sob.

Ill-tempered, passionate people, are apt to have short and round noses, a little turned up, with thick and shaggy eye-brows. A turn-up nose, with a certain cast of the mouth and eyes, is an almost unfailing indication of a voluptuous character. Socrates had a nose of this kind

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\* These lines are strikingly developed, it should be observed, on the noses of "pike keepers," proctors, printer's devils *et id omne genus*.

and, also, the celebrated Dr. Gall : these men, so well gifted otherwise, used no pains to conceal the failings which such features denote. A small nose of this kind, accompanied with small eyes and prominent eye-brows, indicates a shockingly peevish and quarrelsome disposition. People of this character would sacrifice their dearest friend for a freak of passion. They practise the grossest flattery on you when present, the vilest abuse behind your back. Many such a man has lost for an epigram a post of favor which cost him a madrigal. The Tartars have such noses, and are excessively hostile and warlike. This, perhaps, is the reason that the fair and fertile plateaus which they inhabit are the scenes of perpetual bloodshed and petty despotism.

Noses that are flat and crushed, unless caused by accident or disease, denote great infirmities of character. This form, so disgusting to us, is esteemed among the Hottentots, and Africans generally, the height of beauty. These people, as well as certain tribes of Western Indians, even use artificial means to produce a deformity which to them is an ornament. There has been a great diversity of taste on this point however. The Jews excluded from the priesthood any man who was guilty of altering the natural form of his nose ; and the Egyptians, as a mark of the lowest degradation, condemned unfortunate women and malefactors to an alteration or mutilation of their nose.

The last class of which we shall treat at present is the **JOLLY RED** nose ; the terror of flies and temperance societies. So clear and infallible a proof is this generally deemed of a *spiritual* character, that although the best physicians say it may proceed from some constitutional infirmity, it is but too apt to excite the darkest suspicions as to the habits of the ill-fated possessor. A word for ourselves. This we speak *corde rotundo*,—out of the fulness of the heart,—for our nose is a burning and a shining light set upon a hill-top. And yet, reader, we protest that we are not seen more than once in a week at Willard's, and that on the most urgent business, nor are we addicted to those "little serpents" which prey on the bosom in secret. We vow to thee it is but a freak of Nature ; a freak, which the witch in her unaccountable caprice, plays on even the straightest and de-

voutest men. I appeal to the pious Shepherd, the eyesorrow of Mr. Weller, Senior. We could tell thee of another divine, — but jam satis! — “’t is done; it can’t be helped, and it’s no use talking about it now.” Farewell.

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LINES ON AN UNKNOWN BEAUTY AT THE CAMBRIDGE  
LYCEUM.

We turned around an unexpected gaze: —  
 (As he who cast upon a foreign strand  
 Throws doubtful looks on the surrounding maze,  
 Bewildering heaps of rugged rocks and land;)   
 Nor hoped to find, in neighboring form or face,  
 One grace from beauty’s heart-compelling hand.  
 But see — before our eyes — as heavenly manna  
 Fell to the hungry Jews — stands forth Joanna!

We saw no more — there rest our thirsty eyes;  
 Within that circlet small of azure blue,  
 See the bright star of heavenly beauty rise,  
 Fond shrine for worship, deeply felt though new.  
 Say, guardian B— —, where her temple lies?  
 What name in prayer breathe forth her votaries true?  
 He says her mother had a name, and — d—n her —  
 Gave to this nymph divine that name, Joanna.

“What’s in a name?” Why from those charms divine  
 Turn you as if from Ipecacuanha?  
 What though her name fits not the poets line,  
 Nor rolls high-sounding in your proud Hosanna?  
 Who thinks of names, or cares, since wholly thine  
 Are those dark eyes and chiselled lips — Joanna?  
 Ah! there lies that within yon azure bonnet,  
 Would call from rocks, perhaps from S—— a sonnet.

Blessed Lyceum! here, in after days,  
 On thy third seat I’ll gaze in admiration,  
 And still, while matrons my staid habits praise,  
 And think I come to “earn an education,”

Call up *her* form, and, fixed in dumb amaze,  
 Stare at Joanna in imagination.  
 The hardest soil some sort of plant produces,  
 That ——— showed me *her*, his sole excuse is.

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## CAMERA OBSCURA.

OR, A PEEP AT THE WORLD WE LIVE "OUT OF." — No. I.

THE words of our title will both explain and justify our intention. No remark is more common than that the students of our universities live "out of the world," and cases are notorious, in college and out, of the uncultivated and blundering manners of young graduates, in their first step into actual life. The progress of information in every branch is doing away this circumstance, in common with many other unfortunate peculiarities of the present day and those just past; yet enough now exists, to excuse us, perhaps, for seizing a glimpse from time to time at what is going on beyond our academical limits; although we do not expect to be able to reform or to refine, to an extent to which the natural progress of things will not of itself lead.

It has always been allowed that men are held in a state of dependence by their ignorance, and we may not be surprised to discover that this is our own particular case. Thus it seems that Her Majesty of England (God bless her little soul and send her a good husband) has been graciously pleased to add three weeks to the vacation of one of the London Grammar Schools, on petition of ninety-seven of the scholars. The principal ground on which the petitioners voted their request was, that the school is situated in the parish in which Her Queenship was born, and has passed a great part of her life. Now that we are informed of the manner of procedure in older countries, it is not improbable that we may be able to increase our own privileges by an application to Mr. Van Buren, who has probably as much jurisdiction in our case, as her Britannic Majesty in that of the London parish

School. The grounds of our application an active committee might easily find, — perhaps the degree conferred on his "Illustrious predecessor" might afford a strong one, to our urbane and obliging chief magistrate.

But this instance shows, that notwithstanding the general high opinion entertained of Yankee acuteness, the English sometimes seize upon a point neglected here. They sometimes even take exclusive possession of that which though, perhaps, really American, is scarcely known at home. Thus our attention was attracted by a paragraph in a late English paper headed "American trees," which began with a most spirited and glowing description of our forest scenery, but after about half a dozen lines relapsed into a puff direct of a certain "Balm of Columbia," which, having received its birth amid the "exuberant foliage" of our western forests, (?) has been transplanted to adorn the toilettes of Europe; and may be obtained, remarks this admirer of transatlantic woodland beauties, "at A. & A. Oldridges, 159 Strand." Why should Americans seek perfumes and cosmetics from across the seas, when she is already spreading her own rich odors on the "seaward gale."

It is needless, however, to say that in this instance America was probably wholly undeserving of the honors afforded her; while there are unfortunately cases, in which her real merits are unacknowledged by our European brethren, even while they are recognised. Thus we observe that one of the London publishing houses advertises for sale, "to the public and trade," a series of "Temperance Tales," containing "My Mother's Gold Ring," "Groggy Harbor," and the whole list of names is familiar to this section of our country; without the slightest allusion to the fact, that this whole series is a reprint from an American one, whose author deserves his share in the credit, if not in the profit, of the benefit which his writings are conferring on a British public.

In connexion with this we may remark on the extreme ingenuity with which the advertisers in the English journals attempt to interest the public in their notices. The most attractive of Yankee advertisements must yield to such as this, actually copied from one of the London Dailies.

"HISTORY OF A SHILLING! It will scarcely be credited

that a shilling has been the means of putting *thirty thousand pounds* into the pocket of a gentleman, and all within a few days, the reader in amazement asks *how*? It arose as follows; — the party in question was fond of dancing, but possessed only a slight acquaintance with the figures of quadrilles, &c., and with the regulations of a ball room. In this dilemma he purchased that exquisite little Bijou, entitled, the "*Guide to the Ball Room*," (published by C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, at the inconceivable low price of *One Shilling!*) and at the assembly which he next visited he proved so accomplished, as to win the heart of a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and worth £ 30.000! Who would be without such a treasure as this beautiful little book?"

So rave the London advertisers, not without imitators here. And this is not the only instance in which English and American ingenuity are daily exhibiting themselves as rivals. The common language, the common interests, and the commercial and manufacturing career, one and the same for both nations, bring them continually together, — sometimes with the crash of mutually opposing claims, sometimes in the harmony of a brotherly pursuit of the same object. An invention rarely claims Letters Patent in England, which has not a parallel recording itself in our national Patent Office, and in almost every case, those interested, on either side of the water, claim the priority of conception, and charge the opposite claimants, perhaps often with equal injustice to both parties, with fraudulently taking away their honor as original inventors.

We are sorry, always, to see such contests; but we must confess that our mind naturally favors what may be called *our own* side of the question, which is perhaps too often only decided by prejudging private sentiment, when conclusive proof might easily be obtained.

With this feeling of faith in the readiness of American invention, we have recently seen boasts, from both sides of the Atlantic, of the advanced state of an apparatus, claimed as an original plan both in England and here, for the rapid transmission of intelligence by means of Electro Magnetism. An incredulity as to the success of either party has been, we confess, our prevalent senti-

ment; but next to this was of course the desire that the invention, if perfected, might be proved to belong to our own land.

It is therefore with two-fold pleasure that we find, in the late report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject of a Telegraphic System for the United States, a resolution of our doubts and hopes. The appendix to the report contains two letters from Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse, the American claimant of this invention. In one of these he explains the advantages of his scheme. The communication is instantaneous, secret, and accurately marked down by the apparatus itself. It may be made by day or night, with the single expense, after the original purchase of the Telegraph, of a slight consumption of acid and zinc. The experiment has been tried with complete success on circuits of five and ten miles, and will soon be put to the test of one of thirty. In his second letter, which contains also some specimens of the telegraphic writing made in one of the abovementioned successful experiments, Mr. Morse remarks that he is fully prepared to *prove* the priority of his right to this invention, which was devised, and nearly put in execution *five years ago*; he mentions that the last *English* accounts only state that it is "now altogether probable that intelligence *may* be conveyed by means of *five* wires," (Mr. Morse uses but *three*,) while he himself has the gratification of already being able to exhibit incontrovertible specimens of the power of his apparatus. It is to be hoped that his anticipations both of final success and the establishment of the priority of this success may be fully realized, and that we shall be able to claim as the right of our country, not merely this invention, but the advantages to be derived from its application.

An ingenious instance of the fraudulent use of telegraphs is given in the reply of M. Penistri of New Orleans to the Circular of the Secretary of the Treasury, requesting information on this subject. It seems that, in Italy, the Government had the sole management of the *Lotteries*, which were arranged thus:—Any person might lay upon three, four, or five numbers of his choice, any sum of money, and would win or lose in proportion to that sum. An arrangement was made between the cities of Rome and Milan, that the tickets of the lotte-

ries of both cities might be sold in each. It was the custom to draw the lotteries about sunset, but while the drawing was taking place at Rome, tickets were still sold for the length of twelve hours in Milan, and *vice versa*. Certain individuals therefore invented a peculiar telegraph, which, in about an hour, communicated to Rome the numbers drawn in Milan; so that knowing the numbers already drawn, they could proceed to the lottery office and lay on those numbers any sum they chose. They went on so for some time and made a large sum of money, as may be supposed; but their telegraph being discovered they were accused and tried for their offence, when this invention was distinctly stated and proved.

We were pleased to see that Mr. John R. Parker of Boston, whose system of telegraphic signals has already become so widely extended and known, has not neglected to lay an account of this also before the Secretary. His telegraphic vocabulary is a very comprehensive one, and contains, beside the names of places, and all such words and phrases as could be supposed useful, the telegraphic numbers of *seventeen hundred vessels* which have adopted his system. It has been for some years in operation, and now Mr. Parker's flags may be daily seen on the cupola of the City Hall in Boston, carrying mercantile information into the very heart of the city.

It has been proposed to add, if possible, some such system of communication as this to the Postoffice department, to assist, perhaps to supersede, the express mail. The rapidity with which intelligence might thus be communicated is variously estimated; but it would seem that it would ordinarily require about ten minutes to the one hundred miles. It has been suggested that bad news could be transmitted somewhat faster.

Our Postoffice department may perhaps find a rival in a circumstance related in a Sheffield paper as having lately taken place there,—with the story of which we shall close these rambling remarks. One Mr. Gibbins received from a friend in Liverpool a present of a goose, and judging from its appearance that it was ready for the spit had it immediately placed before the fire. A neighbor, happening in, noticed something peculiar in the odor



of the now roasting goose, and Mr. Gibbins finding from the appearance of the gravy that all was not right, had it taken off and opened; when it was discovered that his friend, wishing to save the freight of numerous parcels, had placed several *other* presents *in* the carcass of the goose. The first thing met with was a letter for Mr. Gibbins, then another for his sister, and a third for a distant relation. Then thirty shillings for half a year's rent, a set of knitting needles, a print of her Majesty going in procession to Guild Hall, two Godfrey bottles, and six hanks of whity-brown thread, a receipt for making ginger-beer, a new set of Christmas hymns, and some confectionary.

This only needed to have been franked "Public Documents" and we believe that it would have surpassed even any of the multifarious packages, with which our own mail-bags are laden.

"WHY DON'T HE COME."

WHY don't he come? Why don't he come? Indeed,

Did time with him drag with such lingering speed  
As with poor me; or might *his* eyes bestow

A tribute to each moment past, — I know

No other monitor he'd need

To urge along his loitering steed.

The birds are hushing now their chirping nest

The gude folk all are peacefully at rest

Nor dream that ought, save the old clock, doth keep

The lonesome hours — O would *that* too might sleep!

And that this heart the power possessed

To beat the seconds in my breast!

For then, I ween, ill-natured Time, thou'dst bring

The hour of tryste upon a nimbler wing,

But when *he* came, I'd bid thee, just as slow

As now thou *seemest*, then *in truth*, to go.

But thou art stubborn and I'll fling

No more complaints at thee, cruel thing.

My "Poll" now sleeps — but oft she murmurs still  
 The name that last did ope her chattering bill ;  
 The sea breeze soothingly comes sweeping by,  
 Plays with my locks and cools my feverish eye.  
 See ! now the moon doth cap yon hill ;  
 Why don't he come ? — I'm sure he will !

For he did say the moon should taste my lip  
 Not long before from the same fount *he'd* sip,  
 And, — such like nonsense. The light blinds my eyes,  
 I'll shade them with my hand, — who is it hies  
 Along the lane with ruthless whip ?  
 Hold ! Charles, — not *quite* so warm a grip !

KEMPTON.

The above lines were suggested by the picture to be found in almost every lady's album, entitled "Why don't he come."

*Bridgewater Treatises. Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By the  
 REV. WILLIAM BUCKLAND, D. D.

It may appear presumptuous for a writer in a college periodical to attempt the reviewal of a work, written and published under the auspices of the Royal Society ; and treating of subjects, with which I am sorry to say the College course gives us but few opportunities of becoming acquainted. But the ideas of the humblest individuals are of some value ; and if the following review shall induce any one to search Dr. Buckland's work, the writer will be fully repaid for his trouble.

The objection has been often made to Geology, that it is inconsistent with the scriptural account of the creation of the world. This objection stands, as it were, upon the very threshold of the subject ; therefore the author commences with the consideration of it. It is little more than a controversy about the meaning of several Hebrew words ; and is very ably discussed and satisfactorily explained by him.

The author next gives an account of the different series of rocks, with a summary of their fossil remains

of animals and vegetables ; which is necessary to the proper understanding of the more circumstantial account of fossils which he afterwards gives ; and from which he draws most of his arguments. He proposes to fulfil the object of the treatise, by attempting to show that the extinct species of vegetables and animals, which have in former times occupied our planet, afford, in their fossil remains, the same evidences of design and contrivance that have been shown to pervade the existing species of organic beings.

The number of fossil animals that have been discovered appears incredible at first sight. Whole mountains are formed of limestone, which, upon examination with the microscope, proves to be composed entirely of shells of different genera. These are sometimes so small and closely packed, that ten thousand four hundred and fifty-four shells have been collected from less than one ounce and a half of stone. Of these shells, five hundred weigh but a single grain. This would seem almost incredible, but that the number of small *Medusæ* in some parts of the Greenland seas is so great, that in a cubic inch, taken up at random, there are no less than sixty-four. In a cubic foot this would amount to one hundred and ten thousand five hundred and ninety-two. Fossil remains of the larger animals and plants are by no means so numerous.

Before considering the evidences of design, discoverable in the structure of the extinct carnivorous races, the Author enters into an argument to prove that the aggregate of animal enjoyment is increased ; and that of pain diminished, by the existence of the carnivorous races. He says, "The law of universal mortality being the established condition, on which it has pleased the Creator to give being to every creature upon earth, it is a dispensation of kindness to make the end of life to each individual as easy as possible. The most easy death is, proverbially, that which is the least expected." "Among the inferior animals, there is no affection or regard for the feeble and aged ; no alleviating care to relieve the sick ; and the extension of life through lingering stages of decay and of old age, would to each individual be a scene of protracted misery." "By the existing dispensations of sudden destruction and rapid succession, the fee-

ble and disabled are speedily relieved from suffering." Without the restraining influence of the carnivorous races, the herbivorous would soon multiply to an extent, exceeding, in a fatal degree, their supply of food, and multitudes would die a lingering and painful death by famine.

The author does not attempt to give an account of all the fossil mammalia that have been discovered; but selects a few of the most remarkable, and points out the evidences of design in their structure. It is wonderful to see with what accuracy Cuvier was able to reconstruct the skeletons of fossil animals now extinct, by comparing them with those of recent animals. He was able, from the examination of the jaws and teeth alone, of the *Masasaurus*, to announce the character of the whole skeleton. And in several other cases his conjectural restoration of fossil animals from insulated bones was afterwards confirmed by the discovery of perfect skeletons of them.

The reader will be startled at the idea of discovering the habits and diet of an animal, that lived and died, long before the existence of the species that now inhabit the earth, and of whom there is no living trace. But if he will read the description of any of the animals mentioned by Dr. Buckland, he will be satisfied not only that such speculations are not absurd, but that they may be determined with a degree of accuracy amounting almost to certainty. Indeed to such an extent has the science of comparative anatomy been carried, that M. Agassiz is able, from the examination of a single scale of a fish, to tell, not only the species of the fish, but also from what part of the body the scale was taken.

The size of some of these animals was enormous; thus the *Megatherium*, an animal resembling the armadillo, was five feet across the haunches, twelve from the head to the root of the tail, and eight high; its feet were a yard in length, and terminated by most gigantic claws; its tail at the largest end was two feet in diameter, and about six feet in circumference. The *Ichiosaurus*, an animal allied to the crocodile, was from three to thirty feet in length.

The hypothesis of the gradual development and transmutation of more perfect animals from the less perfect,

by which some philosophers have endeavored to account for the creation of animals, without the agency of the Deity, is entirely overthrown by the fact that some of the most complicated and perfect animals existed during the first stages of the earth. Man has never been found in a fossil state, and this is the only fact that seems to favor the above-mentioned theory. The remains of fossil fishes give evidence of a retrograde development, from complex to simple forms; since many of the species that existed during the formation of the earlier strata, and do not exist now, occupied a higher place in the scale of organization, than any recent species. The same observation is true with regard to the fossil shells of Nautili.

The history of fossil fishes has not hitherto received the attention it deserves; but great exertions are being made by M. Agassiz and others in this branch. The only satisfactory classification of them that has been made, is that of Agassiz, who arranges them according to the form of their scales. This arrangement is peculiarly applicable to fossil fishes, because, from the composition of the scales, they are the parts, which are the least liable to be destroyed. The study of this branch is particularly interesting to us, on account of the abundant locality of them at Sunderland in this state. The Natural History Society of Cambridge have a few specimens from that place in their cabinet.

A knowledge of fossil Conchology is of great advantage to the geologist; since the remains of shells are very numerous and widely distributed. It is often the case, that these are the only means we have of identifying strata. The structure of fossil, as well as recent shells, exhibits numerous marks of design.

The author gives a very elaborate and interesting account of the molluscous and radiated animals; showing the similarity of contrivance, and unity of design, observable in all the species, both fossil and recent, of these classes of animals.

Remains of fossil vegetables are very numerous; indeed, it is now a well established fact, that coal is of vegetable origin. This is proved by the great number of vegetable impressions found in and near beds of coal; and by the vegetable structure, being distinctly visible

when thin slices of coal are submitted to the microscope. The finest specimens of the plants of the coal formation are from Swina, in Bohemia. Dr. Buckland says, "The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms, with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild irregular profusion over every portion of its surface." His description of them is too long to be given entire; the above extract will give some idea of their magnificence.

The ancient vegetation of the world consisted principally of ferns, reeds, and coniferæ; and such other plants as exist at present only within the tropics. From this arose the discussion about the former climate of the earth.

Some idea will be obtained of the importance of the coal formation, when we reflect that it is to this that we must look for a supply of fuel, as soon as the present forests become too valuable to be used for that purpose; and that we owe to this the invention and many of the improvements in the application of steam power. "There is virtue in a bushel of coal, properly consumed, to raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. This is actually the average effect of an engine at this moment working in Cornwall."

The author next points out the marks of design and adaptation to the wants of man, in the irregularity and inclined position of the strata. Springs and artesian wells being thereby produced, and rich veins of metal uncovered, which would otherwise be hidden by the superincumbent strata.

The book concludes with a recapitulation of the arguments derived from geology. It displays, throughout, great knowledge and research, and is as interesting to the student of Natural History, for the information it contains on the various branches of that science, as to the theologian for the arguments it gives in favor of the existence of a Deity.

NAT. HIST.

## SKILLYGOLIANA. No. III.

*"O most lame and impotent conclusion!"*

SINCE Friday morning, on each busy tongue,  
 "Shameful!" "Outrageous!" has incessant rung.  
 But what 's the matter? why should words like these,  
 Of dreadful omen hang on every breeze?  
 Has our Bank failed, and shown, to cash her notes,  
 Not cents enough to buy three Irish votes?  
 Or worse than that, and worst of human ills,  
 Will not the lordly Suffolk take her bills?  
 Sooner expect, than see her credit die,  
 Proud Bunker's pile to creep an inch more high.  
 Has want of patronage, or payments lean,  
 Put out the rush-light of our Magazine?  
 No, though Penumbra swears "the thing is flat,"  
 Thank Heaven, taste has not sunk so low as that!  
 Can no cigars be bought in all the town,  
 Of Marshall, Ramsay, Wood & Hall, or Brown?  
 Though other crops were small, and grain is dear,  
 Oak-leaves were very plentiful last year.  
 Has Texas, freed by Samuel the great,  
 Entered the Union as another state?  
 No, still she trades in slaves as free as air,  
 And Sam still fills the Presidential chair,  
 Rules o'er the realm, the freeman's proudest hope,  
 In dread of naught but bailiffs and a rope.  
 Has then the hero of the claret coat  
 Swamped General Arcularius\* and boat;  
 When, paddling out, he boldly draws his sword  
 Against great Navy Island's conquering horde,  
 And as he fiercely shakes the thirsty blade,  
 Demands the "captured" cannon, undismayed  
 Though met by heroes who might well defy  
 The maids of Billingsgate in sharp reply?  
 Oh no! Columbia's angel stretched her arm  
 To shield her bravest son from every harm,  
 And still he lives to see on muster field  
 The bristling squadrons bloodless charge and yield.  
 What is the matter then? Why Thursday night  
 Some chap or other strove to vent his spite  
 By blowing up the chapel with a shell,†  
 But unsuccessfully, — he might as well

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\* General A. was the "force" despatched to preserve neutrality, and to retake the cannon from the "ragged regiment" on Navy Island. Troy was taken by a wooden horse, but such has been the improvement in military tactics, that the Navy Islanders were too wise to be deceived into anything but Billingsgate by a living Jackass.

† This attempt would be scarce worth noticing but for its enormity. While a few glasses were broken by the explosion of a petard or so, it might be called thoughtlessness, but the character of this offence stamps it as deliberate villany. This Erostratian method of being "damned to endless fame," is, after all, but a small way of gaining a reputation.

With popgun threat the noble bird of Jove,  
 Or warm his fingers at a patent stove,  
 As try to shake old Harvard's deep foundations,  
 With such poor despicable machinations.  
 Our Alma Mater laughs such plots to scorn,—  
 Her glory yet is but the early dawn,  
 Which shall, as every shadow melts away,  
 Grow bright and more bright to the perfect day.  
 Long may she live, and Harvard's morning star  
 Light learning's weary pilgrims from afar!  
 And long may 'Star-eyed Science' love to twine  
 Her greenest wreaths for this her fairest shrine!  
 Long may the chapel echo to the sound  
 Of sermon lengthy and of part profound,  
 Long may it stand to hear young stentors pour  
 Latin and Greek in one continued roar,  
 And long may Dana's gowns survive to grace  
 Each future runner in the learned race!

Out of some two hundred communications all on the same subject, and all in the same tone of unbounded admiration, we select the following

#### "GRATULATORY ODE

TO THAT DISTINGUISHED AND NOTORIOUS PUBLIC CHARACTER

### Guy Fawkes

THE SECOND,

*On his last appearance on any stage.*

#### I.

"Stupendous individual! a place  
 Next to Guy Fawkes in glory, should be thine,  
 For whom his deeds a wreath of hemp did twine!  
 Pride of old Harvard! Flower of thy race!  
 Did thy heart falter, as with stealthy pace  
 Loaded with bombshell and a thousand cares,  
 Thy feet sneaked proudly up the chapel stairs?  
 Did not thy traitor blood forsake thy face  
 When, figured by the moon upon the wall,  
 Thy shadow met thee, lengthy ears and all?  
 When the door grated on its turning hinge,  
 Did not thy starting eyeballs think to see  
 Some goblin Parietal grin at thee?  
 Did not thy conscience give one nervous twinge?  
 When thine ear caught the ticking of the clock,  
 (So oft a sweet companion, with its chime  
 Telling its quiet tale of wasting time.)  
 Did not thy heart against thy small ribs knock?  
 How did thy soul find room in its small box,  
 When such a noble project fired thy breast?  
 Meseems it would have burst its narrow vest  
 And swelled as large as that of any ox!



## II.

"Oh what a noble vengeance thou hast ta'en,  
 Great hero, so explosive in thy wrath!  
 How fair and open was thy midnight path,  
 Revenge on the oppressors' heads to rain!  
 How high thy young ambition must have soared  
 To do a deed of such exalt emprise,  
 When Murphy watched o'er ev'ry-body's eyes  
 When Caution slept, and lynx-eyed Proctors snored!  
 Had some stray chap in ambush lurking  
 Surprised thee this thy great deed working,  
 Oh! I'd have given worlds to see  
 The blush of honest pride  
 Which had heightened the grace  
 Of thy eloquent face  
 And which not e'en thy modesty,  
 Though practised much, could hide!  
 But thou did'st run no risk of being caught,  
 Save by some mouse in search of midnight prey,  
 For thy 'good deed,' as Scripture saith it ought,  
 Shunned the street corners and the eye of day.

## III.

"Then too the little dainty bit  
 Of elegance thou left'st behind,  
 Pure specimen of Attic wit,  
 And emblem of thy mighty mind!  
 Methinks thou 'dst wish with Grattan, it should be  
 Engraved in gold upon thy hallowed tomb,  
 That, like a laurel wreath, it there might bloom  
 In honor of thy country and of thee!  
 Good luck! how bad the government must feel,  
 (Ground thus to powder 'neath thy vengeful heel!)  
 To have clocks, windows, pulpits, blown away,  
 All to plague *them*, — for which alas! *we* pay!  
 Farewell! oh how I envy thee the voice  
 Of approbation, which, from all around  
 Rises and bids thy noble heart rejoice,  
 That thou at least the 'better part' hast found!"

What with the blowing up of the chapel, the failure of banks, the dearth of contributions, and the astounding announcement that we shall hear no more from the "author of Timothy Turner," we feel as the Yankee exclaimed when he was forced into an unexpected experiment in aërostation by the blowing up of his powder-mill, "kinder curious." However, "it's just possible as exhausted natur may manage to surwive it," so we shall endeavor to dip into the "Castalian spring" of our casket with a steady and impartial hand. Right glad are we of a verity, to welcome back our old friend "Rubrick" under his new signature; we hope to hear from him again. His other piece is in reserve. We are happy also to see "Oro" indefatigable. "Macte," &c., he knows the rest. Now for our selections. Here followeth a short dialogue between some poetaster and a raindrop, whereby it appeareth from the latter's own *mouth* that they lead a paradise of a life.

## "THE RAINDROP.

BY MERCUTIO MADRIGAL, ESQ.

M. M. ESQ.

" ' Whence com'st thou little sparkling friend,  
 And whither dost thou go,  
 That on this airy violet stem  
 Art swinging to and fro ? ' "

RAINDROP.

' Seest thou that fleecy cloud up yon,  
 That blushes on its way,  
 Like homeward hasting wassailer  
 Surprised by break of day ?  
 There slumbered I the livelong night,  
 But with the morn's first smile,  
 I floated off in wayward flight  
 And rest me here awhile ;  
 I wander on through all the earth  
 There 's nothing half so free,  
 In sunshine's smile, or storm's wild mirth  
 A Raindrop's life for me !  
 I 've slept within a cherished flower  
 Upon a maiden's breast,  
 But when she mused upon the giver,  
 Her heart's throbs broke my rest ;  
 And as she gazed upon the token  
 With her deep lustrous eye,  
 Upon the long curved lash there trembled  
 A brighter drop than I.  
 I 've nestled in the harebell's cup  
 Within the elfin ring,  
 And watched the fairy carnival  
 And merry revelling,  
 I 've hung upon the nightshade's stalk,  
 Upon a battle plain,  
 And viewed the witches' sabbath-rites  
 With sprites of damned slain.  
 They whispered words I may not tell,  
 And muttered spells of dread,  
 While ravens shrieked, and gaunt wolves howled,  
 Lapping the warm blood as they prowled,  
 And snarling o'er the dead.  
 I 've voyaged in the nautilus  
 Across the moonlit sea,  
 Hoist sail ! hurrah ! there 's not a tar  
 Can sail a ship like me !  
 But why dost notice such a thing  
 As a little drop of rain ?  
 Thou never did'st before, — though oft,  
 Like lover's signal low and soft,  
 I 've pattered at thy pane.  
 Ah ! that 's the way with all you men,  
 In sunshine warm and true,  
 But if a storm should frown — alas !  
 Who's cold so soon as you ?  
 But see the sun is getting high  
 And calleth me aloud,

I'll change to mist, and take my chance  
 To ride by yonder cloud.  
 Good bye ! good bye ! sweet violet !  
 A thousand thanks to thee !  
 My wanderings now begin again, —  
 A Raindrop's life for me ! ” ”

Next a “righte merrie fancie entituled” the “March of Mind,” a

“DREAM.

I put my hat upon my head,  
 And grasped mine ancient cane,  
 And started on my evening walk  
 Along my favorite lane ;  
 There I beheld such horrid sights  
 As made my hair stand up  
 Straighter than Gen’ral T. S. Brown’s  
 When Redcoats were at hand.

First a low wailing met my ears  
 And, (Lord forgive their sins !)  
 I saw ten thousand bedbugs fixed  
 On bugologic pins ;  
 And by their side a little man  
 Explained with vast applause,  
 The providence of Nature’s plan  
 In gifting them with claws.

Around me not a single tree  
 Waved in the setting sun,  
 They all had been cut down to see  
 How fast the sap would run.  
 The din of hammers split the air,  
 Their blows the harmless stones ;  
 The earth was turned all inside out  
 In search of Adam’s bones.

And skeletons of beast crept round  
 With skeletons of fowls,  
 Solemn professors being classed  
 With what had once been owls.  
 Pedlars were striding all about  
 With ‘lots to suit’ of breeze,  
 And patent moonlight melted down  
 To essence of green cheese.

One man showed clearly by a glass	I turned and saw a thunderbolt
That men walked upside down,	Dragging a load of hay,
And so he laid a bet to run	I trembled every moment lest
A race upon his crown ;	The brute should run away ;
Another who was trying hard	With fear I woke, and found I’d dozed
To analyze the sun,	For nearly half an hour
Had by his side a comet-trap	Over a work on ‘Science as
To rest his mind with fun.	An aid to human pow’r.”

# HARVARDIANA.

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## DEBATING SOCIETIES.

In a former number we gave our readers some idea of what we thought debating societies should be. We then acknowledged that, for sundry reasons which we gave, and for sundry others which we might not or did not give, their character in our own university was gradually sinking, and was perhaps now very near the bottom of the wheel. It may not be uninteresting to examine a little more particularly into what that state is—and in doing this we beg to have it understood that in our remarks no particular society will be individualized, since, having acquired a thorough knowledge of the tone of proceedings, we have not entered the sacred precincts of a debating club for many a week, and do not know who now are the principal actors in their scenes, and the supporters of their increasing burdens.

Notwithstanding this proviso, every society will recollect that its first difficulty has been the due arrangement of its constitution. Generally early in each term, an honorable member rises and moves the nomination of a committee to draft a "new constitution, to raise, if possible, the falling character of the society," and is in due course, placed as chairman of that committee. There are many young men in college, not yet out of their nonage, who have already given the public as many constitutions as the Abbé Sieyès. The committee reports,

and all is accepted in regular form, the draft being read (perhaps three times) article by article, from "Art. 1. — 'The name of this society shall be ——,'" to "Art. 32, § 5. — No smoking shall be allowed after five minutes after the society is called to order."

Our juvenile committee chairman begins to plume himself highly, and thinks making constitutions is not so difficult after all; until almost the first action of the society shows, that even the most perfect constitution will not "march," when "gentlemen opposite" are disposed to be unconstitutional. Some member who has been made to take his hat off, or who is interrupted in his fifth speech for the evening, by the repressing effects of the new code, starts up with the astounding intelligence, that he joined the society by signing "the other constitution," and does not feel himself in the least bound by this one. The plumes of our chairman are already getting dragged, — but he starts to his feet, and points to his "Art. 8," which provides "that the society may amend the constitution if three-fifths of the members are present, by a majority of five-sixths of those voting, if at least two-thirds of those present, vote." To this the "opposite gentleman" replies, that in amending the constitution, we cannot be supposed to be acting under the amended instrument, and that even then the law would be unjust, since if any gentleman would take pains to reduce three-fifths, and five-sixths, and two-thirds to a common denominator and multiply the results, he would discover that thus the constitution might be amended by a vote of one-third of the members, — is this yielding to the will of the majority?

If any member should here call the speaker to order for discussing a point not under the consideration of the society, a wider scene is opened. Personal vituperation, the only Attic Salt in this Skillygolee, then begins to form the principal matter of discourse. The members of the committee rise in succession to defend each other, the great principles of eternal liberty, and their attacked Article 8th.

They beg the society to recollect that they never sought their place as constitution-makers; it was a duty put upon them by the members, which they had cheerfully fulfilled. Nevertheless it was a labor which they

had fondly thought deserved far different thanks than this. Misconstruction put upon their best meant plans, obstinate opposition lying in the way of the most harmless propositions! "The proceedings of this evening," says one, "your committee cannot but consider a direct insult to themselves. Common consent had allowed that we needed a new constitution, and we rushed into the breach with Jefferson's manual in one hand, sound discrimination in another, and a determination for strict justice in a third.\* We believed the only true object of this society was a brilliant and important one, improvement in extempore (pronounced as if the last syllables were *paw*) speaking, and to this we do not believe the confusion of voices can ever lead, if indeed the word itself does not imply that members are to speak 'one to once.' Mr. President, it seems we were deceived, — that wisdom comes with length of ears rather than length of years, and that your committee is to be insulted upon their own ground, by an honorable gentleman, who — yes, Sir, by an honorable gentleman."

Here the valiant committee-man ceased as if his defence were finished, and there was a murmur of satisfaction from a few, and a sibilation of sneers from many, until the personage, before alluded to as first attacking the new constitution, again rose to speak. He was however interrupted.

"I believe, I have still the floor," remarked our committee-friend, "and although I am aware of the demolishing power of the gentleman opposite, I trust that even I may venture my few remarks. I know that he—I know that there are those, Sir, in this society, who think that they only are capable of addressing it, and devouring, literally devouring, its time. But, Sir, to such a gentleman, I, even I, Sir, would have a word to say. I would like to say to him, — I would ask emphatically, in fact; Sir — Sir, I would address him, — I would apply to him those happy and magnanimous words of the poet,

· 'Whose dog art thou?' "†

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\* From the gentleman's account, the constitution cost considerable *manual* labor, — but the speediness of its construction was ensured by the number of hands employed upon it.

† A most fashionable lecturer has recently set the example of quoting

Saying this the valiant member seated himself, trembling with self-created rage. There was a loud explosion of applause mingled with shouts of "order" from all quarters of the room,—the individual, thus uncereemoniously apostrophized, rose proudly to reply, and as soon as the noise consequent upon his predecessor's brilliancy had subsided, thus addressed the chair.

"Mr. President, — I should fail in my duty to myself, to this society, and to my class, did I fail to notice that, which, unnoticed, might cast a shadow over my prospects, as a classmate, as a member of this society, and as a man. I have always observed that those, who are the most vindictive and harsh in personal abuse, have at the same time been the most ready and violent in the crimination of individuals and in the indulgence of revengeful feelings. With these sentiments, I should be most untrue to myself in every social relation, did I not scorn to reply to an insinuation, which cannot be touched upon without violating the dignity which I have a right to hold, in all my connexions with the community. This, I trust, I shall never be compelled, contrary to my principles, to do, — as I hope, by a firm and constant adherence to well grounded rules of conduct, to be able to avoid such an unpleasant step, through all the vicissitudes of life. As to that gentleman's triumphant closing question, I had one remark to make to him. I have a simile for that gentleman, which, I flatter myself, will strike you all with astonishment, and — but, 'you can't make a silken purse out of a sow's ear,' and — I refrain from offering to his and your consideration a point of resemblance which, I doubt not, is already in all your minds. At least, it is not worth while to occupy the time of the society with that, which can never repay it for the loss of its valuable moments.

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from the volume of unrivalled lyrics, from which this line is taken. We have always thought that Mother Goose's Melodies contained the elements of a sound practical philosophy, and were rather astonished to find that they had found favor in the quarter above referred to. We hope that we may hail it as an indication, that though powerful intellect, and in some points, elegant diction are now turned to

"Sweep the cobwebs from the sky,"

sound sense is gradually working its way,

"And he will be back again, by and bye."

"I pass then at once to the point, since it seems both expedient and for the public advantage, to seize immediately upon the business in hand. I was called to order by a gentleman who took it on himself to say, that I had violated the rules and laws of the society. I could not have broken the first principle of my action here, which is to keep strictly within rule, since I should have then deviated from a mental resolution by which I am always governed in this place. Meanwhile I hope I have said enough to satisfy the society, that nothing more is necessary to convince every member, that not a word from any person must be called in, to do entire justice to my intentions and those of every member here. Where peace and good-will reign, I may say emphatically, there exists an universal armistice ; and he may perhaps be even called unkind, who breaks in upon such a calm, with inharmounious, malicious, and intentionally insulting remarks. No words are sufficient to allude to one, who can bring into such a state of being, slanders which can never be enough avoided, abhorred, or deprecated. Nothing can justify such a course, if, indeed, falsehood, the essence of slander, can be told without a wide deviation from truth ; except on one of those occasions which may emphatically establish the propriety of such a method of proceeding. As to the gentleman's remark, I echo it in his teeth, since it seems to me to be the only proper course, to send it back to the gentleman himself. I may then say, in the words of the bard he has quoted —

‘I am Tommy Tinker’s dog!  
Whose dog art thou?’

And I trust that the good sense of the society will put an end to a discussion, the farther protraction of which would be a stain upon its usually correct judgment and action."

Taking the hint of this remark, the President brings the debate to a close, and checks the ardor of those who are rising to speak upon the "previous question," by stating that it will be necessary to lay an assessment of two cents and seven eighths on each member, to pay some unavoidable society expenses, and requesting some definitive action on the subject. This, after some discussion, prolific in *half-uttered*, generous offers from individuals to

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sustain the whole expense if necessary, is laid on the table; and the president reads the questions, from which is to be selected the subject of the evening's debate; namely. —

"1. Would a land communication between America and Europe be expedient?"

"2. Which was the greatest man, Andrew Jackson or Daniel Lambert?" — including, remarked the President, the entire questions of corporeal and spiritual greatness, and of corporeal and spiritual identity, — questions of great practical importance, which he had been induced to bring up at a period, when the exhibition of the *ox* Olympus, and the numerous winter courses of lectures, placed bodily and mental immensity in an enviable state of juxtaposition.

The President, having been called to order by a strict disciplinarian, proceeded to question.

"3. Whether an appearance of *Aurora Borealis* be a proof of the existence of aerial currents, or whether it is not rather a cause of them."

On taking the votes upon these questions it was found that there were two for the first, none for the second, and one for the third. The first was accordingly taken, and the subject opened according to Const. Chap. II., § 3, art. 2, ¶ 1, by the debater of the evening, whose name stood first in alphabetical order.

This debate we cannot closely follow. The ready speaker who opened it began with the argument, that the communication proposed in the subject would be manifestly and absolutely impracticable; and produced a map and a pair of compasses to show the width of Behring's Straits, between Kamschatka and the most North-westerly extremity of Cape Prince of Wales. He then showed that if not impracticable this would be contrary to American interests, and though we might feel obliged to give up willingly our property, our homes, and even our lives to our European neighbors, on the ground that they are "men and brethren," he could not see by what moral, argumentative, or metaphysical principle, we should be obliged to grant them the advantage of a bridge across the Atlantic. The gentleman closed with an elaborate and most poetical allusion to the "Bridge of Sighs."

His opponent did not deny that it would be a "bridge of size," but remarked that if his friend was alarmed at the *extent* of the undertaking, the measure proposed was itself *abridgment*. That the attempt should not be considered hopeless, since that gentleman had himself, that evening, given sufficient *railing*, and had tried to *floor* the whole concern. For his part, he did not consider success more improbable than in the case of the Thames tunnel, whose proprietors already "saw their way through," by the aid of a mirror placed in the middle, and he hoped that his friend might take the same view of the case, after what might be called the same *deep reflection*. He was not very well acquainted with Mechanics, but thought that immense advantage might be made of the use of the lever, there being so great a distance from the fulcrum; in fact he understood that a great philosopher, whom he would not name, had asserted, that with this instrument he would move round the Azores into the direct line of communication, if a lecture-room were only afforded him. He thought it would be well to lend this gentleman the society's hall, lest such a world-moving power should be lost from want of a place to stand upon. He ended by recommending immediate action, as he understood that great weights could be more easily raised while the earth was in her perihelion, in consequence of the nearer attraction of the sun.

He was followed by another opponent of the measure, who seemed to rest principally upon the fact, that the necessary appointment of toll-men would be too great an addition to the patronage of government. He calculated that if the bridge were in round numbers three thousand miles long, and if there was a toll-man at each mile and a half, each toll-man having a family, including self and wife, averaging seventeen individuals, (and here he introduced a document to show the great effect sea air has in increasing population, and quoted Virgil, Georg. III. 274,) the administration would have a well drilled army in command, of thirty-four thousand, exclusive of nearly double that number of expectant pike-keepers. He attempted also to show that the toll paid at so many offices, by such a number of foot-passengers as would be incident to this work, would alarmingly increase the amount of the copper coinage of the country, and that the bridge

might be sunk by the weight of cents received, as Midas, he remarked, was destroyed by the gold-converting power of his touch.

But it needs not that the reader remind us that it is time to leave this narrative. The discussion drew rapidly to a close. One of the speakers, after having held forth ten minutes of his third speech upon the subject, was interrupted by cries of "Question! question!"

The question was taken after the remark had been made by the President, that every one in the hall, whether a member of the society or not, was particularly requested to vote. It was decided in the negative: Ayes 3, Noes 4. And the excited debaters turned round to argue the whole interesting topic over again, in private, among themselves.

The question of adjournment was then put, and on the fourteenth ballot, their being a tie, Ayes 3, Noes 3, the President gave his casting vote in the affirmative, and the society adjourned. The Secretary called after the retreating members, to announce the names of the *performers* at the next meeting, but his voice rang through the empty hall, and in a few moments the flickering blaze of the smoking lamps and expiring fire threw their light upon no animated beings.

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#### THE POETRY OF NASALITY.\*

I GAZE with intense pleasure upon noses;  
I have a passion for those organs porous;  
Oft do I listen, when a city dozes,  
'To hear them snore in one ascending chorus,—  
Pealing like kingly Boreas, when he blows his  
Ponderous pipes, in gusty grandeur, o'er us;  
Or like the bolt-precipitating thunder,  
When it bids witless mortals "stand from under."

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\* I derive the word "Nasality" from "nasal," as "mortality" from "mortal."

I have a passion for, as I have said,  
 This mountain scenery of the human face;  
 And often, mid a city mob I'm led,  
 The strange variety of nose to trace, —  
 The long, — the short, — the livid, and the red  
 Are there, in grandeur, or atomic grace.  
 Yon maiden's — is the gem of her fair phiz;  
 And yonder Alderman's — *the most* of his.

I should deserve to have no nose at all,  
 Could I forget my unpretending *pug*;  
 Efficient for all purposes, though small,  
 Content through life, my pallid face to hug.  
 I swear, caressing innocent, by all  
 That's red and round, by all that's short and snug, —  
 I love thee more — thou little gristly thing,  
 Than woman's lips, all dewy as the Spring.

Witless vulgarity's malignant glance  
 Thy delicate dimensions may deride,  
 But thou contemporaries hast, whose chance  
 Of visibility's no cause for pride,  
 So small, that thereby, insignificance  
 Seems cartilaginously typified.  
 "Noses in theory," this class I call, —  
 If, on *true* principles, noses at all.

But pale or red, — atomic or concrete, —  
 Nasality hath poetry for me, —  
 Recipient of odors, — safe retreat  
 Of pulverized tobacco, — grand Rappee  
 And Maccaboy depository, — seat  
 Of lofty and serene expression, — thee  
 I sing, — when soared a Pegasus so high?  
 When sounded bard a nobler note than I?

ODORIFERO.

## A LONG STORY.

"Je sais bien que le lecteur n'a pas grand besoin de savoir tout cela, mais j'ai besoin moi de le lui dire."

*Rousseau's Confessions.*

## I.

"STAGE ready — all ready!" vociferated Jehu, with as much importance and self-complacency, as if he had been the driver of some hundred and fifty collar-wearing politicians, instead of four remnants of what might have once borne the name of horses. "Stage ready, gentlemen!" And up I got from the settee, where I had thrown myself with my cloak around me in the vain hope of a few moments' repose, while the horses were "changed;" and staggered half asleep into the coach. Yes, thank Heaven! it was a coach! Marvel not, gentle lector, that I am thus warm on the subject; for I had been dragged along for eighteen hours in a Jersey wagon! A Jersey wagon is a vehicle, which if you have once travelled in, you will never forget. It is a long cart with four wheels; the cart is placed flat on the axles, and for seats you have rough boards running from one side to the other. The machine is, therefore, so admirably contrived, that you cannot pass over the smallest stone without being painfully sensible of it.

In this delectable chariot, which I beg leave to recommend to all devout anchorites, who are desirous of mortifying the flesh, I had but one companion, an old revolutionary soldier, who was returning from New York, where he had been to get his pension. On this hint, I spake. I tried to convince the stage-agent of his ingratitude and inhumanity, in so putting to the rack an old man, debilitated not only by age, but also by the wounds he had received in defence of the liberties of his country. I pride myself upon my eloquence; and from the silence with which I was listened to, thought my point gained. When I had done, however, the fellow looked up very quietly, saying, "You may talk till you are gray, but I'll be d—d, if I put on a coach for you or any body else. So there is an end on't." So we were obliged to go on in the wagon, or not go at all.

The old soldier made me ashamed of myself; during

our whole journey in the peerless vehicle, not a murmur escaped his lips. Had you seen him, a tall, spare, gray-headed old man, as he sat erect with both hands clinched upon the board, which served us for a seat, for the purpose of steadying himself, you would no longer have wondered that a handful of such 'men dared to resist the gigantic power of Britain. It was patience personified.

He was in the battle of Bunker Hill, where he was so badly wounded by a bullet in the side of his face, that he was left insensible on the field. In this situation he would undoubtedly have died, had not his brother, thinking it would be some consolation to his father and mother to know by what kind of a wound he had fallen, returned after the battle was over, and sought him out among the dead. Fortunately he raised him up and discovered some faint signs of life. He was taken to the hospital; but the surgeons considering his case hopeless, he lay nearly sixteen hours, before his wound was dressed.

His wound caused his mouth to be drawn round to the opposite side of his face, and by this honorable peculiarity he is very generally known; so that when he goes to the city, the good old man is saluted by multitudes whom he does not know. "Ah!" said he to me, with tears in his eyes, after relating some instances of the flattering attentions which he always receives in the city, "my pension is trash; I never would have taken it, if I could have got along without it; but the kindness which all show for me repays me tenfold for all that I have suffered. I do not deserve it."

All this, however has nothing to do with the story, and you may skip it if you choose. But I must say it would be rather unfair in you to do so, as I went back a day and a half, merely for your sake, after I had got, at last, into a comfortable stage coach.

The next thing I recollect is being aroused the next morning by the driver's opening the door and saying, "We breakfast here, gentlemen." There were now three of us. When the third was added to our number I have never ascertained. He puzzled me extremely. He was apparently about forty-five. From the extreme simplicity of his dress, you would have supposed him some wealthy farmer; but there was a politeness in his manners, an intelligence in his countenance, beaming

from a clear black eye, that forbade the supposition. My perplexity was increased, when the honest Dutchman, mine host, addressed him by the title of Judge, and treated him with the most marked respect. I asked him, as soon as I could with decency, who it was. "Vy te tshuge to pe shure." And he said this with a stare and an opening of his eyes, which seemed to say, "not to know the Judge argues thyself unknown." So I questioned him no farther.

It is to be hoped that the reader, by this time, has some curiosity to know who the reminiscent (this is an admirable substitute for that offensive little pronoun I) is. Be it known, then, that he had just graduated, and was on his way to the beautiful valley of Wyoming, where he was to be a private tutor in the family of a gentleman, of whom he knew nothing, except that he was a man of wealth and respectability. If you are a poet, and were ever brought down, from some sunny world your imagination had created and peopled with creatures of its own, to the vile necessities that flesh is heir to, by the entrance of a snub-nosed bailiff,—but suppose you are not a poet, you have certainly been once in your life awakened from pleasant dreams by that old bell, which sounds through the misty, morning air, as if conscious that it is the minister plenipotentiary of the Faculty, and must therefore know how he felt at this time.

## II.

Of all the tasks, which are the sad inheritance of sinful man, the task of the common schoolmaster is the most vexatious and irksome. Just imagine yourself shut up from morning till night, in that square building on the village green close beside the church, which looks down upon it with a kind of patronizing air, with some sixty or seventy noise-loving children, whose inborn joyousness and mirth you must keep down by the fear of the ferule, and your own hair-pulling, ear-pinching fingers. Those respectable men, the Committee, commanded you to be stern; and if you do not wish to be deposed by these modern Ephori, you must terrify your merry little subjects into a becoming sobriety and length of visage. If any luckless little urchin should become oblivious of

your dread presence, and fall into mischief, or even smile, he must be sentenced and punished for high treason. I would almost as soon be one of Dante's demons, and stand with my fork to keep down those who are tortured in the boiling blood, as be thus compelled to smother the natural gayety of childhood!

But this is not all. While everything around you in the heavens and on the earth is changing, you must go through the same dull round, day after day. Wo to you if you are ambitious; others may advance, but you must go round in the same unvarying circle.

Then how delightful, when with body and mind completely exhausted you have at last escaped from the school-room for a quiet ramble, to be accosted by Mr. Crabtree, who has suffered wrongs from your scholars, which have "stirred a fever" in his aged blood; that is, they have thrown down, in their innocent gambols, some of the stone-wall in his lot next to the schoolhouse. You must ferret out the offenders, and, "albeit against your conscience and your soul," you must punish them, for public opinion demands it. Make me a public headsmen; but do not require me to repress childish mirth in this world of sombre faces!

Yet there are persons whose element is a school-room. Proud of their little brief authority, what to common mortals are sore vexations, are to them only so many occasions for exhibiting that authority. A Talleyrand would not exhibit more art and finesse in the government of an empire, than they do in the management of a school. Study may make a man an orator, birth may make him a ruler, and the most trifling accident may make him a conqueror; but nature alone can make a complete schoolmaster. Would to Heaven the race were more numerous!

### III.

The last chapter was written not to place before the reader evils which fell to the lot of the reminiscient; but it was written in a moment, when he was overflowing with gratitude for having escaped the sad vexations there detailed.

There is an old stone mansion on the banks of the fair



Susquehanna in Wyoming valley ; it stands on the declivity of a hillock, along the base of which, and a few rods from the house, there flows a small creek, apparently eager to lose itself in the smooth and gentle current of the river, in spite of the elms which overhang it and seem to woo it to stay. Back of the mansion may be seen various edifices which show the substantial, wealthy farmer. Here it was my good fortune to be domesticated for two years with "the Judge," to whom you have been already introduced. My pupils were two girls ; one about seventeen, and the other ten ; and a boy about fourteen. The mornings were spent among books ; and the afternoons, sometimes in rambling about on the mountains, and sometimes in rowing in the river. A susceptible young man cannot be placed in a more perilous situation, than that of instructor to a girl of seventeen. Reader, you may "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth ;" you may go with Ross to the North pole ; or you may attempt to explore the interior of Africa ; but do not, we intreat you, take upon yourself to explain the discoveries of philosophers, to study history, to read poetry with a young lady, who is the owner of a pair of sparkling, earnest, black eyes, unless she be your first cousin ; and even then you would not be perfectly safe, if you should both chance to be enthusiastic admirers of the poetic.

The Judge, at first, was a great mystery to me. It was a novelty to sit with him in the old porch, on a still summer evening, after he had been busily employed during the day about his farm, and hear him talk of the classics, and of historical and philosophical subjects, with all the clearness, accuracy, and earnestness of one who had made them the study of his life. When had he, who lived as a common farmer, acquired so much scholastic lore ?

His history, as I at last learned, was this. Now let it not be supposed, although we do not give his name, that we write from imagination. No ; that is a faculty, with which we are not blessed. He was a native of one of the New England states. His parents died while he was young, and he was left the heir of considerable property. As soon as he graduated, he came into possession of his estate ; and having no one to control him, he followed the

bent of his own eccentric disposition. Now he was at the head waters of the Missouri, sharing all the toils and perils of the hunters; and a few months afterwards he might be seen in the gay circles of the city. Again, he might be found in some snug Yankee village, guessing and arguing with the shrewd, cautious Northerners; and now discussing the qualities of his favorite horse, or dog, with the Southern planter.

But his peregrinations were brought to a close by something, which, believers in astrology as we are, we doubt not, has had more influence on human affairs, than all the stars together—a laughing blue eye. It happened thus. He had taken up his abode in Wyoming valley, attracted by its beauty, as well as its game. In one of his rambles, he chanced to get a sight of the beautiful and accomplished Mary Hume. She was the daughter of an Englishman of considerable wealth, who had emigrated to this country for political reasons. When we knew her, she was an elderly matron; but, from the traces of beauty still remaining, we *do* suppose that at eighteen she must have been a very dangerous personage.

The Judge, who at this time was very romantic, determined to woo and win her by his own personal attractions. She should love him for himself alone, or not at all. His plan was quickly formed, and put into execution as soon as it was formed. A classical school was much needed in a considerable village, which was but a short distance from the residence of Mr. Hume. He returned to the North, procured the requisite recommendations, and in a short time opened a school. He was careful that his dress and style of living should correspond to his new employment. As Mr. Hume was a gentleman of a cultivated and refined mind, and found but few, with whom he could associate with pleasure in the wilds of Wyoming, the Judge (we would give the true name if we could with propriety) was soon introduced to him and invited to his house.

From this time, scarcely a day passed that our pedagogue did not, after the duties of the day were over, pay a visit to Oak Creek; for that was the name Mr. Hume had given to his new abode. At first he used to find some excuse; such as taking a new publication which he had just received, and of the beauties or defects

of which he was anxious to hear Mr. Hume's opinion. Sometimes he wished to borrow something from the library at Oak Creek. But after a time he went without any ostensible purpose ; and people were in doubt whether he was most attracted by the father or daughter.

We will pass over the less important circumstances of the story, to come to the most interesting part, — the declaration. It happened one day, as our pedagogue was reading to Mary, who sat by him on the sofa, that they were left alone. The story he was reading was an affecting one, and they were both moved. What moment could be more auspicious? Had he been as bashful as a friend of ours, who never dares to look a lady in the face, he could not have done otherwise than he did. He fell on his knees and told his passion ; and her looks, and a slight pressure from the fair hand he held, told him better than words could, that she loved. Yes, she loved him, a nameless stranger, although he had never saved her from drowning, from wild beasts, or the tomahawk ! Now the reader may wonder at this ; but such is the fact. They were married, and the pedagogue resigned the furlough for the plough.

There are many, — very many, who pass through the world with a vast deal of noise and bustle, and whose names are continually on men's lips ; and yet there are but few, who exert so powerful an influence over those around them, as my friend "the Judge." He did not bear his title without reason. Among the substantial farmers, for many miles around, he was looked upon as a man of fearless and unyielding integrity. When any disputes arose among them, they were always willing to refer them to the Judge ; and his decisions were generally satisfactory to all concerned. If, however, any one thought himself wronged, he never dreamed of accusing the Judge of partiality. Often have I thought, as I have seen him, with his benevolent face, surrounded by some half dozen of his neighbors, either endeavoring to make peace among them, or giving advice, or explaining some agricultural improvement, that I would rather be such a man than the greatest statesman of them all. Yet, reader, you never heard of the Judge before ! So goes the world. You have travelled into a distant land, perchance, to see the volcano, which "bears destruction

abroad ;" but never bestowed a thought upon yon noiseless streamlet, which imparts freshness and fertility to your native valley.

It was amusing to hear him portray the different characters of his neighborhood, illustrating them by a thousand little anecdotes. He knew all their troubles and anxieties, not because he sought to know them, but because they always came to him for advice. He seemed never to forget anything that he had once heard or read ; and the only thing, for which I ever saw him out of patience with any one, was forgetfulness. One day, I heard him quote nearly a page from one of Cooper's first novels, which he had not read for eight years.

In his retired situation, he had watched with much curiosity the fortunes of those who began life with him ; and his anecdotes of the early life of some of these, who have since acted a conspicuous part in public affairs, were full of interest. But these I am not at liberty to lay before the reader.

#### IV.

I recollect a melancholy incident, which he related to me as having taken place during his college life ; and as it may serve as a warning to those who delight in practical jokes, it shall be given in full.

Now, for our own part, we heartily love mirth of all kinds, and especially a good joke ; but it must be one which shall titillate alike the diaphragm of the joker and the jokee. How can a true devotee of Momus knowingly make any one wretched ? We ourselves, from certain peculiarities which we honestly inherited from our grandfather, have been so often the subject of practical jokes, that we would take this opportunity to pour forth our private griefs, if we thought it would be of any use. But the story. — Go back with me to September, 17 — and look in upon the students assembled in the old chapel, for evening prayers. The Freshmen — look as Freshmen usually do. There sits the haughty Southerner quite at ease, the young cit felicitating himself on the superiority of his tailor, and various nondescripts from the back country, staring wildly about, with eyes and mouths wide open.

"But who is that slender youth at the farther end of the seat, with the large, high forehead and dark eyes? Strange! that one so young should have so melancholy a look."

That is Frank Howard; and it is not strange that he seems melancholy, for as he looks round upon his class, the bitter thought strikes him, that he is the only one there, who will not be watched over and prayed for, during his college life, by a father, a mother, a sister, or a brother. No, said he to himself, I have no relative in the wide world who cares for me; none to mourn my death.

And so it was, for aught he knew. At an early age he had been sent from England, and put into a boarding school near Boston. Two hundred pounds were annually sent to the teacher, under whose care he had been placed by a banker in London, with the assurance that this remittance would continue, until he should complete his twenty-second year.

All attempts to clear up the mystery of his birth had been futile, and, as might have been expected, his anxiety to know his parentage was the all-absorbing passion with him when he entered College. Here, however, a change came over him. Pride and indignation overcame nature. He seemed determined to think no more of those who were ashamed to acknowledge him. He would forget them; and his own exertions and his own talents should make the name of the outcast heard in the world.

Among his classmates his bearing was reserved and haughty. He took no part in their amusements, or in their difficulties with the Faculty, in which the youthful aspirants for popularity never fail to show how perfectly they will play the demagogue, when they get out into the world. There was not more than one of his fellows who fully appreciated his character,—and that was our friend "the Judge." He knew, that beneath that cold and haughty exterior, there was a heart with far more capacity for love and friendship, than nature gives to most mortals.

There were not wanting spirits mean and envious enough to throw out in his presence hints, too broad to be mistaken, about the obscurity of his birth; and Frank Howard thought, perhaps erroneously, that what in

another would be deemed common politeness, in him would be looked upon as the cringing sycophancy of one who feels himself inferior to his fellows.

There are always some in the world, who seem possessed of little else than an insect instinct, which incites them to annoy those above them. Unfortunately in Howard's class there was an individual of this character.

Philip Leman, from a boy, apparently took delight in nothing so much, as the misery of others. The first objects of his experiments were the cats and dogs about his father's house. As he became older, one of his favorite exploits was to collect together all the broken glass he could find, and strew it in places frequented by bare-footed boys.

In College he followed higher game; it was the mind, not the body, he there sought to hurt. Consequently he became more artful and insidious. His Sophomore year was one of unparalleled dismay and suffering among the poor Freshmen, with whom his name was quite as terrible as that of Bertram among the children of Chili.

If you had made a blunder at recitation, if you had said or done anything you would wish forgotten, Philip was sure to treasure it all up, and, like an evil spirit, to bring it forth, when it would most annoy you. And then the most provoking of it all was, to see him watch your writhings with a malicious grin. When the wound had partially healed, he was sure to probe it again. Satan himself, if we recollect rightly, felt some compunctions, when, on his infernal mission in Eden, he saw the pure joys of our first parents, and almost regretted that it was his fate to blast such happiness. But not so Philip;—when you were in your happiest mood, then was his time to pounce upon you, with his unlucky reminiscences.

In the early part of the Senior year, it was observed that Philip, all at once, became very assiduous in his attentions to Howard. Those who knew Leman augured ill of this strange intimacy. The Judge, the only one who would have acted the part of a real friend in such a case, was at this time absent from College. Leman had formed one of the most infamous, cold-blooded schemes, that was ever contrived by one student against

another; and he went as coolly and systematically to work to execute it, as did the "damned Iago" himself.

Not far from the school, in which Howard had been prepared for college, resided a Mr. Adams. This gentleman, having learned his outcast condition from his instructor, had frequently and with much kindness invited him to spend the vacations at his house.

Here he became acquainted with his daughter, a young lady, who, together with her father's benevolence, possessed a strong and independent mind, and much personal beauty. Whether it was that she pitied his situation, or that she saw him neglected by her companions; or because she saw through the veil of his reserve the noble traits of his character, we know not; but certain it is, that she talked much and read much with Frank Howard. However wayward and satirical (for at times she was both) she might be towards others, she was never so towards him.

It is not remarkable, then, that, in spite of his better judgment, he loved her, as none but those who feel themselves alone in this selfish world *can* love. Yet he saw the distance between the wealthy and accomplished heiress, and one who had been left almost like the Grecian infants—to perish in the wilderness. He regarded her as some "bright particular star," which he might secretly cherish, but never hope to reach. Nay, as the friendless wanderer, he was too proud to woo her; should the time ever come when the talents, which he felt stirring within him, had gained him a name among men, he would lay it at her feet and ask her hand;—but never till then.

Leman was an acquaintance of this young lady's; and his first step, after insinuating himself into the confidence of Howard, was to obtain, by what means we know not, a copy of Milton belonging to her, in which she had marked the most striking passages, and written on the blank spaces such thoughts as had occurred to her while reading. This, after having cautiously prepared him for it, he gave to Howard, with a forged note, saying, that she wished him to possess some memento of her; and she knew none more fitting than the work, whose beauties he had first taught her to feel.

The unsuspecting Howard, who knew little of the

ways of the world, and who had not yet written in "his tablets," what experience must teach, — "A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain," — easily credited what he so ardently desired. He wrote a note of acknowledgement, in which he suffered more of the secrets of his heart to escape than he was aware. This, which was given to Leman, was soon answered by another telling him to send his letters by post directed to E. R. For nearly six months this correspondence was carried on; and with so much skill did Leman perform his part of it, that the genuineness of his forgeries was never suspected.

He made a small opening in the wall of his room, which was next to that of his victim, and by that means watched the effect of his letters. The answers he read regularly to a few companions, every way worthy of himself, who enjoyed with a fiendish pleasure, what they considered one of the most capital of jokes. But they were not willing to let it stop here. Howard was now made to believe by the letters he next received, that Miss Adams was compelled by her father to receive the addresses of a man she despised, and that a secret marriage with him was the only means of rescuing her from misery.

Leman and his accomplices were so secure of their success, that they had persuaded an infamous character in the city, to personate Miss Adams, in a sham marriage; and had arranged every thing necessary to it. But they did not know the character of the person they were so cruelly deceiving. Mr. Adams's kindness had touched his heart, and he scorned to repay it with base treachery. He determined, without communicating his design to any one, to go to Mr. Adams and tell him frankly the mutual and strong attachment between himself and his daughter. This resolution was no sooner taken than he proceeded to execute it. A situation more humiliating to a mind, proud yet sensitive even to a fault, cannot be imagined than Howard's, when he discovered that he had been duped by a base villain. He had been disowned by his natural guardians, and thrown upon the world without a protector; yet he had borne it; and had he been overtaken by disease, or absolute want, he would have borne that too; but thus to be made the laughing-stock of his fellows was something that he could not bear up against.

He locked himself in his room, and brooded over his



situation, until his intellect became disordered. In this state, late one afternoon, during vacation, taking two pistols well loaded, he went to the village where Leman resided. He did not reach it, until it was quite late in the evening. He found Leman sitting with his parents and two sisters. A chord not yet unstrung seemed touched in the heart of the maniac. He gazed wildly for a few minutes at his intended victim, and then exclaiming, "No I will not kill him, — *he* has a father," rushed out of the room to become the tenant of a Madhouse.

A.

## A SONG.

SEE ! how the moonbeams shower,  
 Chasing the night ;  
 Bathing yon mouldering tower,  
 Silvery bright ;  
 Steal through the misty cave ;  
 Quiver where green woods rave ;  
 Dance on the sparkling wave,  
 Leaping in light.

Look ! Yon bright cloud that clings  
 Round her blue way,  
 Back, from her prow, she flings,  
 Wreathing like spray.  
 Swift, like a fairy bark, —  
 Dimming each glittering spark, —  
 Speeds she ; the shadows dark  
 Melt from her ray.

Hark ! List the flute's sweet notes  
 On the ear break,  
 Borne on soft breezes, float  
 O'er the still lake.  
 Bright is the heaven above ;  
 Music steals through the grove,  
 Breathing in tones of love,  
 " Wake, dearest, wake."

F.

## RETURN OF SPRING.

*Ἰδε πως αἶρος φανεύτος. — Anacreon.*

BEHOLD when first the spring doth peep,  
 Her charm the rose unfolds from sleep;  
 Oft then we see the angry ocean  
 By tranquil calm withheld from motion.  
 The eager ducks the water take,  
 The long-legged cranes their journeys make,  
 Old Titan slowly lights the earth,  
 The shady clouds are driven forth,  
 The vivid lightnings swift are sent,  
 The heavy earth with fruits is sprent.  
 Their fruit the olives bend to ground,  
 The wine of Bacchus now is crowned, —  
 Vanish the leaves along the branches,  
 The hanging fruit now quick advances.

V.

## THE IDLER, No. II.

Retrorsum

Vela dare atque iterare cursus  
 Olim relictos.

In a former number we plunged so suddenly *in medias res* as to have committed ourselves, without apology or justification, touching a passion (a monomania if you please) for practical physiognomy. Ill-timed as it may seem, to be galvanizing this long departed ognomy at a day when Animal Magnetism, the Clothes Philosophy, and a score of other hobbies demand all the sympathy and attention, which a charitable public can afford in the way of the sublime and marvellous, we shall persevere undauntedly in the course we have begun, and that for two powerful and potential reasons.

First, — in which we imitate the modest spirit of a new-born Review, which shall be nameless, — although

the *world* may think they have already a sufficiency of hobbies, *we* desire to have one for our own special riding : for what says the oracle ? " If there be one lesson more than another, which should pierce one's ear, it is, **THE WORLD IS NOTHING, THE MAN IS ALL ;**" and again " let a man not quit his belief that a pop-gun *is* a pop-gun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom." \* Better, therefore, a thousand Animal Magnetisms, Clothes Philosophies, &c. should perish, than that our rush-light should be hidden under a bushel. This, to us, smacks of sound philosophy and the true dignity of human nature.

Second, — every man being more or less of a physiognomist, and accustomed, whether he knows it or not, to practise the art every day of his life, we hold that so far from intruding, we are playing the part of a nurse to nature, by turning him back to the natural and indigenous ; ergo, that the crime *innovandi, patientiæque abutendi* lies not on us, but upon those pettifogging empirics, who are leading this " well but not wisely loving " world by the nose.

It is a matter of surprise to me that, whilst we are judging the inward nature, inclinations, &c. by the outward man, as we are most unquestionably in the habit of doing, and thus are daily yielding a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of physiognomy, we nevertheless ridicule it and neglect its cultivation. The truth is, perhaps, that it has been made ridiculous by the over-strained pretensions, which its advocates set up for it in the last century, and more, probably, by the rare qualifications required in its votaries ; for according to the most approved authorities on the subject, " no one whose person is not well-formed can become a good physiognomist, nor ought any one to enter the sanctuary of physiognomy, who has a debased mind, an ill-formed forehead, a blinking eye, a distorted mouth, or a pug nose." The whole secret of the matter amounts, in fact, to this, — the scarcity of human beauty is the reason why physiognomy is so much desired, and yet finds so many opponents.

Without compromising the cause of physiognomy, we must say that, although we make no pretension to being

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\* Vide *Φ. B. K.* Oration, by R. W. Emerson.

an Adonis, and in fact have satisfactory evidence of entire innocence of any such charges, we put great confidence in this art, and are not a little given to the practical exercise of its rules. It should be conceded, that too much reliance upon it in forming an estimate of character will often lead to the most disagreeable errors. All that can be claimed for it justly, amounts to this, — that it holds true better with reference to disposition than talents, and that it indicates with more certainty the original qualities of character than the feelings and propensities of the moment. Thus far, we think that physiognomy has fair claim to be deemed something more than a creation of fancy ; indeed, as an amusing as well as honest means of deciphering the characters of the unknown multitude with which we are daily thrown into casual and passing acquaintance. To prove how much we are influenced in our partiality or dislike to persons by the expression of the countenance, we need only appeal to the experience of our reader, and ask him if he has not often appreciated the sense, without extravagantly admiring the poetry of those lines in one of Richardson's novels,

“I do not like thee, Dr. Fell ;  
The reason why I cannot tell ;  
But this one thing I know full well,  
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.”

Fortunately, however, or unfortunately, as the case may be, these conjectures do not always prove true. The Abbe Winkelman would have seized upon a handsome man without hesitation, as being generous, talented, and all else that is desirable ; for he thought a handsome face worth more than a kingdom. In these modern days we fear the Abbe would have met with some severe disappointment. Whether from envy or not we are not bound to say, but we hold it as impossible that a man should be handsome and not a dandy, as the Turkish Cadi, (the heathenish old bear,) that there could be a lawsuit without a woman being at the bottom of it.

The history of physiognomy is interesting and curious ; not that we purpose regaling our readers with a long-winded treatise thereon, though we would fain lead them back, if skeptical, to those bright and palmy days when it formed the study and delight of philosophers

and princes, and so convince them that we waste our faith on no mere chimera of imagination. In point of antiquity it yields to no science but that of cookery. It seems to have been first cultivated in India and Egypt, and from thence to have been transplanted by Pythagoras into Greece. Here it was soon elevated to the rank of a fixed science, and was practised as a distinct profession, numbering among its ministers some of the first men of Greece. Aristotle has devoted a whole book of his *Physics* or *Ethics* (more probably the latter) to *Physiognomy*; not that narrow and superficial view of it which concerns only the human countenance, but a system which comprehends all creation, developing not only the language of the human face or even of the whole human body, but giving voice and character to all nature, animate and inanimate; a catholic philosophy which finds poetry and prose in the human phiz, and

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Such was the pristine character of physiognomy. Cicero was extravagant in his admiration of it, and not unfrequently availed himself of it in his professional labors.

"Eheu! quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu."

For a time physiognomy was lost in the universal darkness of mind, which followed the Gothic invasion. It was early rescued, however, by the monks and schoolmen, but, like all other knowledge, only to die a second death by their officious kindness and zeal.

These worthy individuals seem to have taken a rabid pride in the *reductio ad absurdum* of all the learning of the ancients. We have already observed the extravagant form and compass which Aristotle gave to physiognomy; but, as if determined not to be outdone, it was further united by Baptista Porta, Gaspar Schottus, Fludd, and others, with alchemy, astrology, and all the various species of theology which were current in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. As if "to gild refined gold and add another hue to the rainbow," it was admitted, with more propriety than was imagined perhaps, to the rank and title of an *occult* science. If Pythagoras, in the course of his transmigrations, chanced to meet in those

days with his jack-daw bantling, thus bedizened in peacock plumage, he might well have exclaimed, in the words of the German transcendentalist's apostrophe to his book, "God and I knew what thou wert when I wrote thee, but God alone knows now."

It was reserved for Lavater to strip it of this load of superstition and nonsense, and reestablish it on truer and more legitimate foundations. He rejected at once all alchemy, astrology, anatomy, and physiology, and confined himself to such data as his own observation and reflection furnished. We have not space, nor the reader perhaps, patience, to go over the details of his theory. Suffice it to say that Lavater was a man of too much enthusiasm and imagination to confine himself to the rigorous rules of philosophizing; often exaggerating his data, and oftener drawing from them the wildest and most illegitimate conclusions. The great objection to his theory is, that he dwells too much on individual physiognomy, and attributes the character of the face almost entirely to that of the mind, leaving out of consideration the various effects of accident, diet, climate, &c. This was a natural consequence of his disregard of physiological laws and principles. The influence which diet has upon the outer man is very great, a fact, by the bye, worthy of all attention in the science of cosmetics. To prove this, we need only refer the reader to the face of some dyspeptic friend. The Calmucs of Asia, the Hottentots and Caffres of Africa, and the natives of New Zealand and other South Sea Islands are notorious for their ugliness, which is mainly attributable, physiologists say, to their custom of eating raw flesh. The effect of climate on the human countenance and form is still greater, and so uniform in its operation, that national physiognomy, say what we may of that of individuals, admits of certain and permanent laws. This will be acknowledged by the warmest opponents of physiognomy in general, and it is much to be regretted that Lavater did not devote more attention to this particular branch of the subject.

These and various other errors and inconsistencies, which have been pointed out in his theory, show the necessity of receiving it with considerable discount. We would recommend the votaries of the science, therefore, not to pin their faith too credulously to Lavater's system.

But faulty as his writings may be in point of correct reasoning, they are worthy of attentive study for the elevating tendency which they have on the mind. If they do not put us in possession of any fixed views of the subject, or inspire us with any very substantial regard for the science, they are, at least, replete with a refined enthusiasm for the cause of philanthropy and morality, which affords a salutary amusement not without instruction.

We have insensibly been drawn into a rapid and imperfect sketch of the history of physiognomy. Conceding so much as we do, it may be asked what pretensions can be made for it. We reply that physiognomy is as yet in its infancy, and owes the backwardness and disrepute, into which it has fallen, to the overmuch zeal of its expounders. Confined within proper limits we believe that it is of equal if not greater credibility than craniology. The same objection has been fatal to both, that the indications of character, which they are supposed to afford, are uncertain and contradictory, because the same development of the brain or countenance may proceed from various and incompatible qualities of mind. This is not to be denied, though we think the objection applies more strongly to craniology than physiognomy. There is no doubt that there is a correspondence between the mind and face thus far—every important affection of the mind has its peculiar and appropriate disposition of countenance. It is fair to conclude that when any affection is frequent or constant, the countenance will assume a more or less fixed expression appropriate to that affection. Is this not fully exemplified in the vacant stare of idiocy or stupidity, the knit brow and compressed lip of fortitude, the smirk of hypocrisy, or the lean cheek and woe-begone eyebrow of love?

Reader, suffer me to draw thine arm within mine own, and to enjoy with thee what is fashionably termed “a loaf.” But, prithee, dispense with the club cane; it makes me nervous, for I am a victim to a *fashionable* boot-maker. The morning is fair and quite propitious to our purpose; for, as I have said, I read no gazettes; the features, the dress, the gait of the by-passers are to me so many signs of the times, and symbols of what is going on within. There, you say, is a youth who will shortly

take leave of his legs and arms. This grievous taxation of his locomotive faculties, no less than his impatient and distressed countenance, bespeak him clearly one of those unhappy beings who live in a hurry, and finally die of mere exhaustion. Judging from appearances he arose five minutes after his set hour this morning, and is now striving to make up for lost time. The person whom he has this moment jostled into the gutter has a noble massive brow and a gleaming eye; he has an absent look; but what an energetic nose and well defined mouth; observe also his habit of thrusting down his upper lip. He is clearly a man of strong mind and character, given to metaphysics, and (if my olfactories err not) cigars, but possessing a most rare wit and much good nature.

The next, you take to be a loafer of the first water; yet there is something about him that would say not. He has rather a frenzied eye and free and easy carriage; but his countenance has a *natural* and not unpleasing expression, well relieved by his incipient whiskers, and those Hyperion locks which depend in such graceful folds about his jaws; but, *Dii deæque*, what shall we make of the veteran hat and coat, the boot-straps unbuttoned, the slippers, and the general ragamuffin appearance of the man? That book explains the whole mystery. The negligè is hung out as the signboard of a college genius; the countenance and looks show plainly that he has been inoculated for the anonymous philosophy, which is prevailing so virulently in an elect coterie of young ladies and gentlemen; and the *tout ensemble* confesses that, as his mind assimilates itself to the true spirit of Nature, his outer man approximates a state of primeval simplicity. Of this philosophy we may say, by the way,

Quærit quod nequit invenire.

It pines for things that cannot be.

Here is a face of commanding expression. Mark the short and upward arching forehead, the horizontal eyebrow, the open, generous eye, and the manly firmness of the mouth and chin. He is, without doubt, a man of vigorous understanding, great stability, and moral courage, and more than all, a frank, generous, and tender soul. He is a good friend, and one that I would grapple



without hesitation. But here we have a fairer volume for perusal ; she is unknown to me ; yet if that youthful, but pale and pensive face, with its modestly beaming eyes and dimpled chin, does not portray a mind and heart where all sweet and womanly virtues and graces are lodged, write me down a predestinated Benedick. How becoming is that sombre dress, and with what ease and dignity she moves. These, Lavater would call indications of a pure and benevolent happiness of temperament.

But admitting that we may catch the general features of the character from those of the face, you may say that craniology affords, in its way, no less certain indications. We are utterly sinless of any knowledge of the anatomical or physiological laws of either craniology or physiognomy. But, forming our conclusions from mere outward observation, the latter seems to have two decided advantages over the former. First, — granting as we must that both are oftentimes contradictory and delusive in their indications, on account of the confusion of causes, — we think the developments of physiognomy much the least liable of the two to be mistaken ; for it is easier, unquestionably, to decipher the peculiar meaning of a certain expression of countenance, than to determine for instance, whether the organs of order and number are both very fully developed, or whether one of them may not be so overbearing as to have crowded the other out and usurped its domain. To this is to be added the greater ease and rapidity with which we may observe the expression of the countenance. Second, — there can be no question as to the superior capability of physiognomy for expressing the more transient emotions and affections of the mind. Craniology, as yet, makes no pretension to any such power. We do not say how much dependence may be placed in these momentary revelations of feeling ; that they are entitled to some credit is certain, although it would be as dangerous, perhaps, to put so much confidence in them, as to be guided in our likings or aversions to persons by their showings, as it would be trifling to believe with Lavater, that “the great variety observable in men’s faces, voices, and hand-writings furnishes a noble argument of the existence of a God.”

## THOUGHTS ON THE OCEAN.

## I.

THERE is a grandeur in the heaving sea,  
 A hidden power to which we fain would kneel,  
 Before its pride would bend a willing knee,  
 And with its bounding billows deeply feel  
 Mysterious union. They to us reveal  
 Unshackled freedom in their ceaseless roll ;  
 Thus shall the eternal mind with restless zeal  
 Bear not the bondage of an earth's control,  
 But like thy deep blue waves shall find no earthly goal.

## II.

There is a pleasure by the starlit bay,  
 Upon whose calm and placid breast appear  
 The twinkling planets, when each mirrored ray  
 Is fraught with beauty, as its native sphere  
 Had dropt its fairest gems, while on the ear  
 Will the light breeze with joyous carol sweep,  
 (The well-known symphony we love to hear,)  
 And mingle with the oar upon the deep,  
 While on the ripple's crest eve's varying shadows creep.

## III.

There is a pleasure by the surf-beat shore,  
 When the bright waves careering wild and free,  
 Dark, heedless, onward to the mingling roar  
 Of the loud elements, as joyously  
 They muster in their dark and boisterous glee.  
 When the lit \* foam comes dancing on the gale,  
 Before the storm the lonely bark must flee,  
 With the scared sea-bird, as she spreads her sail,  
 And 'mid its deepening wrath proclaims her piercing tale.

## IV.

Yes, there are moments when our senses thrill  
 With untold beauty — when we only breathe  
 But 'neath its chorus — which deep in us instil  
 Virtue from nature. As the light clouds wreath

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\* Lit, so called from its phosphoric illumination. The foam in a storm appears filled with myriad particles of light.

Themselves into the deep blue lake beneath,  
 And thus become a whole. The feelings bear  
 The hues of all around them — and bequeath,  
 In turn, their own — and yet *their* colors wear,  
 Until all human things have formed a mirror there.

## V.

Roll on, thou dark mysterious ocean, — type  
 Of the Invisible — thy trembling spray  
 Is but His rising incense — which doth wipe  
 Out from thy brow the impress of decay,  
 Transient as bubbles on thy ceaseless way.  
 When the strong column and the rockbuilt tower  
 Have sunk beneath its stern and mouldering sway ;  
 Thou laughest at its vain and baffled power,  
 Majestic and as young as in thine earliest hour.

## VI.

Thou art within thyself immutable ;  
 In vain upon thy trackless waste hath rolled  
 The car of ages — do thy records tell  
 Of the decay or change ? Thy heavenly mould  
 Is yet the same — we still in thee behold  
 The Invisible, and from thy blue depths gleam  
 Fresh symptoms of His presence, where unfold  
 Themselves His footsteps in each gorgeous scene,  
 Stamped in thy glassy caves with an unaltered mien.  
NUNQUAM.

## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

An invitation to supper.

Thou shalt sup, my Fabullus, most gaily with me,  
 In a very few days, if the gods favor thee ;  
 And thou bringest a supper that's plenteous and fine,  
 Not without the fair girl, or the rich-flavored wine ;  
 With a sprinkling of salt, and a seasoning of spice,  
 And everything laughable, everything nice.

If these, my dear fellow! I say, thou wilt bring,  
 Thou shalt sup with me here, and shalt sup like a king;  
 But remember thou bringest them all of thine own,  
 For thy friend's sack is filled up with cobwebs alone.  
 In return, with a love that is pure thou shalt meet,  
 Or what is more elegant, what is more sweet;  
 For I'll give thee an unguent, that lately was given  
 To my girl by the Loves and the Cupids of heaven,  
 From which when thou smellest the odor that blows,  
 Thou wilt beg of the gods that they make thee *all nose*!

BLONDEL.

## CÆCINNA PÆTUS.

"CÆCINNA PÆTUS. A man drowned in going to Egypt to collect money."

*Lempriere's Class. Dict.*

How fondly sought for is an earthly immortality! Almost every life shows instances in which acts of madness and of crime have been committed for the feeble hope of an undying name. The dusty folios of our libraries, the decaying marble monuments of our graveyards, the bon-mots of dying patriots, and the posthumous elucidations of politicians; the artful concealment, and the equally artful death-bed confession, are all turned to one object, to keep a name upon earth, where man can keep nothing else, and preserve the specious appearances of life, when that life and its objects are no more.

At this late day it is not necessary to enlarge upon the worthlessness of such attempts. It has long been the theme of poet, orator, and moralist, of heathen philosopher, Christian divine, and court jester. It is as true as it ever was and as much disregarded. But it is worthy of remark, how little we know of the private life, or indeed of any part of the life, of those even who are thought most distinguished in past times by their greatness or their littleness. Facts are so few that almost all is left to the imagination; and the imagination, discouraged, gives up the task in despair.

What do we know of the private life of Horace, for instance, who, of all ancient writers, has in his works given us more clues by which to elucidate it than any other. We are told by learned and indefatigable commentators that here he refers to one mistress, here to another, here sympathizes with a friend, and here reproaches an enemy. Yet what fancy, even the most active, will venture upon the task of putting together all these facts, with their proper connecting links, and giving us a full view of all the loves, jealousies, ambitions, quarrels, and mental struggles, which, more than any actions or series of actions, make up life, especially a poet's life? We may indeed say that in this year he was born, in this he went to live in such a villa, in this he made such a journey, and in this he probably died; but who would not much rather have a picture of one scene of his life, of one of his familiar home conversations, not a stately Ciceronian dialogue, than all this so meagre and unsatisfactory account?

Yet this account is all that the biography of ancient times is able to give us. Almost all that would interest us, out of our capacity as commentators and historians, is gone past recall. Catalogues of names and dates, of birthplaces and tombstones, have been collected with some show of accuracy; but they form as little the intelligible story of human life which we look for, as the bodies of their heroes, already mingled with the dust, did the spirit which animated and directed them. The casual allusion of contemporary writers has swelled the list of those names, which have come down to us from former times, *almost* to the size of a modern directory; but all we know of each is the one fact which caused his name to be mentioned, and the prudent man may often doubt whether such a person or such a fact ever actually existed.

"Cæcinna Pætus," says the Classical Dictionary, "was drowned on his way to Egypt to collect money." How unsatisfactory a biography of one who probably deserved note for a thousand things as well as his drowning.

The character of the remark would, at first sight, stamp him indelibly as a miser. Yet it is by no means fair to consider him so. Others than misers "collect money," and it is not fair to consider his death a judg-

ment for any such supposed disposition. Perhaps he was the editor of a Magazine, whose subscribers "paid in advance" according to the terms of his prospectus, but who had not as yet at all satisfied him for "the immense outlay necessary to such a work." It had become necessary for him to "look up" his friends in Egypt, who were great patrons of literature, and admirers of literary men, but who also probably despised money concerns.

We can imagine his attempt to make his voyage useful in a double sense, by laying in a stock for many a nautical tale, and "increasing his stock of metaphors" by this sample of sea-life, at the same time that he advanced the closing of his ledger; as a modern tale-writer might well make a short trip, in order to enable himself to season his otherwise insipid works, with the never-failing garnish of sea jargon. But how different his vessel from that to which a modern novelist turns his attention, and how different his nautical terms. "Ploughing the waves with the taffrail" might then have been perfectly canonical, since, like the vessel of the three wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl, the "*navis oneraria*," which the learned will have it he sailed in, (called in Greek *ὄλας*, whence our word *hulk*,) was perfectly round, and could go backwards like a crab, as well as ahead like Crockett. We may imagine the pleasure with which he took out his note-book to mark down the presages of the rising storm, the gusto with which he made himself master of a description of each lurch of the vessel and every creak of the rigging, and the anxious doubt with which he recorded upon his memory the dramatic effect of the scene, in which the *Navarchus* informed the trembling passengers, that there was no longer any hope. He took active note of the orders of the *Gubernator*, the sailing master of our day, and the exciting oaths, which were probably as necessary in that age as this, of the *Hortator*, *anglice* Boatswain, who was armed with a mallet, say the investigating, to compel the sailors to their duty. But all his pleasure must have been turned to trepidation, as he saw the *Cymbula* lowered down the side, (remember that all the knowledge we can have of ancient manners rests in a few "names of things," which have been preserved to us, and that by this name they called the ship's long boat,) and all his hopes launched in that one frail

"cockle shell," since indeed this term is so universal it must have been used even then. "If the bowl had been stronger, my tale had been longer." He was drowned. Probably the commercial record of the port of Alexandria announced it but a few days afterwards, and the world knew no more.

But we have made but one, and a very foolish conjecture, about this immortal man. It is more probable that he was used to the sea, perhaps destined to be a second Columbus, say rather a first Columbus, sinking him who is now Christopher, to the rank of a mere Amerigo Vespucci. Perhaps he was going to Egypt to "collect money" for the expedition which was to have ended with crowning him with immortal "laurels, not seaweed." Or other mighty projects may have gone to the grave with him, that is, not to imply that *he* enjoyed the rights of sepulture, to the *watery* grave. He may have been master of the secret of the compass, he may have had already developed in his mind the discovery of printing, which the Romans have been accused of stupidity in not taking directly from the stamps of their water-casks. Perhaps even during the contest of the winds, he was explaining his expectation, that he should come back in a ship on wheels, with a tea-kettle for the moving power.

"To collect money." Perhaps he was a patriot, and was seeking the means for some Bunker Hill monument of that day, which has been forgotten before him. This brings home to us ancient society, in a way in which we are not apt to consider it. They had, it seems, their duns and subscription papers, and were obliged to submit them, as men do now, to have kind friends tell them what they can afford to spend, and in what direction they had better lay out their money. We can almost see the paper of proposals, headed by a few formidable and influential Roman names, which Pætus was bearing to Egypt, destined to suffer this further plague. Perhaps he was a young man, who had managed by a course of dissipation, or of ill luck, to lose his supply of ready money, and who wished to raise among the capitalists of Egypt, by mortgaging his paternal estates, the means for further expenditure. If so his title deeds would not have been more surely lost, had he accomplished the end of his journey, than they were by his fatal shipwreck.

Perhaps, again, Egypt then, like America now, was a sort of place of refuge for any impoverished child of fortune, as we call those whom of all the world Fortune has most neglected and wronged ; a place to which any idler might go "to collect money," expecting either to find it in the streets, or to worm it by fair means or foul from the pockets of the people. So that our friend, after having tried in vain through all the cities of his own land to find the means of support, now took the last chance, an emigration to Egypt. What might have been his success we shall in vain try to discover. The attempt has many a parallel in our own day ; but whether he would have found a fate like those emigrants from more crowded lands, who fill our poor-houses and penitentiaries, or would have been the prototype of those who stand high among the "ancient and honorable" of our country, his sad fate forbids us to determine. The land of promise was denied to him, and he fell a victim to the means he had taken to make others his benefactors or his dupes.

Or perhaps, and after all this is the more probable, he intended to make his journey the indirect, not the immediate means of collecting money. He probably meant to take a tour through Egypt, examining its pyramids, its Nile, its mummies, and above all its "Society," and come home and write a book of travels. We are far too apt to suppose that all the cunning projects, all the happy devices, which we see about us, are the children of the present age. Far from it ; every indication shows us that among the ancients there was no lack of invention and of genius. And shall we suppose that to nations who had come to high advancement in the arts and in luxury, whose literature furnishes models in oratory, in poetry, and in history, had not yet discovered the preëminent and characteristic advantages to be derived from writing, reading, publishing, or even reviewing a "Journal of a Tour," or "Remarks upon Manners" ! Here we have his intention without doubt. "Going to Egypt to collect money" ! Is it not to the present day the first or last resource of every writer, to go abroad and write his travels ? And was it not as sure a road to wealth, as a North Carolina gold mine, for him, in that early age, when, though the advantages of the course were appreciated, the track was not so thoroughly explored and beaten as it has become of late ?



Such was his high undertaking, when it was checked by that fatal storm, that fatal wreck. Or are we sure there was a wreck? "*He* was drowned while," &c., but we hear of no ship destroyed, no other lives lost. Perhaps he jumped overboard in a fit of insanity, perhaps he was bathing, perhaps main booms were then as treacherous as they are still, and he was plunged from the quarter deck to eternity. Perhaps some stirring romance of real life ended with this catastrophe, and he was drowned in attempting to save a fair fellow passenger, whose life was dearer to him than his own or his journey. Or how do we know he left the vessel? The shores of the Mediterranean had probably furnished her with more than one butt of Cæcuban or Falernian, which might serve to drown in as well as Malmsey. "I'm weary of conjectures, *this* must end them." How do we know that he had ever reached the vessel, that he was not drowned in some treacherous fish-pond, before leaving the shores of Italy?

Such is immortality on earth, and such is history. The subject has somewhat changed its bearings, since philosophers and poets discussed it of old in Greek or Latin, classic prose or verse. For they might point at the crumbling and decay of marble and brass, and exclaim at the futility of handing down to all generations of men, even the few words of an epitaph. Now, such words as have been once committed to print and paper may be repeated and repeated, till men shall cease to live and to read. And although we are still as far as ever from that eternity of earthly remembrance and fame which men have so long sought, we have the power of transmitting such parts of their lives as words can explain to remote and almost uninterested ages. And though research and investigation may never settle one point farther, the world may always have it in their power to find of the subject of these pages that, whenever or however he lived, with whatever aim, or in whatever repute, he was "a man drowned as he was going to Egypt to collect money."

## MIDNIGHT DACTYLICS.

ANOTHER link of life's golden chain  
 Has slipt from our fingers away —  
 Whether its hours were of pleasure or pain,  
 Devoted to duty or wasted in vain,  
 There is lost, and forever, a day.

The gold we have scattered is still in our power,  
 To-morrow its place may refill ;  
 Honors neglected, some future hour,  
 May place on our temples still —  
 Repentance may lead the wanderer back  
 From the paths of evil to virtue's track,  
 And bid him no more depart —  
 Time may rekindle a friendship cold,  
 May make a hope that is dying bold,  
 Or strengthen the wounded heart.

But the day that has ended returns no more,  
 Its deeds are recorded on high —  
 It has joined the crowd that have left us before,  
 Whose moments no magic can ever restore,  
 For whose joys it is useless to sigh.

March 5, 1838.

## EDITOR'S SOLILOQUY.

ANOTHER page ! Come, prose or verse,  
 And some astounding tale rehearse,  
 With which this little gap to fix,  
 And make the last of Number Six !

Three sonnets with their measured pace,  
 Would just suffice to fill the space, —  
 But for three sonnets, it appears,  
 The bard requireth three ideas,  
 Which must be (you know Book and Section)  
 Got from " sensation or reflection ;"  
 But, I confess, of all the three,  
 One were a novelty for me.

Sonnets are hopeless, then ; perhaps  
 A *dream* might serve to fill the lapse, —  
 For dreams are short and made of stuff,  
 So brittle, that when you've enough,  
 You break them off, where'er you are,  
 By dropping book or lit cigar,  
 That furnish you catastrophes,  
 Which you may work up at your ease.  
 In fact, if you elude suspicion  
 About the dreamer's true condition,  
 It makes a very clever story,  
 Although the plan is somewhat hoary.  
 But then, — alas ! that hope is past, —  
 A dream was used to end our last.

An ode to Spring, I surely might,  
 With very little "fash," indite,  
 With all the verdant trees and bushes,  
 And joyful herds and singing thrushes,  
 And mossy banks with streams between,  
 And balmy air and skies serene,  
 Arranged anew for '38,  
 To this month quite appropriate ;  
 But that, though "spring-time" may be "coming,"  
 The falling snows and frosts benumbing  
 Bid us through all our shivering frames,  
 Call seasons by their proper names.

Well, must I then commence, at once,  
 An Epic poem for the nonce ?  
 Or since a narrow space I'm pinned in,  
 A parody on Hohenlinden ? —  
 Could I more easily disburse,  
 Some "Lines to Friendship," in blank verse ?  
 "Advice to young unmarried women,"  
 Perhaps might also be beseeing,  
 Or "Thoughts on Duelling," in fact,  
 With various doubts my head is racked.

Meanwhile my eyes are closing fast,  
 My pen would hint it writes its last,  
 And wayward fancy points to bed,  
 To which assents my nodding head ;  
 The labors of the evening close  
 My faculties to soft repose.

Four analyses I've written,  
*Currente calamo* — one sitting —  
 Not merely copying heads of sections,  
 But really "middling good" selections  
 Of arguments and illustrations,  
 Enough to drive Job out of patience.

Now, sleep I must, some strength to borrow,  
 To write my article — to-morrow.  
 (*Takes a candle and retires.*)

# HARVARDIANA.

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## AN EPISTLE TO MADEMOISELLE SPINSTER C—:

In which is exhibited the wonderful power of wedding cake to influence dreams.

“Some such resemblances methinks I find  
Of our last evening’s talk in this my dream.”  
*Par. Lost. B. V.*

THE fleecy clouds from my cigar are rolling  
With lazy fondness round my head, controlling,  
With their assuaging odor, those curst evils,  
That oft dance in my brain, yclept “blue devils;”  
And now I’ve fallen into that *dreamy* state,  
When one loves nothing better than to prate  
A labyrinth of nonsense. Byron, you know,  
(I hardly think it true, folks slander so!)  
Did scribble verse more glib, could he but quaff  
A comfortable glass of “half and half,”  
Well, so can I, (Lord wot, THEN bad enough,)  
When I have steeped my olfacts with a puff.  
So feeling thus, and fit for nothing better,  
I’ll just e’en screw my dream into a letter.  
Mayhap thou’lt wonder why I scrawl in rhyme:  
’T is not as Pope swore *he* did — to save time;  
But simply this — that silly things sound worse,  
A hundred fold, in stiff prose than in verse.  
The prattle of a clown, sans his gewgaws  
And fool’s cap on, would draw but small applause.

## I.

I dreamed a dream ; — that 's not so very odd,  
 Since I have dreamed one every night or so,  
 And each one else, from Joseph, — "man of God,"  
 Down to dame Gleason, protégée, I trow,  
 Of Satan — (the noctambulistic squad,  
*Tout entier*, I reckon, much do know,  
 Too much by far, of that cleft-footed fellow ;  
 So lynx-eyed scandal says — but who can tell though ?)

## II.

*This* dream, however, an't be for nothing more,  
 Is notable for this — that it was charmed  
 By *wedding cake* ; its envelope with four  
 Fair ladies names inscribed. — I thought me armed  
 Too much in matter o' fact, to care a straw  
 For "strange devices ;" *now* I'm quite alarmed,  
 Lest my proud infidelity should yield ;  
 Such wondrous power that plum cake charm revealed !

## III.

Methought that I was sauntering in a grove  
 Of Eden loveliness. — There perfumes fell,  
 (Too dense to *float* upon the air, that strove  
 To bear the burden up,) from trees that well  
 Commingled there their spicy breath, and wove  
 Fondly their limbs in each. While you could tell,  
 Among the varied foliage, fruits that hung,  
 As if they longed to melt upon the tongue !

## IV.

Sweet music too was there. With wings ne'er still  
 A thousand bright-dyed birds glanced 'mid the trees,  
 And ceaseless sang, save when they plunged their bill  
 In some rich nectared fruit. And there were bees  
 That lazily hummed by ; a welling rill  
 Flashed out anon — such as I ween would please  
 A chase-tired wood-nymph for a lullaby,  
 Reposing on the meek flowers growing nigh.

## V.

The scene was sweet. — "Yet all availed me nought,"  
 As Haman said ; — I mean I scarcely scanned  
 One half its charms. For to my arm, methought,  
 Confiding clung — a maiden ! Ne'er has wand

Of fairy o'er the "magic mirror" brought  
 Semblance so bright from out the spirit-land!  
 On her, entranced, with raptured eyes I gloated,  
 To that bright vision every sense devoted!

## VI.

I can't describe a being all so fair,  
 Save that her eyes were large and bright and blue,  
 And archly peeped from out their pretty lair,  
 Half hidden by the long curved lash, that threw  
 A twilight shade o'er them. Her golden hair  
 In careless grace the sportive breeze did woo  
 Back from her pure young brow, adown her neck,  
 And its bright curls the sun with sheen did deck.

## VII.

Her lips — ah me, I cannot portray those!  
 Nor how they casketed rich pearls within!  
 For, spite of their sweet words, I longed to close  
 Those same lips up! \* now sure it were no sin,  
 And yet I blush to think *how* I'd have chose  
 To do it! — *You* ken how it would have been. —  
 'T were easier far the *form* of that fair creature  
 To picture, than the *soul* in every feature!

## VIII.

And there we slowly paced. — But what we said,  
 Mayhap I don't remember — mayhap too,  
 If I *did* know, a little I should dread  
 To tell — and least of all, dear S., to *you*.  
 I know it pleased me, and still in my head  
 That gentle voice now rings, that voice which drew  
 By its soft tones my ear and eye away  
 From sounds and scenes, that bright spot did display.

## IX.

And as we thriddled through that shady wood,  
 Sudden methought a temple met our sight.  
 Now do not quake lest, merciless, I should  
 Compute its size, materials, and height.

\* " ————— forse  
 Perchè mel via piu dolce hai nelle labbra."  
*Aminta*, A. 2, Sc. 1.

It reached as far, and just as high it stood,  
 Was formed of gold and silver just as bright,  
 And gems as rich and marbles just as various  
 As *scores* described in *romans* \* multifarious.

## X.

We enter in ; and there me-seemed to view,  
 Hung round a spacious hall of polished stone, a  
 Legion of *mated wings* of diverse hue  
 And texture. Then I asked the cicerone,  
 (A kind of janitor I "picked up," who  
 Was old, white-haired, of parchment skin and bony,)  
 I asked him, being quite astounded, why  
 The hall was decked with such odd tapestry.

## XI.

He hemmed and cleared his throat, and then begun  
 In some strange (I guess Hebrew) tongue to tell  
 His private history ; where born, and whose son !  
 But I, who knew how long old folks will dwell  
 On fond remembrance, begged he would pass on  
 Unto the "point in hand." His lean jaw fell,  
 I thought somewhat, at my cool "cut direct"  
 On his long tale ; then, (if I recollect,

## XII.

Aright his speech,) in few words thus he spake :  
 "This temple Auleathenasia's named.  
 For why ? — These pinions fixed in mortal make  
 The same immortal ; — deities so famed  
 In ancient annals ; pigmy fays, that break  
 The 'stilly night' with glee, and saints who've tamed  
 Or *cloaked* (synonymous) nature's rascality  
 By these alone are dubbed with immortality."

## XIII.

I heard no more ; — but plucked with eager haste  
 A pretty pair that temptingly hung near ;  
 A pair I wot that would not have disgraced  
 The virgin Dian's polished form to wear,

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\* Romance, stories, legends, &c., do not express *just* what I wish — so I adopt the French term ; which is exclusively applied to works on demonism, witchcraft, &c.

And, madly loving, turned and would have placed  
 Them on the shoulders of *that maiden* fair,  
 Who so ethereal seemed, in my rapt view,  
 As scarce to need them to bid earth adieu !

## XIV.

At once they were struck rudely from my hold.  
 Another stood before me ; not the same,  
 Great God ! the same bland girl that seemed so cold  
 In former days, — so glaced to true Love's flame !  
 The quivering lip, the flashing dark eye told —  
 The blanched cheek — the struggling breath, that came  
 Quick panting from her bosom, o'er which fell  
 The deep brown hair — how fierce blazed Passion's hell !

## XV.

"What, wretch, thus fickle can'st thou thus forget  
 One whom thou 'st sworn so oft was loved most dear !  
 See here thy perjured letters, scarce dried yet ;  
 And scores of sonnets brimmed with love, see here !"  
 In scorn she dashed them down ; then — then she set  
 Full wide the floodgates of her ire ; — my ear  
 Ached with the shrillness of that tongue, that grew  
 Shriller and louder ; — as 't is wont to do

## XVI.

In women, when they scold and can't provoke  
 Retort in kind from their stunned auditor.  
 Oh, that "forzando" strain — startled — I woke,  
 Ah, cursed Grimalkins ! 'T were enough to draw  
 An oath from Job, to have his slumber broke  
 By such "hell-let-loose" music ! So *I* swore,  
 And hunting up some old boots and junk bottles,  
 Soon hushed their amorous, caterwauling throttles.

## XVII.

So ends my dream. Now, prithee, don't desire  
 The *meaning* of all this ; for poets *write*  
 Just what their heavenly muse may please inspire,  
 And I *dream* as the "poppied god" of night  
 And visions dictates. Of course one can't require  
 Their sins and errors at our hands. But might  
 I dream just such as I have often done  
 In *day* dreams — Lord ! — I'd coin *so* nice a one !



## XVIII.

Indeed, it *was* absurd to dream of wings,  
 As if they could help us to cleave the air!  
 When they 've been proved such very useless things  
 For e'en *angelic* shoulder blades to wear,  
 On mathematical, sound reasonings  
 By some great aerologist, *somewhere*!  
 How many too have broke their necks while trying  
 This " *artem difficillimam* " of flying!

## XIX.

Absurd, — to deem that wedding cake alone  
 Did turn my thoughts upon that " *ladie faire* ; " —  
 Haply *without* it fancy might have flown  
 Somewhere that way ; — Indeed I cannot swear  
 I've not, ere this, dreamed of her ! — Why not own  
 That 't was absurder far, for me to dare  
 To dream at all ; so many have dreamed better —  
 At least (like Dudu) " *dream'out* " — in a letter !  
IL CRUCIATO.

## THE STATE OF THE TIMES.

WE are told, that during the civil wars with which England was convulsed in the 17th century, the students of the Universities were constantly and anxiously employed in perfecting themselves in the art of disputation and the adroit management of controversies. The foundations of prevalent opinions were carefully examined ; traditional grounds of belief no longer afforded a secure footing in the stormy sea of passion, on whose billows the votary of ambition, the high-souled patriot and Christian, were preparing to launch their barks. To this unchecked license of inquiry, however, and the universal excitement of the times, with the consequent collision of deep and powerful minds, we owe much of that

which is now regarded as the most valuable portion of English Literature. Then rose that

mighty orb of song,  
The divine Milton;

and with him appeared Sidney, and Harrington, and many others, feebler, but still glorious stars, in that bright galaxy of genius. These entered the lists as champions of Freedom; while the doctrines of passive and unlimited obedience to rulers found an able advocate in the Philosopher of Malmesbury. "The press sweat with controversy; and every young churchman militant would try his arms in thundering on Hobbes's steel cap."

We are far from intending to institute an exact comparison between the present times and those to which we have now alluded. The weapons of argument, of moral rather than physical strength, must and will decide the controversies of our day. But that the state of the times is one of deep and pervading excitement, of bold and energetic action on moral and political subjects, cannot be doubted. And therefore it is, that those who enjoy the advantages of a liberal education should be alive to the responsibilities they impose, and not enter upon the great stage of life with no adequate preparation. It concerns them, as well as the students of the seventeenth century, to know the nature of the ocean upon which they are soon to venture, and to provide themselves with all needful equipment to encounter its storms and dangers. Timorous minds may avoid the peril by a base dereliction of duty; but every generous spirit, forsaking low and selfish pursuits, will first endeavor to ground its convictions upon the immovable basis of reason, and then fearlessly breast the storm without. Leaving to older and wiser heads the task of instruction, our object in the present article is merely to give a sketch of the prominent movements of the times in literature, morals, and philosophy.

Three or four centuries ago, the condition of the literary world was precisely the reverse of its present situation. Men of letters were then a small class, and enjoyed an almost unlimited authority in their several departments. They were the master spirits of their age;

for it was only by the display of great powers, that the notice of a prince, or bishop, or nobleman, could be attracted, and scholars obtain that protection, without which, in those unsettled times, they could not devote themselves to study and composition. Upon their patron they lavished fulsome panegyrics; but this bitter cup having been drained, they wrote on all other subjects in entire freedom; obeying the spontaneous impulses of their own breasts; and committing their works with assured superiority to the small circle of readers which a whole nation could then furnish. But the gradual diffusion of knowledge, and consequent increase of the reading public, have induced writers to leave the shelter of the palace and cloister, and to take their stand in the market. That this is a great step in advance of their former position, few will deny. They are thus brought into contact with the mass of men, and are compelled to identify themselves, in a great degree, with the people. But their situation is not without its evils. After their entrance into the precincts of trade, they have, as a necessary result, become obedient to the laws of trade. Instead of ruling the reading public, they are themselves subject to it. The criterion of success is no longer the satisfaction of their own minds, but the extent of their popularity, the sale of their works. Hence they have been anxious to write what would be acceptable to the great body of readers, and not what would please the most cultivated and intelligent. As a natural consequence, literature has gained in clearness and polish of style, while it has lost in profundity and significance. This state of things, however, brings with it its own remedy. By becoming more accessible to the people generally, literature has diffused knowledge and good taste; and these are always followed by a desire for still farther advances. Thus, by degrees, a sufficiently large number of readers have risen above the level of most writers of the day, and demand the thoughts of those who are willing to retire once more into the depths of their own souls and draw from thence fresh and living waters.

There are good reasons to think that this desirable revolution in the literary world is now actually going on; and its progress must be accelerated by the present agitation of the public mind. The novels, tales, *et id genus*

*omne*, will receive a deadly wound in that for which alone they are valuable—in the revenue they furnish the manufacturers. For they will become nauseous and intolerable, when once readers are fairly aroused to the discussion of great principles. In fact we have seen it stated, that the sale of works of fiction in England had already diminished to an extent very alarming to their authors and booksellers; and we are confident, the same result will soon manifest itself in our community. Realities are now assuming a romantic aspect; and if novelists hope to maintain the standing they have long held, they must depend more upon the common interest in what is true to humanity, than upon the diseased appetite for puerile and semi-barbarous excitement. During the past century, literature has exhibited the most amorphous, disjointed aspect. It has had no other bond of connexion than its superficiality and readiness to pander to every epidemic, which has from time to time afflicted the general taste. In this respect, also, a favorable change may reasonably be looked for from the character of the times. The leading ideas of our age are too prominent, and enter into too many questions of universal interest and importance, not to attract and occupy the minds even of those who, through indolence or sensitiveness, usually avoid exciting topics. Every age, indeed, has its great principles; but in ours, these lead to so momentous results, and reappear in so many and such various forms, that the literature of the day must assume a consistency and distinctness of character which it has long wanted. It will not display an insipid sameness; but the great ideas, which, in all periods of progress, are struggling in the minds of numerous thinkers, will receive a prominent development and become its distinguishing features.

The political and moral aspect of the times is marked with features of peculiar interest. To some minds it is portentous of evil. To others, it suggests high and cheering anticipations of social advancement. Without taking part with either of these opposite opinions, we shall merely state the reasons why this may be called an age of excitement and agitation. The number and vast importance of the movements in behalf of social and political amelioration are perhaps sufficient to convince the

most skeptical on this point. But the evidence we have in view is of a different character.

In the first place, then, it is plain that there can be no better proof of an excited state of mind, either in individuals or nations, than their readiness to perceive, in all the events that occur, and in the opinions declared among them, a close connexion with what is uppermost in their own hearts. A melancholy and contemplative man finds

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

In our day, men go to hear the harangue of a politician, or any discourse on political affairs, and find in the most trivial and, at other times, unimportant remarks, a reference to great principles with which their own minds are full. Perhaps the speaker himself is as innocent of any such reference, as the stones are of preaching sermons to a musing pedestrian. But hundreds of his audience at once give his words the application and meaning, which suit their excited minds, and he is immediately approved by many as one disposed to withstand the rash and revolutionary movements of the time, and condemned by those of opposite views for want of sympathy with the great cause of humanity, or despised for lack of insight into the ultimate good which must result from present commotion. A divine can hardly offer up prayers in his pulpit, that the bonds of the oppressor may be broken and the oppressed go free, without one half of his congregation calling him to account for advocating the abolition of slavery, and the other half congratulating him upon his adoption of the cause of immediate emancipation, and offering to make him a life member of the Anti-slavery Society. Let a lecturer in a Lyceum allude, with any appearance of sympathy and affection, to the pomp and circumstance of war, and many will at once discover him to be a dangerous enemy to the Peace Society, and better suited to a past condition of humanity than the present. All these things, we say, are tokens of an excited state of public opinion and feeling.

Another evidence of the general agitation of the popular mind is the interest which abstract truths and universal principles inspire. When the state of society is tranquil, and things go on in regular routine, men are concerned only about particulars. A measure affecting

their individual interests, the passage of a bill laying a tax upon this or that description of property, or interfering with some local privilege, may then arouse them to temporary action. But when their passions are all excited, and their minds are filled with indistinct anticipations of great and radical changes in forms of government, or of the success of some vast philanthropic movement, then details and particular facts lose all their charm. The empire of ideas and principles begins; and the most abstract theories are those most eagerly and universally discussed. Every one may readily convince himself, that this is the general procedure of men in times of excitement, by reading the history of any great revolution, provided it be a revolution brought about by the people, and not a mere change in the rulers.

It is not difficult to discover these features in the character of the present age. All the prominent movements of society display them on the very surface. The worth of the individual, the inalienable rights of men, their natural equality, the dignity of labor, and other equally abstract and general principles, are now common topics of controversy. No narrow and local measures, no bargains with expediency and waiving of broad and abstract views for the sake of partial success, will suit our reformers. They have no indulgence or sympathy for long cherished abuses, and show no quarter to men's prejudices or passions.

This prevalence of abstract principles, and the frequency with which new views of government and of social reform are advocated in the community, are to many persons sources of great disquietude and apprehension. To others they furnish evidence that society is prepared for something different from, if not better than, its present condition. Men never build themselves new houses unless they desire to leave their old ones. And when we find a whole community, or a great part of it, eagerly propounding, advocating, opposing and arguing about, in all manner of ways, new theories of government and of society, there is good ground for believing that such a community is urged by an instinctive conviction, that all is not right with them at present, and that it is best to leave their old habitations, or at least to repair them. Nations cannot, any more than individuals, live un-

housed. They must have their social contracts, their religious and political systems. Nor is it always a subject for regret and fear, that new and apparently visionary theories of social reform are from time to time divulged in a community. Such things must at least be expected as long as there remains a principle of progress in man. The social and political system of one age can never answer the demands of the succeeding age. It cannot even maintain its original purity and usefulness. Therefore we may say with Lord Bacon, *cum per se res mutantur in deterius, si consilio in melius non mutantur, quis finis erit mali?* Frequently, men, who appear to their contemporaries fanatical reformers, are in reality the best benefactors of their race. Standing in the beams of the rising sun on the mountain summit, they beckon to the toiling myriads behind, and encourage them to struggle up the steep ascent.

There is little doubt, that the general course and issue of a moral or political revolution may be predicted, with almost infallible certainty, from a knowledge of the philosophical system prevalent at the time. The gross sensualism of the French school of Metaphysicians, when once adopted by the national mind as the only ground of faith and action, could not fail to produce its legitimate results in the scenes of the Revolution. If this school, therefore, be, as it has itself asserted, a direct offspring of the system predominant in England about fifty years since, we have good cause for thankfulness that the system referred to is now, in a great measure, supplanted by a more spiritual philosophy. For the leaders in most revolutions are, as has already been said, theorists; and the nature of the influence they exert will always be decided by their philosophical views. But we have not only accepted the improvements of the Scotch school on the system of Locke; there is at present a tendency to go still farther, and adopt the recent developments of the French and German writers. Transcendentalism, which seems now to be a cant phrase for everything not essentially English in its philosophical character, has already made considerable progress amongst us, and bids fair to be completely domesticated before long. Without arrogantly deciding whether its advocates or its opponents are most in the right, we shall only advert to its introduction in this

country, as an evidence of the favorable position which the American scholar enjoys in relation to the several literatures of Europe. The treasures of English literature are ours, by right of a common origin and language. This circumstance will always preserve to us the advantage of the practical good sense, which is the chief distinction of our parent country. At the same time, our distance, and the radical difference in our political and social systems, must and ought to shield us from servile subjection to the English mind. Instead, therefore, of a timorous adherence to the emanation of some one national character, our authors should learn to separate whatever is peculiar to situation and circumstances, and which, consequently, ought not to be imitated in the midst of different associations, from that which is founded on the common principles of our nature, and may, therefore, be adopted without sacrificing their own originality, or entailing upon their successors the chains of literary bondage to any nation whatever. By comparing the developments of the English mind, with those of France, Germany, and Italy, in all the departments of literature, and particularly in philosophy, they will as it were, collect the scattered fragments of humanity into a grand and harmonious whole.

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O WOULD I WERE NOT FAIR.

Verses in answer to the old English ballad, "O would that I were fair."

*(A lady supposed to be trying to look ill-natured at a pretty face in the mirror.)*

ALAS ! alas ! it must be true,  
I hear it everywhere,  
And thou, my mirror, says't it too ;  
Alas that I am fair !



## O WOULD I WERE NOT FAIR.

My figure's Grecian — full my eye,  
 And glossy my dark hair,  
 My limbs the sculptor would defy —  
 Indeed, indeed, I 'm fair.

Others I often hear regret,  
 My charms they did not wear,  
 And they do call me happy ; — yet  
 I would I were *not* fair.

Wretched as he who sat below  
 The sword hung by a hair,  
 Is she whom scandal watches so,  
 And all because she 's fair.

I 've broken scores of hearts, they say,  
 And flirted here and there ;  
 Millers from flames should keep away,  
 And dolts from her who 's fair.

The men do quizz me ; and I hear  
 Them, *sotto voce*, swear,  
 (As though *not* meant to reach *my* ear,  
 Yet is,) — “ she 's deuced fair ! ”

The envious ladies always try,  
 In person or attire,  
 To find some peccadillo ; — why,  
 O why was I born fair !

Love billets pour in every day,  
 For this I should not care,  
 If gallants would the *postage* pay !  
 All these for being fair.

But when age robs me of my grace,  
 Dims sheen of eye and hair,  
 Say, when I view my withered face,  
 Mirror, would I be fair ?

IL CRUCIATO.

## THE BEDLAM.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in it."

*Hamlet.*

HERE we are at last, in a dark, narrow, filthy, passage. Look through that grated opening ! No wonder you start back with horror and amazement ! Yet that foul, emaciated object — with scarcely a rag to cover it — whose beard falls knotted upon its breast, and whose nails look like claws, is, or *was* your fellow. For more than twenty years he has been confined in that pestilent cell, with no other furniture than the heap of straw you saw in one corner ! During that time, no one has dared to enter his dungeon ; — no human being has tried the effect of kindness and gentle treatment on the outcast and almost forgotten maniac. If, perchance, any one hears his horrible, blasphemous ravings, he says to himself, " man can do nothing for him ; " and passes on.

This is no fiction, — no exaggeration, as a reference to the facts, elicited by recent investigations with regard to the subject of insanity, will show. Many are the instances, in which insane persons have lingered out a loathsome existence of twenty or thirty years in our common jails, treated like the vilest felons. But it is not so at the present time, — thanks to a more enlightened philanthropy ! The harmless madman no longer wanders in filthy rags from village to village, hooted at by thoughtless boys ; nor is the furious one any longer confined in a cold, damp, vault, where the cheerful light of Heaven and nature's other restoring influences never reach him. Now the state provides him a home, where he is regarded as a human being ; and where moral means are used for his recovery, and in most cases, with the happiest results.

'Tis sad to look upon a mind in ruins, — 't is fearful to grasp the hand of one, who urged on by an impulse, as irresistible as the lightning, has taken the life of her whom he promised to cherish, through good and ill, forever, — or of the children, whom he loved more than his own soul ! But to feel that the germs of that are within us, which may drive us on to the commission of similar deeds ! — Oh, 'tis maddening ; it sears the brain !

\* \* \* \* \*

It is my lot to be connected with a large Institution for the insane ; the world I live in is not the every-day, dusty world ; but a kind of fairy land. Around me are kings, queens, princes, prophets ; men inspired by Heaven, and men inspired by the devil ; or at any rate, by persons who *think* they bear all these characters ; and the great bard tells us, that " nothing is good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so." Go with me then, reader, through the Bedlam, and you shall listen to words, in which " matter and impertinency " are strangely mixed ; and you shall see how strange an instrument is the human soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

See that old lady there by the door of her cell ! She is striving, with her dim and almost sightless eyes, to catch the meaning of a well worn page. Well, my good mother, what book have you there ? " O Sir, it is the Bible, a book which *used* to be thought something of in the world ; but they have laid it up now, and take the papers. The devil has got to quoting it they say. *Man* painted a picture, wherein the woman was obedient to him. Saint Paul was little better than he should have been. Women don't like him, any more than boys do Solomon. Jack, the Giant killer and Jack's son were great men ; Jack was the greatest, for *he* never took away the treasures of the giants he killed ; but Jack's son killed a monster only to get his gold, and the monster's children starved on rags. Get me some rouge. — No, no ; I am old, I will join the Moral Reform. Do women have whiskers, now-a-days ? Well, they ought to, for men have robbed them of their hair."

In yonder cell there is a strange maniac. Open the door softly, and we shall find him sleeping, or rather dreaming. He is a short, spare man, as you see, dressed like a sailor. His body is there before you, but his spirit is among angels, guiding the tempest and aiming the thunderbolt ! He wakes. Ah, where have you been ? You are not mortal, like us, they say. " Mortal, like you ! Is not the floor beneath us of pure gold ; and are not the walls set with celestial diamonds ? Think ye yon sun is more than Egyptian darkness compared with the pure effulgence around *me* ? Mortal, said you ? No ; I fly with the wings of the wind ! Did not the men of the Cape de Verd islands maltreat me, when I was cast away

among them? What was the consequence? I sent a famine among them, and destroyed ten thousand! Because of its wickedness, I purified New York with fire. Yea, I made the temples of Mammon heaps of smoking ashes! Infatuated men! they did not understand it. You would be a pretty decent sort of a chap, if you did not give us such horrid tough beef to eat. I say, the Vandals were a very *gentlemanly* sort of people, except that they shot each other in cool blood, for mere sport; and burned the convent. There is great argument and much speech in good powder. A legislator should have a nose long enough for twenty-five turkies to roost on; and let his head by all means be bullet proof. Whiskey is a cunning trap to catch a voter in; but it is not to be compared to a good newspaper. How would men get into office, if it were not for newspapers, whiskey, and gold? These are the three pyramids of a democracy."

That curious figure opposite to us, with long hair and beard, so fantastically patched with bank bills, has been lately admitted into our Hospital. The loss of his property, which was all invested in the stock of one of the rotten banks, was the cause of his insanity. His madness is of a very uncommon kind, and we are at a loss how to treat him. Well, friend, are you not anxious to go back among men again? "Men! Men! There are no men in the world now; they have all become *sharks*. I have not seen a man for twenty years! They catch each other with bank bills, and I make the bank bills for them. Everything that I touch is immediately changed into bank bills. My wife and children are starving upon these rag pictures; but it is because they eat too many of them. Your banking corporations have the true philosopher's stone."

Let us look into the Workshop. That unique being, you see mounted upon the bench, is worthy of a few moments' attention. He has upon his head a large bell-crowned hat; his coat is black, with short skirts and brass buttons. His sky-blue pantaloons, having hung about his legs after the manner of meal-bags, reach somewhat more than half way from the knee to the ankle. From the inclination of his head towards the right shoulder, his gigantic stature, and brawny limbs, you might naturally suppose, that the green mountains claim

the honor of having given him birth ; but unjustly, for he is a true son of Connecticut — one of the old school. Let him speak, however, for himself, for it is his wont to harangue our patients here while they work ; it being our rule to let every one follow his own fancy, so far as is practicable.

“Brethren and Friends, I want to tell you a bit of my experience. When I was about ten years old I left the homestead, and went to live with uncle Hezekiah Jones, who was Deacon of the Church, and a godly, prayer-loving man, as there was in the town. But the more he cared for spiritual matters, the sharper he looked out for the temporal. The first commandment, as he read to me, was, ‘*make money.*’ He gave me twenty-five cents to begin with, and I bought a knife. I swapped and traded round, till the knife became a watch, and the watch an old horse. The Deacon was well pleased with my success ; ‘yet,’ said he, ‘you will never be a great man unless you join the church.’ Straightway, I was converted and joined the church ; and was soon looked upon by all as a very pious young man, and found great favor with all the righteous. I went to all the night meetings, and made longer prayers than the minister himself. But I must confess that I was still in the horrible pit ; for I did all this for carnal love of Sally Smith, who also went to the night meetings. I need not tell you how my wickedness and hypocrisy were discovered. I had to run away to save myself.

“I took the old horse with me, and soon by shift and quirk rigged myself out and went to peddling ‘pottes of tinne.’ As I went through the land on my cart, and saw the giant sins that did beset it, I became a new man, and my heart yearned to do battle against them. As I rode along, above the din of my wares, I could hear a voice saying unto me, ‘Solomon Jones, thou wert not born to peddle fabrications of tin ; — leave thy vile traffic, and gird on thy armor ; and thou shalt be mighty against the devil.’ I did as the voice commanded me.

“The first giant that I attacked was the giant Scandal. Having got together all the tales of Scandal I could rake up in the village of Watchneighbor, I lectured to the people, and so fully convinced all the maiden ladies in the place of the wickedness and extent of this

vice, that they immediately formed themselves into a Society for the Suppression of Scandal, which was to meet every two weeks. Now to put down scandal, they saw as well as I, that the world must be convinced of its hideousness. They therefore resolved to collect diligently all the scandalous reports, current in the town, and publish them semi-monthly, in a paper to be called the 'Scandal Suppressor.' The plan spread through the country like fire through a stubble field; auxiliary societies sprung up in every direction. No paper was so much read as 'The Suppressor.'

"But it was not for me to stay and gather the spoils; I wished only to strike the first blow;—meaner spirits could finish the work. I next gave battle to the monster Licentiousness in his foulest dens, till he became so weak, that he was bound fast in paper chains, made of the Advocate of Moral Reform.

"These easy triumphs did not satisfy me; I longed for some unknown enemy worthy of my prowess; and I set myself to work to find one;—one that should have his abode in the midst of the New-Englanders; for I found it wonderfully easy to convince them of their neighbors' iniquities. I was not long in seeking one out. What people on the face of the earth have been so wronged, so cruelly trampled upon, as the North American Indians have by the descendants of the Pilgrims? The Spaniards did but set their bull-dogs upon the simple natives of Hayti; and they were soon liberated from all their sufferings. But the New-Englanders have driven the poor red men from their homes, to die a lingering death; and they have the audacity to say there is no injustice in this, because they gave the simpletons a few beads and much whiskey! If a sharper should get your child's clothes for a whistle, you would justly punish him as a thief. I saw that they had not only driven them from their homes, but that with steamboats, gunpowder, and rum, they were doing their best to exterminate them.

"Now how was this injustice to be repaired? My first plan was to send all the present inhabitants of the New England States to the moon in air balloons, and restore the Indians to their just rights. This was impracticable, for want of sulphuric acid; and after mature reflection, I came to the conclusion, that there was no way for New-

Englishers to atone for their iniquities and those of their fathers, but by suffering the Indians to cut all their throats.

"When I boldly proposed and advocated this measure, they arrested me and put me into this Madhouse; and now even the maiden ladies, who followed me faithfully in all my former expeditions, come not to minister unto me. I am not mad; justice and truth are on my side, and they must prevail.

"Finally, my friends, let me assure you, that it is not your own vices that you are to endeavor to correct, but your neighbors'. Your own souls are nothing, those of your neighbors are everything to you. Learn all *their* faults by rote. — Let your *own* take care of themselves."

That pale youth, you see leaning over his table, writes poetry from sunrise till sunset. We have tried every method we could devise to divert his mind from this all-absorbing subject, but in vain. His longing after poetical immortality is so firmly rooted, that I fear the poor fellow will never get over it. You will be able to form an idea of his present effusions from a New Year's Address, which he wrote long ago, before he became completely mad. It was the sole result of a voluntary incarceration in his room, during a three weeks' school vacation. It began thus :

"Bissextile year, you know it is,  
Which most unites the two sexes!!"

It ended with,

"Children all, may you be happy,  
Love your mammy, — love your pappy,  
In wisdom's ways be diligent,  
And resolve to be intelligent!!!"

Strange that a man should be mocked, even to madness, with the hope of something which the gods have decreed he shall never reach!

The young man beside him was brought here, only a few days ago, by his father, an honest farmer in our neighborhood. The old gentleman told me with tears in his eyes that he feared his son was crazy. He had, as I learned from him, spent a good part of his small property in sending him to college. After he had taken his degree, however, much to the astonishment of his friends, instead of doing anything for himself, he went home.

Here he talked in such a strange, unintelligible manner, that the good people were filled with astonishment; and the gossips shook their heads, and said that his brain must be turned.

One day, as he was sitting at home by the fire in a deep reverie, he started up exclaiming with much energy, "I will no longer be an eye-glass; I will swallow all formulas, and become a deep reality! I have been into the Sybil Cave of Destiny and heard things of unfathomable meaning!" His mother, who was sitting near him, dropped her knitting-work and ran to call his father in from the farm, telling him she was sure that Billy was going to swallow poison and kill himself. They brought him to us immediately.

His mind, originally weak, seems to have become so deeply imbued with German mysticism, that he is really unfit for anything. Yesterday morning he came to me with a serious and melancholy face, and said to me, "Of a verity, everything that exists—all that we name Me, as well as all that we name Not Me, is a part of the Great Soul of the Universe! Therefore it is base fratricide for this Me to eat the vilest particle belonging to the Great Not Me—even to consume that esculent root, called by mortals Potato! I will eat no more." He kept his promise for a day and a half; at the end of which time it occurred to me, that his wild notions should be met with others equally wild. I told him that he was certainly right in regarding everything as a part of the Soul of the Universe; and that having consulted the German philosophers on the point, I had ascertained that they regarded the stomach as a Divine Loom, wherein is no murder, although the Masticatory and Digestive machinery, themselves emanations of the Active Principle, do ferment and concoct introductive essences, or edibles, likewise emanations of the Same; the Union thus effected being a brotherly Union, from which is spun existence, or a thread intertwined and made up of various sky-born Eons." Seconding my logic with the odor of certain savory viands, I carried the point.

N.



## MY LAST CENT.

I SAT in a handsomely furnished room in one of our best hotels. The only thing discordant with the comfort and beauty of the apartment was my own work ; for on the table lay a small, confused heap of papers, which the most inexperienced eye would have recognised as, 'bills,' and by their side my own open pocket-book. By this table I was sitting ; and my countenance may have expressed care ; for in solitude it matters not what it expressed ; but it did not show deep anxiety, which these accompaniments to my leisure might be supposed to have created. In fact these did not enter into my thoughts, which were wandering from that scene and that time, into the future, until they caught my eye and my memory at once, and I put my soliloquy into words, with,

"They are paid, — they are all, and they are all paid ; and this pocket-book contains all that is left, a five dollar note. Since it is all, I may well rejoice at the regularity of my payments, and that if I should choose to-night to take my hat and leave this house, and 'wander forth into infinite space,' no one has a claim on me, and no one can say me nay. Yet my whole philosophy of expenditure has been foolish. I would have lived on my income if I could ; but I began on the principal, vainly thinking that before that was exhausted, something might 'turn up,' and that it was best to enjoy the lucre while it lasted. Two years and a half, and it is gone ; I have paid my last debt as honestly as the first, and — here I am."

This was actually the state of the case. From childhood I had had undefined plans of enjoyment in life, and it is more expensive to satisfy undefined plans than any other. My money, while it had lasted, I had grudged neither to myself nor to others ; and though I, at least, knew that this must come to an end, I was as unprepared, as any of my acquaintance could be, for the actual coming of the event.

My life of expenditure was ended, my life of earning was to begin. I submitted to the necessity with a philosophy, which, alas, did not furnish me with 'the how.' Something must evidently be done, and speedily ; for though the credit, in which I had scrupulously kept my-

self, would have enabled me to keep on for weeks and months, without any means, with my landlord and tradesmen, perhaps with bankers and brokers, yet I was not desirous of postponing the end of my course to a time and a result, which would change what was now a discomfort, to dishonesty and disgrace.

When we attempt to think on such a subject, especially if there is nothing satisfactory to be done, our faculties act at random and little to the purpose; and after hours of deliberation we usually recur to some crude forlorn hope, if we have one, which is no more fully developed in the last moment than the first. Such was my case. I had a plan of resigning myself immediately to my condition, and presenting myself to an uncle, who had a farm a few hundred miles back in the country, as a laborer in any capacity in which I could earn my bread. I did not compare myself to the prodigal son; I felt that I had committed no crime; with a full consideration of all the enjoyments my small property could ever bring me, and of all the disappointments its absence would create, I had entered on this course with a knowledge that it must end; and now that it was ended, I was conscious that, if I had life to begin again, I should adopt the same.

"My five dollars," I said, "will just carry me to B—. I have paid my debts, and I have still a stout heart and hand, and — the clothes I have about me. Not another pair of boots, not another glove shall I ever wear, that is not earned by the sweat of my brow and the bending of my back. My present acquaintances will never see or hear of me again, and I shall undergo a transmigration of soul and body at the same time. Fashionable society, the most artificial state in which man lives, I must renounce forever, and seek the state in which he lives most the child of nature, a farmer's life in a free land. Why should I sigh? The gushing fountains by the hill-side will furnish me purer draughts than the most boasted wines I have ever called mine, and the flail and the plough more efficient exercise than the gayest waltz. I have enjoyed only one form of life; man is not so unhappy a creature that I can find no pleasure in another, in which a large portion of our race live and smile and die."

How far I might have moralized I know not, (how then should any one?) when the door was opened and

Frank Harley was announced. He was one of my nearest acquaintances, and I smiled to think how soon, did I not take a kinder view of the world, and one that expected little and claimed nothing from its affections, I might call him a "butterfly friend." I had not yet cast off my connexion with society and its courtesies, and pushed him a chair with the same manner our former intimacy demanded.

"My weekly pay day," I remarked, accounting for the pile of bills on the table, after we had exchanged familiar nods of greeting; "I am glad to see you, none the less that you do not bring a 'Dr. To goods delivered.'"

"Why," said he, "you may find me a dun too. The fact is, that I am on the rounds on an errand of mercy; and though what I give is 'nothing to nobody,' I may at least carry round the hat. Our friend —— it seems is in difficulty in New York; he can't get himself free and come home, and was indeed foolish to go there. But he is in for it, and we have thought, as he has been so much one of us, and we have shared so much of his generosity while he was on the bright side, that as a few hundred dollars will enable him to come home and go on in his regular train, we might subscribe it among us, and have nothing said about it."

"Certainly," I replied; and I thought that after all, the world was not so very unkind, nor my friend such a mere butterfly.

"I am glad," he went on, "you like the plan. By hard argument we have squeezed out *one* hundred from his brother. *Another* is all we want, and I have counted on you for five of it. Is it convenient?"

"Perfectly, perfectly; shall you have enough without more? I am glad we can have him among us and keep him here now, with so little trouble. Here, I have it here."

So saying I tossed him over the last five from my pocket-book, which he folded in his and rose to go.

"I knew you would not object," he said, "when this drop from your bucket would be of so much relief to him. I must see one or two more of our regular set, and I shall make up the whole sum. Good morning."

"Good morning," cried I, and the door closed after him. It was the *last* drop in my bucket, and I had not a cent in the world.

## TO C. M.

AND must we part? Ah cruel thought!  
What deeper sorrow can I feel?  
Why wretched hour didst thou unsought  
In silence on such pleasure steal?

How can I view the western sky,  
Which we have fondly gazed upon,  
Without recalling, with a sigh,  
Those happy days forever gone?

How can I watch the glassy stream,  
Beneath the moon's resplendent rays,  
While, in its soft reflected beam,  
One only image meets my gaze?

Or how those lovely banks along  
Thus lonely can I roam again?  
My mind will sad remembrance throng  
Of all I am, of all I've been.

Farewell! for thou must seek a home  
Far, far beneath the setting sun;  
Yet sometimes leave a thought to roam,  
To where life's checkered course begun.

Farewell! and should absorbing care  
Permit remembrance to awake,  
Let me thy thoughts one moment share,  
I ask it for affection's sake.

Farewell! and yet I would impress  
One kiss, my ardent love to tell;  
But ah! what language can express  
The anguish of a last farewell!

H.

## AMERICAN MULTILOQUENCE.

If there is a people in the world,

“That for their own opinions stand fast  
Only to have them clawed and canvast,”

it is the American people. Ignorant and envious travelers from the old world have often termed us an ill-mannered, money-loving race; but had they penetrated beyond the surface of our character, they would have seen, that although we love dollars *much*, we love long speeches and arguments *more*. We are never content without some subject of discussion. It is not an unusual thing, even in our work-shops and bar-rooms, while the Tariff, the Veto, the National Bank, Temperance, and Slavery are successively assaulted and defended, with all the strength of noisy logic, by one set of combatants; for others —

“In thoughts more elevate, to reason high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and Fate;  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And find no end in wandering mazes lost.”

There is hardly a village amongst us, which can boast of a church and school-house, where there is not also a debating club, in which mimic politicians and reformers act their parts. In some sections of New England, they have tea-parties, to which the pains-taking matrons and their daughters go long before sunset, but the harder sex somewhat later. Until tea-time the former ply their knitting needles, and the latter debate, in a room by themselves, and with closed doors. Whether this exclusion is wise or not, we will not attempt to decide.

While the Italian is enacting the mummeries of the carnival, while the Frenchman is dancing, the American is arguing. While the Spaniard is going to the bull fight, and the Englishman to the boxing match, *he* is going to hear some political speech, or some Fourth of July Oration. Such is the passion of the people for oratory, that a man at all distinguished for this kind of talent is not suffered to travel in peace. Be he in steamboat, or hotel; the people surround him with clamorous cries of “Speech !

Speech!" And verily, in many cases, the choice lies between a speech and brick-bats.

This characteristic is undoubtedly nourished by our political institutions; yet it does not owe its birth to them; for a popular writer tells us, that the Indians ironically gave our forefathers the name Yanokees, or Yankees, which means "silent men." But let the curious search into this matter; my design is to say something of American Multiloquence.

Why are there so many orators among us? The answer is evident — Because the way to the affections of the people is through their ears. This is understood and acted upon, as well by the heroes of the stump, who harangue some dozen of their neighbors, and are laughed at, as by the great politicians errant, who go through the country — not to succor distressed damsels — but to raise or to quell panics; and who are lauded in newspapers and toasted at dinners. It matters little what other people may choose their statesmen for; we choose ours, not for their wisdom or experience, but for their skill in darkening counsel with many words. As gentlemen of the bar are generally more expert in this than others, nineteen twentieths of our statesmen are taken from the bar.

The Countryman in Pennsylvania, who, when asked whether a certain member of Congress would be elected, replied, "no, I reckon not; he don't speak; and we can't afford to pay a man who don't speak;" expressed the feelings of a great portion of the American people. Since such is the fact, and since offices are accessible to all, it is not wonderful that the first object of the young American should be to *make* himself a good orator.

The cause of our having so many orators is clear. Why is it that we have such orators? It is owing partly to their training. The work of *making* the orator is commenced early. The first books put into the hands of children among us, after they have mastered the primer, consist principally of extracts from violent and passionate speeches, either Greek, Roman, English, or American. Thus, before they are able to understand one particle of the sense, they become familiar with the best models of eloquence.

At the age of ten or twelve the boy begins to be an orator in good earnest. He now speaks pieces, as it is

called, under the direction of Mr. Spoutwell, the village schoolmaster, who is fully impressed with the importance of every man's becoming an orator, in a country where every one is liable to be called upon to fill a public office. Moreover, Mr. Spoutwell firmly believes, that noise is the first, second, and third requisite of a good speaker, and the pupil shows that he is not deaf to his instructions.

He is next sent to the Academy; and here he grows apace in eloquence and stature, until he goes to college. Now, a new field is opened before him — the debating societies. His ambition is excited; — he burns to rival some Junior or Senior, who can speak half, yea, a whole hour without stopping. He reads the British Cicero and American Eloquence with indomitable perseverance. Curran, Grattan, and Phillips are his constant companions. Wo to the luckless wight who is doomed to room above, or below that same oratorical youth! He will be saluted with explosions of vowels and consonants in the morning, and the din of declamation in the evening. He is laboring to acquire the *natural* manner, for he has discovered that the *natural* manner of Mr. Spoutwell is not the *natural* manner at college.

What is the natural manner? It changes so much, with every change of the instructor, that it cannot be defined. Some years ago, it must have been strangely Zoological at one of our colleges; for a student, who had caught it, or was trying to catch it, and was practising during a vacation in a forest of his native town, was mistaken for a wolf. No little alarm was excited; and the inhabitants armed, some with clubs, some with hoes, and some with guns, issued forth to destroy the disturber of their peace; but they were unsuccessful.

Every person must have a natural manner of his own. Now does the instructor see what this is for each individual, or does he teach him his own natural manner? If we may judge from the similarity in the style of speaking, prevalent among students of the same college, we should suppose the latter to be true. You will generally find much gesticulation. Now both arms are extended, now one. Now the hand points upwards, now it is placed upon the breast. Anon the speaker strikes the air, as if in violent contest with invisible spirits.

Now the voice is raised to the highest pitch, now sinks to a whisper. All this is perfectly *natural*, because we are *naturally* a very gesticulating people. If we were going to hand a man our snuff-box, we should make more gestures than a Frenchman!

There is one difficulty, however, in this natural manner. These motions are so *natural* to us, that we frequently misplace them. For instance, we place our hand upon our heart before the proper time; this confuses us as the Roman orator was confused, who being employed for a young lady, accused of having murdered her husband, a decrepid old man, had caused an image of him to be made, with directions to have it thrust forward in the height of the peroration. Now the man, who had charge of the image, not knowing exactly what a peroration was, thrust the image forward every time the orator looked towards him. To remedy this, why not adopt a plan similar to that of Lord Timothy Dexter, who having written a book, at a time when the location of the punctuation marks was not definitely fixed, had his book printed without any in the text; but placed three or four pages at the end, telling his readers they might place them where they chose? Let the orator go through with his gesticulations before he begins to speak, and let his hearer put them in when he pleases. This would frequently save both much pain.

Our debating societies have no little influence in making our orators what they are. They do not indeed, being frequently little better than scenes of personal abuse, add much to our ideas; but they give us a flippant, ready use of words. In them we acquire the noble faculty of talking without saying anything. The most trite truths are proved and proclaimed with all the pomp of declamation. Here one may learn that whatever is, is; that vice is a very vicious thing, and liberty a great blessing. The speeches are generally mere perversions of passages from celebrated orators, — mere imitative patchwork.

A fertile source of discussion in these societies is the Constitution, in imitation of a graver body. The pathetic, vehement tone assumed, on these occasions, is absolutely ridiculous. "Mr. President," says one, "I deny, in the most express terms, the right of this society



to make this alteration in its constitution. On that instrument, I warn you, lay not your hands. Sir, by this measure a dangerous power would be put into the hands of certain individuals — a power at which I tremble.”

At another time we hear something like this. “On many occasions I have acted with the gentleman on my right, and it has ever been my pleasure to act with him. I know the price of my conduct, but, Sir, the calls of duty are above those of friendship.” What is the occasion of this imitation of the separation between two great orators? Probably a discussion on the expediency of using tobacco.

Flights are sometimes made, which Phillips never dreamed of. The grandeur of our country is a fruitful subject. “The heartbeatings of American freedom, Mr. President, are now felt throughout the world! Soon the hoary genius of Asia, high-throned on the peaks of the Caucasus, his moist eye glistening while it glances over the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis, Palmyra, and Jerusalem, shall bow in grateful reverence to the genius of American Liberty!” This is the stuff that much of our eloquence is made of. Debating Societies are as faithful images of Congress, as the chase among the ancients was of war.

There are other reasons why our oratory should be such as it is. We will suppose that the young aspirant for oratorical honors has passed through the discipline of college and debating societies. He has graduated with the usual oratorical stock in trade — one tone, two positions, two inflections, six gestures, and large quantities of confidence. He is called upon to deliver a Fourth of July Oration. Here is not what can be called a real occasion. He makes a speech not because he has anything which he wishes to say to his hearers, but because it is the fashion to have these addresses, and because he would get reputation. This circumstance gives rise to something, which, I believe, is peculiar to this country; — something which is neither eloquence nor acting, but is nearer the latter, and which ought to be called the art of flattering the people.

We must look to the Bar and to Congress, if we wish to find the tangible productions of the greater part of the active intellect of the country. As to the Bar, an epi-

gram which Martial wrote on the lawyers of his time will apply equally well to those of the present day. If a man sues his neighbor for some sheep, 't is ten to one, that his lawyer will begin with a bombastic enumeration of the blessings of free governments in general, and our own in particular; and end with entreating the jurors, by their veneration for the heroes who fought and died at Yorktown and Saratoga, to restore the sheep to his unfortunate client. But there is not a class of men in the world, except perhaps the modern transcendentalists, who can talk so long without saying anything as our lawyers.

Our Congressional eloquence is still more luxuriant than that of the Bar. Who can take up a report of of one those debates, that frequently continue

"Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men,"

without sensations similar to those of one lost in a desert? Around him is a boundless waste of words, with here and there, indeed, an oasis. The most common truisms are set forth with so much solemnity and pomp of language, that the inexperienced are apt to receive them as oracles. There is much puerile declamation about Greeks and Romans. Now and then a quotation from the Classics. Much personal abuse throughout. To ascertain from any speech the subject on which it was made, is almost impossible. A discussion concerning the public lands brings on a review of political parties for the last forty years, together with the agitating questions of Slavery, Tariff, and Nullification. To show the curious character of many of the debaters, various examples might be adduced. The following will be sufficient.

Not many years ago, a claim was brought forward by the widow of Commodore Decatur, for some prize money said to be due to her husband's estate. Here was a plain question, — is the money due or not? It was a plain question only to your short-sighted men, who, seeing few of the bearings of any subject, generally come to some decision, and not to debating statesmen! When the subject came before Congress, at first, a great majority were for granting the claim; until one, more penetrating

and shrewd than the rest, suggested that Commodore Decatur would not have bequeathed all his property to his wife, had he known of this large addition.

This was a stumbling block, and statesmanlike they went to work to ascertain by debate, whether Commodore Decatur's affection for his lady was such, that he would have bequeathed to her his property with this addition. It is impossible to say how long they might have disputed this point, and to what sage conclusions they might have arrived, had not a new party sprung up, headed by a gallant member, who stated that he was acquainted with two nieces of the Commodore, who were beautiful and accomplished; and that he should not vote for the claim of the widow, unless the young ladies were to share the benefits of it.

But another grave member knew a nephew of the Commodore; and surely it was nothing more than justice, that he should have a part. These suggestions threw the people's Representatives into such grave doubts, that the subject was put off to some future time. Such is American oratory! Such is the result of all our efforts to *make* orators. We are glad to see that some members of the Pennsylvania Convention have expressed themselves in plain terms with regard to the "*cacoethes loquendi*," prevalent in that body, and its effects on public business. It is to be hoped there will be a revolution in this matter. It would be a proud inscription for any man's tomb to say that he had put an end to this evil.

Many persons among us are continually ringing the changes on Demosthenes and Cicero, and deploring what they are pleased to call the decline of eloquence in modern times. But they do not consider the difference between the Greek, or Roman, and the American. If the people of these States could be collected in their several capitol, and if they would lay aside their judgments when discussing public affairs, and deliver themselves without reserve to the guidance of their passions and prejudices, then the eloquence so much lamented might flourish again. This will never take place until we go back to a state, semi-barbarous compared with our present. In the early, youthful days of civilization, man may be governed by appeals to his passions; but in its mature manhood you must address his reason.

Were Cicero to make his appearance before a Boston magistrate, and argue that some Archias is a Boston citizen because he is a poet, he would probably be interrupted with "Nonsense! nonsense, Sir! will you show me his certificate of naturalization?"

At the present day there is but one kind of eloquence, and that is the eloquence of a superior and honest mind. This labor and study cannot attain. There is not a more absurd maxim, nor one which has produced more pernicious effects on the intellectual interests of our country, than "*poeta nascitur, orator fit.*" If this is true, it is rather remarkable that so many good poets were born among the Greeks and Romans, while the Rhetoricians were able to make so few good orators. From a firm belief in this, multitudes have wasted their mental strength in the pursuit of a phantom. We smile at the old Spanish navigator, who long encountered the perils of unknown waters, in search of the fountain which was to restore the vigor and beauty of youth to his shattered frame; but he was not a greater visionary, than the man who thinks, in the present state of society, to influence the judgment of his fellow men by studied graces. Flatter and amuse he may, but this is the part of the buffoon, and no high-minded man will stoop to it.

Webster is an orator; but there are in him none of the school-taught ornaments. He disdains them, and it is well that he does. He speaks from the overflowings of his own gigantic mind, and not to flatter. Burke was eloquent; but it was because he had an intellect that could bring all the stores of knowledge to illustrate his subject. Henry was eloquent; it was the inspiration of the times that made him so.

N.

## SKILLYGOLIANA. No. IV.

"O most lame and impotent conclusion!"

READER! wert ever beset by a dun? ducked by the goody from thy own window, when "creeping like snail unwillingly" to morning prayers? Didst ever suffer martyrdom to a desire for small feet in a pair of ocreal integuments that "fitted thee EXACTLY"? Didst ever wear a "ventilation gossamer" boot or umbrella in a rainy day like yesterday? Didst ever have three matins to be excused on three successive Mondays, and find three several tutors invariably out? Didst ever make an oretundo-Sam-Johnson assertion, and be snubbed by a Freshman, whose unfeeling conduct was aggravated by the fact of his wearing no coat-tails? Wert ever upset in a sleigh at the corner of Beacon Street? Didst ever perform "the last offices of friendship" by lending two-and-three-pence, the "lone one" of thy pocket? Didst ever get to "the morning exercises of devotion" just as the bell stopped tolling? Didst ever "sup full of horrors" at a certain oyster cellar? Wert ever compelled to sit in thy room and write on such a day as this, when every breeze seems to come warm from the embraces of fickle spring? And finally, reader, to cap the climax of discomfort, wert ever in LOVE? If thou hast ever undergone any one of these troubles, to which man is born "as the sparks fly upward," thou canst have some faint sympathy for the misfortunes of an individual who is continually haunted by the phantom of a printer's devil! No wonder poor old Doctor Faustus was accused of dealing in magic, if his familiars were as grievous to mankind, as those of his successors in the black art.

But the months WILL come round, and Harvardiana must display its pages to an eager and admiring world. Thank Fortune! they bring some change with them. Last month at this time, nothing could be heard but remarks on the explosion; now, the Washington duel is in every one's mouth. Well may it be called a shocking affair! — By the way, speaking of shocking affairs, we were very much shocked by an item in one of our exchanges the other day, the Slocombe Journal. The piece in question was copied from a Boston paper, and would have escaped our notice, but that we make it a point of honor to read our exchanges through, with the exception of stereotyped jokes, murders, and quack advertisements. It was as follows. —

"DISTRESSING CASUALTY.

"On Monday evening last, as the cars on the Lowell Rail-road were approaching East Cambridge, a young man was observed on the track, apparently deeply engaged in reading. The bell was rung, and every attempt was made to lessen the speed of the train, but in vain; the young man did not perceive its approach, and was run over and instantly killed. On examining the body, the paper which had so absorbed his attention as to cause his melancholy fate, was found still firmly grasped in his hand. It was a communication to some periodical; but the name was so soiled with mud that it was illegible. In one of his pockets was discovered a purse containing three cents, much worn, and a lock of hair carefully wrapped in a piece of brown paper; in the other several manuscript compositions. A coroner's inquest was held on the body; verdict, pressure of the times. Below we give the unfortunate composition entire, in hopes that it will be instrumental in identifying the young man."

We could read no farther. We had not seen our fellow editor, —, for

some days, and had begun to entertain serious apprehensions that the cry of the printer's devil for "copy" had driven him to some desperate act. The above paragraph settled his fate. "Poor fellow!" we exclaimed, "our worst fears are then realized, and thou art no more! Thou hast fallen a victim to the interesting novelty of a contribution, and it is now "Troja fuit" with thee!" Having thus in some measure vented our feelings, we rushed to our room — no we didn't, we went to dinner first; but no matter — and then went to our room with what speed comports with the after-dinner dignity of a Senior. Having arrived in safety, we forthwith composed an Obituary, beginning

"Green be the turf above thee!"

and ending

"He dies to live, who dies in virtue's cause."

We then procured a raw onion, and wrapping it carefully in our handkerchief, proceeded to the apartment of a fellow-editor, with the newspaper and obituary in one hand, and the handkerchief in the other. When we reached the door, we applied the onion to our eyes, and entered in a flood of tears, that would not have disgraced Niobe. By a constant and discriminate use of the handkerchief we got through the obituary and "distressing casualty" with

"All the pomp and circumstance of woe."

We had just decided to call a class-meeting instantly, when — himself entered, and stated in lugubrious notes, that he had lost from his pocket on the previous evening a communication which he had just taken from the Postoffice, and all his labors for the next Number. These the young man had doubtless picked up, and their interest had proved fatal to him. Our astonishment was so great that our onion rolled from our handkerchief, and — "solvuntur risu tabulæ."

\* \* \* \* \*

As the energies of Harvardiana are wholly devoted to the march of intellect, and the advance of sound philosophy, it may not be amiss to insert here a short article which lifts the veil, and gives us a peep at futurity. It would seem, at first sight, that the author must have dreamed it; if it were so, he was probably deterred from confessing it by the general "rowing up" of dreams at the end of our last Number. Here it is. —

## 1936.

SCENE, *the Moon, before the Diana Hotel. Enter MAN IN THE MOON with a white apron on, sharpening a carving-knife.*

MAN IN THE MOON. Well, I've lived in this place, man and boy, for about a thousand years, and kept the Diana Hotel a considerable spell, but I never saw such a fog as this. Let me see — the Highflyer's one, the John Bull's two, and the Brother Jonathan's three — three packets due from the Earth! and two more from Venus! well, I never!

(Enter) WAITER. The Steam-balloon packet, Brother Jonathan's in, Sir. She brings no passengers on account of the weather; but there's Boston papers to Sept. 9th, Sir.

MAN IN THE MOON (sits down.) Well, John, you may read the papers loud to me, as I haven't my spectacles here.

WAITER. Yes Sir, (reads) "Boston, Sept. 4, 1936," — (from the Daily Advertiser), "we need not recommend to our readers the 90th edition of Charcoal's Philosophy of Phiddlesticks, published yesterday by Bite, Shave-

emwell, and Doughhead, the great anti-international-copyright-law-brown-paper publishers. We give an eloquent extract below.

'Nature is all; Phiddlesticks are more. Circle within circle, to the infinite, the incomprehensible, say the ungraspable, do phiddlesticks monologize on their appointed course.'

'Noise comes to them Sound. It goes out — Music. It comes to them Chaos. It goes out — Poetry. It comes to them Darkness. It goes out — Light. It comes to them Nonsense. It goes out — Philosophy. Ever the Sun shines. Ever the Phiddlesticks tweedledee. Ever Liberty marches across the Atlantic to the tune of Yankeedoodle. Thus we see the effect of Nature's great, first, and universal principle of undulation, from Paganini, first great monochord, say cosmomonochord, say rather cosmophiddlestickiomonochordiomaniac, to the present day. Man is but as a Phiddlestick on the face of creation — a transparent one it is true, but still a Phiddlestick. Poetry is but a Phiddlestick, whereby sweet sounds are expressed from the dry cat-gut of common life.' Vol. VI. p. 480.

"And again, a few pages farther on —

'Shakspeare may be a poet, but he is not the poet of Phiddlesticks. He draws too much from art; not enough from nature. In short, he is not a world-phiddlestick.'

**MAN IN THE MOON.** You can buy that book to-morrow, and take a piece of tape, and hang it up in the bar-room next to the Herschelville Directory and Lunar Almanac — between that and the Connecticut clock. Mind and not use more tape than you want. Go on.

**WAITER (reads.)** "Massachusetts Legislature, Sept. 5, 1936. An act for the further suppression of intemperance was passed this day, in compliance with a petition from the inhabitants of the city of Graham. It is as follows. 'An act entitled an act in addition to an act in addition to fifty acts for the suppression of intemperance. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, that hereafter no person within the limits of the State shall sell any meat in a quantity less than twenty-eight pounds, to be eaten on the spot, under the penalties hereinafter specified.'"

**MAN IN THE MOON.** You may omit the rest of that John.

**WAITER (reads.)** "Washington, Sept. 4, 1936, the investigation into the circumstances of the death of the Hon. Mr. Cilley was going on with unabated vigor, at the solicitation of the heirs of the parties. How fortunate is it for a nation to have a legislative body, that will for years devote all its untiring energies to the affairs of any of its citizens, at only eight dollars per diem!

"Cambridge, Sept. 9th. The third centennial celebration of the birthday of our venerable university took place yesterday. The same flag, which flung out its folds over our fathers at the last celebration, was drawn from its dusty lurking-place to wave proudly over the pavilion. We shall give the particulars of the affair to-morrow; but we cannot refrain from giving a slight sketch of Hon. Mr. Squizzlebang's speech on this deeply interesting occasion. 'The corner stone of our country' having been offered as a sentiment, the Hon. gentleman rose, and with his usual impressive manner drew his notes from his pocket, and remarked that it was with the greatest diffidence and modesty that he arose, totally unprepared, to respond to a toast which, he thought, applied more aptly to himself than to any one present. We shall give the remainder of this thrilling speech to-morrow, although we may excite the displeasure of our readers by giving them the eloquent exordium, and not appeasing their appetites with the whole.

"The state of the university was never more flourishing than at present. The corner stone of the new library (Gore Hall) will be laid next

month with appropriate ceremonies. It will be gratifying to our readers to learn that this important work is progressing rapidly. Two men are engaged in the work, besides a boy who is kept constantly employed in running to and from the President's study, to carry him intelligence of the progress of the building. In digging near the foundations the other day, a bottle was found, which our antiquarians state to be of the species used by our forefathers to contain wine, a liquor made, it is said, of grape juice, and in those times very fashionable. The bottle being full was immediately submitted to the overseers of the university for their inspection. They tasted it and agreed that it was by no means an unpleasant beverage. The proprietor of the New England museum was desirous of purchasing some of the liquid to preserve in his cabinet of curiosities; but on examination the bottle was found most unaccountably empty; the wine was supposed to have evaporated. The bottle may be seen at the Apothecary's store of Mr. Patentpill, Washington St., where thousands have smelt of it with delight, daily, since its discovery. Models have been sent to all the Antiquarian Societies in the country. The state of discipline at the university is truly gratifying to a reflecting mind. On Tuesday last six members of the Senior class were expelled, for having been seen by a tutor looking as if they were about to smile in the yard.

"To show that the professors do not wholly and exclusively devote their time to weightier matters, we relate the following *jeu d'esprit* of one of their number, which will appear a still more remarkable flight of genius to our readers, when we state that this respected instructor of youth is only twenty-two years of age. Entering the University Bookstore to pay his subscription for the one hundred and second volume of *Harvardiana*, he remarked to the boy behind the counter, "Here are my two dollars, I've had my money's worth, I don't wish to see anything more of the *Magazine*!" We are unable to state certainly whether the boy laughed or not. It is probable he did; but if so, the professor laughed so loud himself as to drown the sound of his cachinatory explosion."

*[Exeunt Man in the Moon and Waiter, laughing obstreperously at the bon mot.]*

\* \* \* \* \*

Here followeth a Translation of

UHLAND'S "DES KNABEN BERGLIED."

### I.

The mountain shepherd boy am I,  
No Baron boasts a hold so high,  
The sun's first morning rays I see,  
He lingers longest here with me,—  
I am the mountain herd boy!

### II.

My cup is hollowed by the spring,  
Ere it begins its wandering,  
Forth from the rock it leaps amain,  
In sport I toss it back again,—  
I am the mountain herd boy!

### III.

My heritage is this bare peak;  
The mountain tempests round it shriek,  
From north and south their hosts they call,  
But my glad song outsounds them all,—  
I am the mountain herd boy!



## IV.

My home is ay 'mid sunshine sweet;  
 The thunder growls beneath my feet;  
 I know full well his surly tone,  
 And cry, "Let Father's house alone!"  
 I am the mountain herd boy!

## V.

When peals the tocsin's warning dread,  
 The mountain beacon answers red,  
 Then down I rush and march along,  
 And swing my sword and sing my song,—  
 I am the mountain herd boy!

\* \* \* \* \*

The following needs no preface.

"Messrs. Editors,

"Recollecting the 'Imitation of Burns' in your first Number, I was  
 tempted to send you the inclosed

## FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE

TO A SISTER IN EUROPE.

## I.

Sister! your letter having scann'd,  
 I tak' my willing pen in hand  
 To gar ye a' weel understand,  
 That, tho' fate's set ye  
 Where kinder gales kisse Fatherland,  
 I'se no' forget ye!

## II.

In sooth the danger's mickle more  
 That *you*, wha lika day do pore  
 Owre ruins and their musty lore,  
 Wad seldom mind ye,  
 Of those, wham, on this rockbound shore,  
 Ye've left behind ye.

## III.

An' yet I trust ye've left behind  
 Hearts warm an' true as e'er ye'll find,  
 Wi' hands as free an' thoughts as kind  
 As ony ither—  
 Besides, to wham can feeling bind  
 As to a brither?

## IV.

Tam Moore may prate o' "young luv's dream"—  
 'Tis like the bubbles on the stream,  
 Whilk for æ moment flash an' gleam,  
 Then burst forever—  
 Gie *me* a brither's fand esteem,  
 Time canna sever!

## V.

Nae doubt now, ye do nought but drink  
 Bright landscapes frae some ruin's brink,  
 Nor often waste the time to think  
     O' us puir devils;  
 Anticipating pen an' ink  
     As warst o' evils.

## VI.

An' when ye feel obliged to write,  
 Some lead-winged impie seems to light  
 On the slow goosequill, an' to blight  
     The buds o' thought,  
 An' makes their lives, tho' aiblins bright,  
 Confounded short.

## VII.

True, — — —'s letter was sae fine,  
 Sae closely placed was line to line,  
 He could 'na vera weel repine  
     Or ask for mair;  
 But then sae sma' a thing as mine!  
     It was na fair!

## VIII.

His was four pages, *mine* but two,  
 An' then sae soon I'd read it thro' —  
 I looked astonishingly blue,  
     I do assure ye!  
 I'd do the vera same by *you*,  
     If 't would but cure ye!

\* \* \* \*

## XII.

An, when the breeze at evening plays  
 Among the branches' tangled maze,  
 Aft in its wild an' mournfu' lays  
     I feel a spell,  
 An' hear the sang of other days  
     We loved sae well!

## XIII.

Fareweel! whene'er across the foam  
 Some western gale may tell of home,  
 My spirit on its wings shall come  
     An' walk beside ye;  
 Fareweel! God lend, where'er you roam,  
     His arm to guide ye!

\* \* \* \*

DELTA."

Oh Delta! Delta! how canst thou so maledict young love, after that piece of thine in the second Skilly? Verily I fear that thy effusion met not that favor from the eyes of "———" that we then predicted! Do now, prithee, certify us if it was used for hair-papers, for papillotes?

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A CAPE COD BALLAD,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

I.

It was a faithless schoolmaster  
Was ploughing of the sea,  
Now wherefore, wherefore, schoolmaster,  
Dost landward turn thine ee?

II.

Dost fear the bailiff, schoolmaster?  
Dost fear the heartless dun?  
Dost fear that one-eyed butcherman,  
Because thou thrashed his son?

III.

I do not fear the Bumbailiffe,  
Nor eke the heartless dun,  
I do not fear that butcherman,  
Nor I his booby son.

IV.

They had not sailed a knot, a knot,  
A knot and barely three,  
When down there rushed a young maiden,  
Down to the salt, salt sea.

V.

She gazed out o'er the waters wide,  
She saw that fishing smack,  
Then over sprung that young maiden,  
"I'll follow in its track."

VI.

A man was standing on the shore,  
Was fishing after eels,  
And in his zeal to save the girl,  
Straightway took to his heels.

VII.

He rushed unto the Deacon's house,  
The Deacon was in bed,  
He called aloud, the Deacon rose  
And wildly scratched his head.

*(To be continued ad indefnitum.)*

# HARVARDIANA.

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## SEMIRAMIS.

### I.

YES, most beautiful of my wives, said Ninus to Semiramis, thou art the queen of my heart; thee only do I adore. None of them have such grace or attraction as you, and for *you* I would renounce them all. Possessed of your love, what need I care for all the others!

What, were I to take my royal master at his word, was the arch reply; would he, at my bidding, lock up his seraglio, dismiss *all* its beautiful tenants? Should I be the *only* object of his adoration, the *only* one with whom he would share his power; might I be his wife; might I be QUEEN OF ASSYRIA?

Semiramis spoke with a warmth and earnestness, which added a thousand fold to her charms. — But to lock up his seraglio and dismiss all his wives was, to Ninus, rather a grave proposal; so that without exactly answering the question, he replied: —

Queen of Assyria! and are you not so already, when by your beauty you govern him who holds absolute sway over it?

No; I am but the slave whom you love to-day. Who can answer for the morrow? I do not govern, but please. When I utter a command, you are always to be consulted before I am obeyed.

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To reign, then, you conceive to be a great pleasure?

A *very* great pleasure for one who has never tasted it.

You, perhaps, would like to taste it then; what say you to reigning a few days in my place?

Let the king have a care of his words; let him not commit himself too fully.

No! I repeat it: would you not like to be, for one day, sovereign mistress of Assyria? I agree to it.

And all that I command shall be executed?

Yes; I will unreservedly yield to you, for one day, my golden sceptre, and the absolute authority of which it is the badge.

Even if I should command the seraglio to be closed?

Ninus smiled. I will not retract. For one day, one whole day, you shall be queen and mistress. I swear it! The palace and kingdom shall be absolved from all obedience to me; you shall have sole and unlimited authority over them. On that day indulge every wish, every caprice; for on that day you alone shall rule.

And when shall that day be?

To-morrow, if you choose.

I accept, said Semiramis, as she gently inclined herself towards Ninus, and suffered her head to drop on his shoulder. She had all the air of a pretty woman who seems to entreat pardon for a caprice, after it has been indulged. Never had Semiramis appeared more charming; never was king Ninus more happy.

## II.

The morrow had scarcely dawned, when Ninus entered the apartments of Semiramis and exclaimed, to-day you are monarch of Assyria.

Semiramis, withdrawing, summoned her women, and caused herself to be arrayed in the most costly and magnificent attire. Then having placed on her brow a crown of brilliant gems, she reappeared before Ninus. Enchanted with her beauty and majesty, he gave orders that all the ministers of state and officers of the household should assemble forthwith in the presence hall, and that his sceptre of gold should be brought forth from the treasury. When this had been done, and all were assembled in the hall in mute expectation of some great

event, he commanded the doors of the apartment in which he stood with the queen to be thrown open, and taking her hand entered. At the presence of Ninus every officer and menial prostrated himself. Leading Semiramis to the throne erected in the centre of the hall, he caused her to be seated, and after ordering all to arise, announced to his astonished court his wish that every subject should for that day obey the commands of Semiramis as his own. Taking the sceptre of gold from the chief of the slaves, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis, Ninus said, "Behold, O Queen, the emblem of supreme power; accept and use it to command whatever is your sovereign will. All here are your slaves, and I, for this day, am the humblest of your majesty's servants. Let him, who shall dare to slight or disobey your commands, be punished with the severity denounced against every one that delays or neglects to execute the mandates of the king himself."

Having thus spoken, the king kneeled at the feet of Semiramis, who, graciously smiling, extended her hand for his kiss. The whole court then passed in procession before the throne of Semiramis, each officer pausing before it to repeat an oath of inviolable allegiance. Semiramis received their protestations with a majesty which filled the king with wonder and admiration. The ceremony being concluded, the king hastened to congratulate and flatter her on her success, inquiring how she had been able to assume such a grave and dignified air.

By reflecting while each one was uttering his vows, replied she, to what use I should turn him. My power lasts but for to-day; so that to-day must be well employed. To the delighted king Semiramis seemed more gay and enchanting than ever. Let us see, however, thought he within himself, how she will continue to sustain her character, and with what measures she will open the new reign.

### III.

Let the king's secretary approach the throne, said Semiramis in a haughty tone, as she sat in the midst of the magnates and chieftains of Assyria. The secretary but heard to obey, and with a little table placed before

him by two slaves, received the emphatic order,—  
Write!

“The governor of Babylon is directed, on pain of death, to surrender the command of the citadel to the bearer of this order.”

Write!

“The chief of the slaves is directed, on pain of death, to surrender the command of the slaves to the bearer of this order.”

Write!

“The general of the armies encamped under the walls of Babylon is directed, on pain of death, to surrender the command of his armies to the bearer of this order.”

Having commanded the royal seal to be attached to each of these mandates, Semiramis received them from the secretary and placed them in her girdle. The court was meanwhile wrapt in silent amazement; and even the king could not conceal a blank look of surprise.

Attention all! cried Semiramis; two hours hence let all the officers of state present themselves before me, with such gifts as are fitting and usual on the accession of a new sovereign to the throne. Let a festival and banquet be prepared for the celebration of the evening! Semiramis will entertain her guests in a manner becoming the mistress of Assyria. The chief eunuch is likewise ordered, on pain of death, to present this evening, at the festival, twenty women of the rarest beauty; they shall be added to the seraglio. The court is dismissed; let only my faithful servant Ninus remain; I have need of his advice on affairs of great moment to the state.

The court departed; Ninus alone remained. You see, said Semiramis, that I was born a queen. Yesterday you would not sacrifice your seraglio for me; to-day I have enlarged it for you; confess me, then, a most generous and forgiving princess.

Ninus could not restrain a smile. Most adorable queen, he said, you play your part to perfection; but if your most humble slave may presume to ask the question,—what is the meaning of the orders you have just issued?

You forget, Sir! The queen is accountable to no one for her acts. Nevertheless she will in the present instance condescend to explain. It is my intention to

revenge myself, said she laughing, upon the three officers to whom my orders are directed.

Revenge yourself! and for what, pray?

Again you forget your place, Sir! But no matter; the first of them, the chief of the citadel, has but one eye and shocks me whenever I meet him. The second, the chief of the slaves, has twice presented you with new slaves, at the risk of displacing me in your affections; and the third, the general of the army, deprives me too frequently of your company; you are always in the camp; I am jealous of the army; and not being able to destroy it, will have satisfaction by destroying its chief.

The infatuated Ninus was charmed with this artful reply of mingled folly and adulation. Truly, said he with a laugh, here are three officers cut off for excellent motives.

Oh! continued Semiramis, nothing could be more delightful; I promise you, I will put your empire into most beautiful confusion to-day. Ninus and the queen passed through crowds of prostrate slaves into the gardens.

#### IV.

Great queen! said an eunuch, who approached the merry couple, the lords of the court await permission to offer you their homage, and humbly pray that you will deign to receive them.

Follow me, my faithful attendant, said Semiramis, turning to Ninus; and she entered the hall of audience. The lords of the court passed in pompous array before the throne, each offering in turn some rich present of jewels or precious stuffs. Semiramis would cast an indifferent glance at their vain presents, and order the treasurer to bestow upon each lord gifts three times more valuable than those she received. It is thus, said she to Ninus, that a prince should always receive presents; they should be regarded as tributes of homage rather than as alms. Next in the procession to the grandees of state succeeded the officers and agents of the household. These offered flowers, fruits, rare and beautiful birds, and other animals. Semiramis received their offerings with a gracious smile. Next came the slaves of the palace, who



possessing nothing, of course had nothing to give. The three foremost in the train were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus in the same caravan with Semiramis. Being remarkably bold and spirited, they had been placed in the king's body-guard. Semiramis remembered them; for one day the division of the caravan, in which the women travelled, having been attacked by an enormous tiger, these three brothers were the first to rush in and despatch the animal. The women, however, remained veiled during the scene, so that Semiramis remained unknown to the three young heroes.

As they were moving past the throne, Semiramis said to them; And have you no offering for the queen?

None, said Zopirus, who was the eldest, but my life to lay down in your defence.

None, said the second, which was Artaban, but my sword for her enemies.

None, replied the third, named Assur, but respect and admiration for her beauty.

Slaves! said Semiramis, you, of all the court, have made me the richest and most grateful offerings; they are offerings which I cannot recompense, like those of others, out of the wealth of my treasury; but you shall have no reason to say that Semiramis is ungrateful. You, who dedicated your sword to my service, take this order and bear it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of the city; place it in his hands, and be not surprised at the consequences. You, who devoted your life to my defence, carry this order to the governor of the citadel, and await the consequences. And you, who offered me the respect and admiration inspired by my beauty, and who seem no poor courtier, bear this order to the chief of the slaves of the palace, and see what it will bring you.

The three brothers immediately departed; the other slaves passed on, and the ceremony being concluded, Semiramis descended from the throne and dismissed her court. Left alone with Ninus, she descended again from the queen to the coquette. I told you, said she gaily, that I should turn your empire topsy-turvy; so you see one slave now rules the armies of Assyria, and another has your loyal city of Babylon at his tender mercies. Heigh ho! what on earth is to be done next? Oh! my

toilette for to-night's festival ; you will please assist at it, Sir ; and, meanwhile, we will discuss the respective merits of the new birds I have added to your woman-cage.

## V.

There was so much gayety, so much charming folly, such grace in all that Semiramis said or did, that Ninus was more and more captivated with her every moment. He assisted her, like a dutiful husband, at her toilette, whilst, one by one, the women destined for the seraglio were introduced ; some beautiful, others merely pretty, none positively homely. Ninus, however, paid little attention to them ; but was all devotion to the queen. You are very rude, said she, to treat my present with so little manifestation of interest. See this young slave, what a frightened air she has ! Did you *ever* see such a "sweet-pretty" creature ?

Fifteen of the women had appeared, when the eunuch announced to the king that it was impossible to obtain more. Very well ! remarked the indifferent lover ; no matter !

But the eyes of Semiramis were glittering with rage. Villain, she exclaimed ; I commanded you this morning, "on pain of death, twenty women to be presented at the festival to-night !" Here are but fifteen ! the others on the instant, or you die !

The eunuch made no reply, but turned to Ninus. You are not accountable to him for disobedience, cried Semiramis ; I am your sovereign ! Where are the five women who are wanting ? Let me see them, or your head —

My head will fall only at the king's command.

That word condemned you ! and immediately clapping her hands, guards entered. Seize that slave ! lead him to the seraglio court, and strike his head from his shoulders. Let it be presented to me at this evening's festival ! Away !

The slaves paused a moment as if expecting Ninus to interfere. Semiramis repeated her command, and the slaves led the eunuch out.

Is that to be your last freak? inquired Ninus laughingly.

No! I have still six hours to reign.

## VI.

Evening and its brilliant festivities soon came. As Semiramis entered the hall a slave presented before her a platter, and she smiled proudly as she recognised on it the head of the disobedient eunuch. It is well! she exclaimed. Fix it to a pillar in the palace court near which the slaves will pass in serving the feast; station yourself by it, and proclaim to them that this man, but three hours since was breathing, and that his head has been struck off for disobedience to *my* will.

The fête was magnificent; dancing, flowers, perfumes, a sumptuous banquet set out in the gardens, all conspired to delight the beauty and chivalry of Assyria's capital; whilst Semiramis, with a majesty full of grace, received the homage of her guests and did the honors of the festival.

You, said she smiling on Ninus, whom she was unceasing in her endeavors to amuse, are some foreign king come to visit me in my capital; and it is, therefore, my duty to see that you are fitly entertained and honored.

The company soon adjourned to the banquet. Here Semiramis confused and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the foot of the table, but was the first to laugh at this total subversion of the etiquette of the palace; and the court following his example, suffered themselves, without a murmur, to be disposed according to the caprice of the queen. Next to herself she placed the three brothers from the Caucasus.

Have my orders been obeyed? she inquired of them.

Yes! was the simple reply.

Gayety and mirth reigned over the banquet. A slave having, according to custom, served the king first, Semiramis ordered him to be seized and beaten with rods. His cries mingled unheeded with the shouts and laughter of the guests. Every one abandoned himself to unrestrained pleasure and joy. It was a comedy where each played his part. Towards the close of the entertainment when all were inflamed with mirth and wine, Semiramis interrupted the general gayety. —

My lord-treasurer, she said, has read to me the list of those who have offered me presents and congratulations on the joyous event of my accession to the throne. But one lord of my court has neglected to obey the injunction.

Who is he? cried Ninus in a loud voice; let him be brought forth and severely punished on the spot.

It is yourself, my lord! you, who just pronounced condemnation on the delinquent. What have you offered the queen? what have you to say in apology for your gross neglect?

Ninus arose, and making his way up to the queen whispered a few words in her ear.

Treason! cried Semiramis. The queen has been insulted by her servant!

I embrace her knees for pardon! Pardon me! most beautiful queen, said he; pardon! How much longer is this mummary to last, added he in a lower tone; you never were more charming.

You wish me to abdicate then, said Semiramis in a gentle voice; but I will not; I have two hours yet to reign; and at the same time she extended her hand to the king, which he covered with kisses. There is no pardon, she then began in a louder tone, for such an insult! Prepare, slave, to die!

What a wild creature you are! said Ninus still on his knees. But go on! I shall be delighted to assist you in your mad tricks. But quick! your reign is drawing nigh to its close.

Yield then, and do not be vexed at what I am about to order, whispered Semiramis. Slaves! said she, elevating her voice, seize on this man; yes! this one! him! Ninus!

Ninus playfully advanced towards the slaves and surrendered himself into their hands.

Lead him forth into the court of the seraglio! prepare every thing for his instant execution! and await my further orders. The slaves obeyed and led the way to the seraglio, Ninus following after them laughing. They passed in their way the head of the unfortunate eunuch, and heard with a shudder the proclamation of the attendant slave. Semiramis presently appeared on a bal-

cony. Ninus meanwhile quietly suffered himself to be chained hand and foot.

Hasten now to the citadel, Zopirus! and you to the camp, Artaban; Assur, see that every gate and entrance of the palace be locked and barred. These orders were hastily given in a low voice and were immediately obeyed.

Truly, queen, said Ninus, with an air of mingled mirth and wonder, the comedy only needs the final joke to be complete.

Then here it is! exclaimed Semiramis: Slave! remember the eunuch. — Strike!

The slave did strike. The unhappy Ninus had scarcely time to utter one piercing shriek, ere his head rolled on the pavement, with a smile still on his lips. So perish all traitors and enemies to Semiramis, she cried; let none dispute her sway; from this day **SHE IS MONARCH OF ASSYRIA.**

### MANIAC'S SONG,

OR

"WHAT YOU WILL."

#### I.

**MOURNFULLY** sigheth the autumn blast,  
 Restless forever,  
 And I hear him howl as he gallops past,  
 "Rest for the heart-broken never!"  
 And every wild gust takes up the cry,  
 And whispers or screams as he rushes by,  
 "Never rest! Never!"

#### II.

Fitful he roameth o'er land and wave,  
 Restless forever,  
 He moans through the grass on my lost one's grave,  
 "Rest for the heart-broken never!"

And, as he whirls round the old church-wall,  
It seems to laugh loud, as it echoes the call,  
"Never rest! Never!"

III.

Lowly he sighs through my harp's dull chords,  
Restless forever,  
And sings to its music the same sad words,  
"Rest for the heart-broken never!"  
And alway those strings that once sounded so sweet,  
Seem to mock at my sorrows as they repeat,  
"Never rest! Never!"

IV.

Merrily hummeth the little rill,  
Dancing forever,  
As he glides through churchyard he singeth still  
"Here rest the heart-broken ever!"  
Cheerly he chants o'er each sleeper's head,  
And soothes with his carol the slumbering dead,  
"Here rest forever!"

V.

Like a penitent lifting his hands in prayer,  
Heavenward ever,  
The old gray spire stands pointing there,  
Where the heart-broken rest forever.  
Solemnly float out the organ peals  
Telling in accents my spirit feels,  
"There rest forever!"

DEMENS.

CHARACTER OF THE DEVIL.

"O thou, whatever title suit thee,  
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Hear me auld Hangie, for a wee,  
And let poor damned bodies be ———."

BURNS.

It is a singular circumstance that there should be no regular and authentic biography of a personage, who, as

is admitted on all hands, has played so distinguished a part in the history of this world as Satan. We would humbly suggest to the multo-scribbling Germans, that this is the very time for the appearance of such a work. The subject of this notice having long since retired to private life, men can now judge him coolly and dispassionately, and perhaps give him his due. His private correspondence, which must be prodigiously voluminous, if skillfully interspersed, would give a zest to the work, which would make waste paper of the records of common court scandal, although done up in the most delicious style of female cookery.

True, the materials for such an undertaking are chaotic and often contradictory ; yet this must be its principal charm to a German mind, delighting to produce harmony out of confusion. Has it not often from a solitary jaw-bone, dug up from the strata of some old dusty manuscript, given us a complete account of the character to whom it belonged, detailing most minutely all his trifling peculiarities, as well as his general habits and occupations ?

Besides, there would be the quiet satisfaction of showing the foul wrongs which he has suffered from his friends, as well as enemies. Only think of Pope Innocent VIII, in 1484, hurling his famous Bull against him with the "*Malleus Maleficarum*" appended to it. And then came the ungrateful Alexander VI. with the same spiritual thunder in 1494. When the Devil saw him stab, there is no doubt but he pathetically exclaimed "*Et tu Brute !*" But he did not gather his robes around like mighty Cæsar to fall with decency. No, he seemed to gather new strength ; for from the date of these bulls, he made more noise in the world than he had ever done before ; so that, from that time even down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, Europe was little better, say the historians of those days, than a vast suburb to Pandemonium.

Now if there ever was a character in history whose reputation has suffered by having deeds imputed to him with which he had nothing to do, it is the potentate of the nether regions. Men must have something to father their misdemeanors upon, and it matters little whether that something be the three sisters, the stars, or the Devil.

For our own part we do not believe the Devil had anything more to do with the hundred thousand witches, that have been hung and burnt in Europe, than with St. Undecimilla and the eleven thousand virgins. They accuse him too of having been leagued with the Persian Magi, with the priests of Egypt and Greece, and in later times with Johannes Faustus. This we do not deny. If he was, it is a great honor to him, and we would humbly suggest to all the Philosophical, Astronomical, and Diffusion-of-Useful-Knowledge Societies in the world, that they should immediately elect him an honorary member. For M. Salverte has satisfactorily demonstrated, in a work of great learning and research, that the said priests and Magi owed their reputation to an acquaintance with physical sciences, much more extensive than is generally supposed at the present time they ever possessed. Now if Satan did help them, as the old divines insist, then he must be a first rate natural philosopher, and must have revealed to those old sages the knowledge of many discoveries and inventions, which are supposed to have been made for the first time at a later period.\* Indeed, this is not at all remarkable, considering what an elegant laboratory was prepared for him and his familiars. The compound blowpipe is nothing to the heat of his subterranean furnace.

His traducers contradict each other egregiously. He is said to be extremely cunning; yet there are numerous well attested instances in which he has been outwitted. Saint Lupus shut him up and kept him a whole night in a pitcher of cold water, (we recommend this to the consideration of our water-drinking friends as an important consideration,) into which he had slyly crept, in hopes of being swallowed by the ghostly father. He has more than once received a sound thrashing from people whom he attempted to trip up by putting his tail across their path. Lawyers have frequently got the better of him. Luther beat him all hollow in a fair contest of ribaldry. It has been said that he is very revengeful. This is a foul calumny; for when St. Anthony spat in his face in

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\* He is supposed to have been the inventor of gunpowder, animal magnetism, and duns; and to have first originated the plan of furnishing poor criminals with hempen neck-kerchiefs at the public expense. He also claims the honor of having first speculated in the slave trade.



return for a polite offer of his services, he took it very patiently, and did not even demand the satisfaction of a gentleman.

They seem to have taken a malicious pleasure in assigning a most unprepossessing exterior to his majesty. To say nothing of the vulgar portraits of him, Dante tells us,

"Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta ed atra,  
E'l ventre largo, ed unghiate le mani."

In Sir James Melville's Memoirs it is said that, "His body is also hard lyk yrn, as they thocht that handled him, his faice was terrible, his nose lyk the bek of an egle, gret bournyn eyn, his handis and leggis were herry, with claws upon his handis, an feet lyk the griffin, and spak with a how voice." Yet his success with females beyond a certain age is well attested by the records of the Witch Trials.

He is said to be excessively fond of low practical jokes, and for this there is no excuse. He has a habit of laughing heartily at his own pranks. But the case is not so bad as it might be. He only pulls the spits and broomsticks of his witches from underneath them, and applies them smartly to their shoulders. He never poured dirty water upon an innocent, unoffending Freshman, — never drove one from his room by burning vile drugs. These jokes and the like are no amusement to him. Nor did he ever, that we know, blow windows or pumps to pieces with gunpowder. Say what you please of him you cannot accuse him of this.

His moral character is undoubtedly very bad. He has frequently allured young men into his service with promises of high promotion, and never advanced them beyond corporals; and has been known to pay his most faithful servants with tin fourpences. But his bitterest enemies cannot say that he ever paid grey-headed pensioners or hard-handed fishermen in Commonwealth bills. He once delivered a course of lectures in the University of Salamanca in the disguise of a professor; and has often put on the dress of a priest and appeared in the pulpit.

The only minute description of his dress is that given by the Swedish witches. Among them he used to appear in a grey coat and red small clothes adorned with ribbons. His fare, according to the same authority, is

extremely simple, consisting of broth made with colewort and bacon, oatmeal bread, butter and cheese. It is with great pleasure that we add the fact of his being a thorough going anti-wine man.

Dancing is one of his favorite amusements, and he sometimes treats his assembled witches with an exhibition of his skill on the harp. Burns too bears evidence to his skill on the bagpipe, in Tam O'Shanter; and also on the fiddle—

“The diel cam fiddlin thro’ the town  
An danced awa wi’ the Exciseman.”

Among the various charges, however, it has never been even hinted that he is the least inclined to idleness and inaction. Old bishop Latimer bears testimony to this fact. “There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you; it is the Devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him.”

Tourists, who may wish to know the geography of his Satanic Majesty's dominions, are referred to Iamblicus and Porphyry, as our limits will not permit us to speak on that point. The standing army, however, is said to be in an excellent condition, and constantly on the increase. There is no navy at all, for want probably of water. Science and polite literature are at a very low ebb, Chemistry alone being cultivated with success. Of Astronomy and Optics almost nothing is known, by reason of the ruinous state of the instruments.

The picture of Satan, here given, is that of the Monkish Satan, who is low, undignified, and fond of poor, practical jokes. Milton's Satan is an entirely different character. All his descriptions of the *personnel* of the prince of darkness are of the noble and lofty kind. He is

“In bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or earth-born,” &c.

His “ponderous shield” appears like the moon viewed through optic glass by the Tuscan artist. The tallest

pine "hewn on Norwegian hills" were but a wand compared with his vast spear. Among the fallen angels he is proudly eminent; his form has not yet lost all its original brightness, and appears not less than the "excess of glory obscured." Care sits on his faded cheek, and his countenance at the same time indicates stern, unyielding pride, and grief for the melancholy change in the condition of his fellows.

We have no hesitation in calling him, as here presented, the most perfect form of the heroic character ever produced by man's imagination. He falls because he cannot pay knee-tribute to a superior. It is insatiable, all-grasping, divine ambition, a quality so much admired in the heroes whom men worship, that drags him down to hell. After the die is cast; after he and his host have been driven from the "ethereal sky" with

"Hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition;"

then it is that he appears truly great, to speak as we speak of men. There is in him, when in presence of his peers, no sign of remorse for what he has attempted, although the event has proved adverse. The tears, "such as angels weep," which burst from him in spite of his pride, at the commencement of his first speech to his companions, after they had come off from the burning lake, had their source in his sorrow for the "followers of his crime," and not in any momentary weakness or regret. There is a stern melancholy grandeur in his bidding farewell to the joys of heaven and welcoming the horrors of hell. He brings with him a mind not to be affected by outward torments, but elevated in its dark pride far above anything his victor can inflict. What nobler triumph can the soul of man achieve than to rise superior to the outward world!

Yet when communing with himself he seems sensible of his ingratitude towards the Almighty, who had created him what he was in "that bright eminence," and deserved no such return. He is utterly miserable. Hell is within him, and it is hell wherever he flies. But in presence of the "partners of his toil" his mental agonies are by a strong effort hidden deep in his own bosom. Before them all is stern collectedness and desperate cour-

age. They little know what he endures while they worship him on the throne of hell,

“With diadem and sceptre high advanced!”

Were it not for his dread of shame among the spirits whom he has seduced, he might be willing to return to his allegiance.

Evil seems to be his good, not because he loves it for itself, but because by doing evil he opposes his conqueror and increases his own power. It is the desire of gaining a new empire, and of revenge, that leads him on to the commission of crimes which he would otherwise abhor, though damned. He melts at the sight of the innocent and happy Eve, and regrets that it is his fate to bring misery upon so pure and lovely a being. Milton has been accused of making the character of Satan too amiable; but had he drawn him delighting in misery for misery's sake, our interest in the poem would have been entirely destroyed.

A.

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THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

MANY a brilliant star  
 Hath fallen from its place,  
 And through the heavens afar,  
 Flashing, hath left no trace;  
 Many a rolling wave  
 Hath been tossed on the shore,  
 And the sands that it did lave  
 Have swallowed it evermore;  
 But never a friend hath died,  
 Whose memory did not  
 In some fond heart abide,  
 As ne'er to be forgot.

Many a bird among  
 The boughs hath sung all day;  
 We have heeded not its song,  
 But have careless gone our way.

Many a fragrant flower  
 Hath risen amid the grass,  
 To the breeze its sweets it would pour,  
 While unthinkingly we pass ;  
 But never a friend of earth  
 To his last home hath fled,  
 But some have hushed their mirth,  
 And bitterly mourned the dead.

Many a wind hath blown  
 Over the earth and sea,  
 But its deep and hollow tone  
 Again all hushed would be ;  
 Many a dusky cloud  
 Hath settled upon the heaven,  
 Awhile the sun would enshroud,  
 Then far from the sky be driven ;  
 So we have mourned the dead ;  
 So pleasure will come again ;  
 But e'en when our grief is fled,  
 Their memory will remain.

V.

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#### THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE, AND OF THE CHARACTER OF A PEOPLE, UPON THEIR MYTHOLOGY.

AN old dotard is not led into more follies and absurdities by a blooming young wife, than a laborious German professor by some favorite theory. Would you believe it? One of these locomotive, literary warehouses can see nothing in the beautiful stories of the gods and goddesses in the Iliad, but astronomical allegories; another, nothing but history in the garb of fiction; and a third nothing but subtle metaphysical notions dimly imaged forth. The Thor of the Icelandic Edda cannot sally forth from Asgard, the Olympus of the North, and try the force of his hammer, Mjolner, against the skull of some citizen of Iotunheim, but one of these same plodders will try to convince you that it is an allegory, about

the sun's passing through the signs of the zodiac. In this way, savages and uncivilized people have been convicted of a knowledge of Astronomy or Metaphysics, who were undoubtedly as innocent of it, as their judges, the professors, are of common sense. Creuzer, professor at Heidelberg, when all other guides for the interpretation of mythologies fail him, invariably appeals to "intuition and the inward sense." A waggish friend of ours proposes to send him "Zip Coon" and "Jim Crow," telling him that they are hymns of great antiquity, and sung at their religious festivals, even to this day, by a tribe of Indians inhabiting the Rocky Mountains. There is no doubt but the learned Professor would be much strengthened in his theory by the light that would burst upon him from them; especially as he will have to rely altogether upon his "inward sense," in their solution.

A hypothesis concerning mythologies, very generally received among the learned, is, that they all were derived originally from Asia. Görres, a German author, is quite sure that the Hamalaya Mountains were the birthplace of the parent mythology; and that theocracy was its cradle. If we were learned too, we might possibly adopt the same theory; because it opens an admirable field for the display of one's acquirements and research. We might then show how, in times beyond the reach of history, and of which consequently we know nothing, this primitive religion was disseminated among the nations of the earth. Then, how many obscure resemblances might be traced between religious ceremonies and fables all over the world.

But having no erudition to display, our system is simply this. Man comes into existence and finds himself surrounded on every side by mysteries. The sun and stars are above him, forever moving onward in quiet beauty and regularity, and looking down upon him like watchful sentinels. The viewless winds come, he knows not whence, and go, he knows not whither. Vegetation flourishes and fades. Now the tornado is abroad on its desolating career; now the earth is shaken to its centre, or the sun is darkened at noonday. He is restless until he can, in some way or other, account for all these phenomena. How can he do this? There is but one way. He cannot conceive that any other than a living agent

can produce motion; wherever there is motion, some living agent must reside. Thus, when the sun is eclipsed, he supposes that a dragon or a wolf is endeavoring to swallow it. When the fountain foams and boils, an agitated spirit dwells within it. In this way, the woods, mountains, lakes, rivers, and heavens are soon peopled with invisible beings. What form shall these existences have? His own certainly will be given to the noblest of them, because it is the highest of which he has any conception. The peculiar and individual character, which he will attribute to his deities, will be the beau ideal of character which his situation may have led him to form; and this principle, as well as the general effect of Climate and Character upon Mythology, we propose to illustrate by a comparison of the mythologies of the North of Europe and the South of Asia.

In the North of Europe, the very elements seem hostile to man; and he has to wage war with them, before they will yield the bread he eats. For a great part of the year intense cold prevails, and the sunbeams struggle almost in vain to pierce the misty air. The wind whistles mournfully through the melancholy pines; and the eye meets little to relieve it amidst the vast plains of snow. All around wears a dreary aspect. The thoughts of man, forced by his situation into constant action, are dreary too. The following is the Scandinavian account of the creation of the world; and how gloomy and sombre, yet often wildly poetic are the images there introduced!

The Giant Ymer was born from the Ice in Ginungagap, (Swallowing-throat,) as it was melted by the heat, from Muspelheim, (Fire-home,) which is situated south of Ginungagap. From him are descended all the Frost giants. From the salt rocks licked by the cow Audumbla, who supported the giants with her milk, sprung a man called Bure, the father of Bor. From Bor descended the three gods, Odin, Vile, and Ve. The Sons of Bor slew the giant Ymer, and from his body there ran so much blood, that all the giant race were drowned, except the Ancient of the Mountain, who saved himself in a kind of boat.

The gods now dragged Ymer's body into the middle of Ginungagap, and from it formed the world.

“From Ymer’s flesh  
Was the earth formed;  
The sea of his blood,  
The hills of his bones,  
Plants of his hair,  
Heaven of his skull;  
From his eyebrows  
Framed the blithe gods  
Midgard for the sons of men;  
But from his brain  
Were the melancholy  
Clouds all created.”

*Grimnis.*

How wild, stern, and rugged is everything here; and how different from the soft and splendid conceptions of the Indian. He inhabits a land where all nature seems to minister to his enjoyment. The breeze is laden with sweet perfumes, and the earth is clothed with gorgeous and perennial verdure. Everything invites to repose and meditation. In the Indian mythology, consequently, Brama is represented as reposing softly upon the lotus, his cradle, and borne along by the caressing waves of a sea of milk. Vishneo comes forth from the chalice of a flower; and Sacontala rests in a beautiful garden, which is embellished by her presence, and is the emblem of nature’s benevolence towards men. The flowers open at her approach, and the animals sport around her.

Nothing, however, exerts a stronger influence upon the mythology of any country than the character and pursuits of its people. The Scandinavians loved war. To be distinguished in it was, in their opinion, the only object worthy of ambition. Courage and a death in battle could alone gain them an entrance into Odin’s hall. He is their supreme God; and according to the Edda, “Liveth and governeth during the ages; he directeth everything which is high, and everything which is low; whatever is great, and whatever is small; he hath made the heavens, air, and man, who is to live forever; and before the heaven and the earth lived already with the giants.” Yet for a being of so high power, no worthier occupation can be found by this people than war. He is called the “terrible and severe god; the father of slaughter; the god that carrieth slaughter and fire; the active and roaring deity; he who giveth victory and reviveth courage in the conflict; who nameth those that are to be



slain." Whenever there is a battle, he comes forth with his wife Freya to share with her the souls of the slain. He often condescends to mingle in battles, and to inflame the courage of the combatants.

Indeed, Valhall is little better than a fortress filled with warriors, of whom Odin is commander-in-chief. Heimdal is its sentinel, and is stationed at the end of the bridge Bifrost, or Rainbow, to prevent the incursions of the giants. He can see a hundred leagues around; and even when asleep can hear the grass and the wool on the sheep's backs grow.

Thor seems to hold the rank of Lieutenant-General. He possesses three very valuable things. The first is the hammer, Mjolner, "which," the Edda says, "the Frost giants and the Mountain giants know to their cost, when they see it hurled against them through the air; and no wonder, for with that hammer has this god often bruised the head of their fathers and kindred." The second is the Belt of Prowess, which when put on makes him thrice as strong as before. The third is the Iron Gauntlets worn when he takes hold of the handle of his hammer, which is always red-hot. None are admitted into Valhall, except those who have come to their death by violence. The sole diversion these heroes enjoy is quite characteristic. Every day, as soon as they have dressed themselves, they take their armor and go forth into the lists, where they fight until they have cut each other in pieces; and then remounting their steeds, they return safe and whole to the palace of Odin. Here, with the fair Valkyries for cupbearers, they drink beer, and feast every day upon the lard of the wild boar, Serimner, which is served up by the cook, Andrimner, and every day miraculously renewed. Moreover it would still be sufficient, should the number of warriors be increased *ad infinitum*.

But Odin eats nothing. The meat which is set before him he divides between the two wolves, Geri and Freki. "The illustrious father with his own hands fattens his two wolves; the victorious Odin takes no other nutriment than what arises from the unintermitted quaffing of wine."

In the poem of Grimnis, we find the following passage, which makes Valhall appear still more like a fortress. "I know that there are five hundred and forty gates in

Valhall ; but out of each, eight heroes may march abreast when going to battle, followed by crowds of spectators." These warriors are assembled in Odin's hall to assist him in his contest with the giants at the Twilight of the gods. The Scandinavian deities are continually in contentions with the giants, Loke, the wolf Femis, or the serpent that encompasses the earth. The writers, who are so fond of tracing all mythologies to the East, will not certainly deny the gloomy warriors of the North the credit of these sensual pictures.

Among the Indians, quiet, uncomplaining endurance is the highest valor. Ages of oppression and tyranny, together with the tendency of the climate to produce physical inaction, have made it so. Theirs is the heroism of the mind, not of the body. The only war they know is a war whose end is to free the soul from the dominion of the outward world. Reposing languidly beneath the shade of the banyan tree, and giving themselves up to dreamy meditation concerning the joys of the world to come, the present becomes to them less real than the future. Thus it is by prayer, reflection, and penance, that the holy man is enabled to transport himself through the air, and subject the elements unto himself. Here it is not by the fearlessness and strength of the armed knight that the maiden is rescued from fearful peril ; but by the fasts and self-mortification of some recluse. By prayers Brama persuaded Vishnoo to drag the earth out of the abyss, into which the giant Eruniaschen had plunged it. When assailed by the evil genii, it was not by strength, but by supplications, that he saved himself. The Indian does the same, when he wishes to obtain a favor from any one. Frequently he places himself in the way, where he knows that the person by whom the boon is to be bestowed will pass, and swears that he will kill himself if it be not granted.

It is evident from this that the gods of the Scandinavians and Indians are little else than the highest ideal developments of their own character, which they are capable of forming. The same might be proved with respect to other people. It could not be otherwise. How could the Greenlander dream of a heaven without seals and seas ; or the Laplander of one without brandy and tobacco ?

H.

## A TWILIGHT MEDITATION.

WHEN the last sunbeam hides its ray  
 Behind the glowing west,  
 And the rough day-breeze dies away,  
 And sinks itself to rest ;  
 When from the pale moon in the sky  
 Its earliest light is beaming,  
 I love to lay all labors by,  
 And give myself to dreaming.

And as I sit in solitude,  
 And turn my gaze above,  
 There always will a thought intrude  
 Of my own ladye love.  
 Her form is still before my eye,  
 Her dark hair richly flowing,  
 Her forehead pure as evening sky,  
 Her cheek with beauty glowing ;

And the last words she said to me,  
 When turning from her door ;  
 Then the sad thought, I ne'er may see  
 That lovely maiden more ; —  
 I cannot keep that vision back,  
 Whene'er my thoughts will wander ;  
 But I would not divert their track ; —  
 'Tis sweet on her to ponder.

And then I think of home awhile,  
 And all its treasures dear ;  
 A father's hope, a sister's smile,  
 A mother's joyful tear.  
 But in a moment these are gone,  
 And while I am unwary,  
 My thoughts again are running on,  
 To meet my distant Mary.

I think then of the little care,  
 That duties have received ;  
 How many unperformed there are,  
 That should have been achieved ; —  
 Like clouds before the summer sun,  
 These dark thoughts soon fly over ;  
 No thoughts but of his loved one,  
 Will stay long with the lover.

W.

## A SUNDAY IN VACATION.

THERE is much to love in the good old days now past away, and much also to regret. The world changes sadly as it goes on, and the old Puritanical character is fast disappearing in the new and current opinions of the day. But nowhere do we perceive so marked a difference between the old and later times, as in the observance of the Sabbath. The age, when it was considered improper to brew beer in the latter part of the week, lest it should work on Sunday, is past away, and scarcely a relic remains, save in some out of the way spot, where new impressions are seldom received, and want of intercourse keeps up the old customs. We have grown more liberal, and a difference of opinion is better tolerated than formerly. Very seldom do we hear of families, who consider it irreligious to eat on Sunday till the sun sets, or who would sacrifice their supper to their conscience, as the man did, who, after tea, having walked up to the top of a high hill, was shocked to find that the sun had not sunk below the horizon. The feeling with which children regarded it is well marked in the answer of the child, who being told that Heaven was a long Sunday, said she was sure, then, she did not want to go there.

Yet it is interesting to note some of the few scattered relics, who still observe the old customs, seated stiff and upright in their high-backed chair, with spectacles on their nose, over which every once in a while they look to chide some grand-child, whom they have placed at their feet on a little stool, with a bible or a tract in her hand, which she reads most piously, and without understanding more than half. I know of one quite respectable lady of the olden time, who, whenever she sees any work on a moral or religious subject, uniformly puts it aside for Sunday reading, as if, forsooth, one could not read good books on a week-day.

It is a most serene spring day, and withal Sunday, "the fruit of this, the next world's bud," as Herbert beautifully says. The bells are ringing most merrily, and the sun shines joyfully in at my window. Nature and man seem all at harmony on this delightful day, and the chimes of the bells come through the air, almost like

angels' music, inviting all to church. Now the great bell yonder rings out its tone; now the chorus of smaller bells pour out their music, blending occasionally with the larger one, as the sexton pulls down the long rope. (How well I can fancy him, with his coat off, in his snowy white shirt sleeves, and nice clothes, surrounded by a group of urchins, who have climbed up into the belfry, and are looking on with wondering eyes.) I have done it so often myself when a child, that it brings back most pleasing reminiscences. I have a great affection for a good bell; there is such a plaintiveness about it, that I love to hear it at all times. So does my dog, I fancy; for every day when the town bell rings, he gives a prolonged mournful howl, as though it recalled sad reminiscences. I remember on the last day of the old year, I sat up writing until the clock rang out its chime, and the old year died with its last vibration. It was very mournful; the tones came so slowly and distinctly, in the deep silence, that I fancied a thousand things it said. It seemed to gather up all the scenes of the past year into a moment, and was more affecting than any sermon I ever heard; but I don't know that I'm much better for all its preaching.

Well, I am sitting at the window, which looks out upon the street, watching the crowds flocking to church, imagining their thoughts and fancying their destinies. First comes along a band of children, all neatly dressed, and laughing in each others faces as they pass. It seems as if they had known nothing of life or its cares, and as if the idea that anything should darken their lives, or cloud their joyousness had never entered their minds. Well, so much the better; the world will come soon enough, and sadden their future hours. Perhaps the two most uneasy ghosts are Hope and Memory, neither of which do they know, for they care not for the future, and scarcely know any difference between the past and the present. Hope haunts us when we get on a little farther in the world, and we go rushing on, with our eyes bent on some fancied pleasure, which will inevitably change into the common, when we reach it; as the rainbow, painted with a myriad of hues at a distance, fades into damp cold mist, when we approach it. I dare say that she haunts that student, who strides along at such a

swashing gait, making the sidewalk ring with his ironed heels. Mark the extreme self-possession and confidence with which he bears himself, swaying not to the right or left, but sternly pressing on with a "care-for-nobody" sort of step. — Any one might swear, except that it's Sunday, that he has just come from Cambridge; he is too grave to smile, I should think; but then the red blood even mantles into his cheek, as he bows to a lady on the opposite side. His appearance seems to say, like the mottled-faced man in *Pickwick*, "All eyes on me;" but that tell-tale blush proclaims that it is only his manner that is consequential; one might suppose a sweet temper.

See now that maiden, who walks so demurely along, in a straw bonnet and cloak, from whose folds ever and anon a small and nicely gloved hand steals out. A snow-white collar turned over her cape, contrasts well with the dark cloak. How quietly she walks along beside her companion in the brown bonnet, who is endeavoring, if one might judge from her expression, to excite her attention by remarks of a sarcastic nature about a gentleman who has just passed; but in vain. But see, the wind blows open her cloak, and I think I see a hymn book in the other hand; — some fair singer, I'll venture, whose thoughts are devoted entirely to serious subjects; one of those sweet, meek daughters, that religious mothers bring up. She never would go to church to hear or see, as I have known some. Oh no! my life on it; — I dare say she will remember the text, and more if necessary, when she gets home. I should think her eyes might be blue, and hair light and golden. — Nay! I should have lost my bet, by heavens, for she just looked up with such a roguish, inexplicable glance at me, and lifted her eyebrows with so arch a look, that I'm inclined to retract my character and ventures. There is something quite strange in that "vicked vinkin eye," and her companion deserves the character better; the one with blue eyes, who is talking to that tall young man in a new black hat.

Who can this strange couple be, now coming? A huge man with a wide-rimmed hat and blue cloak, dragging along a little waddling woman; — see, they wander up the yard and steps, while the gentleman deliberately stops and surveys with great apparent satisfaction, the

houses around him, which are inscribed with large iron S's to keep the wall even. And now having concluded his observation, he sways his form around and is gone to his devotions.

Now the bells grow fewer and fewer, and there comes a lady with a jaunty air, all dressed in black ; and immediately behind her is an old man leaning on a gold-headed cane ;—his locks are silvery white, and the spring breeze is playing among them ; his countenance is mild and amiable, while his thoughts are directed heavenward.\* One would fancy the sweet wish of Wordsworth to be fulfilled in him.

“Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are nigh,  
A melancholy slave ;  
But an old age serene and bright  
And lovely as a Lapland night  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.”

Which quotation, by the way, is pleasantly associated in my mind. Ah ! the other ghost of memory haunts him, and he lives in the reminiscences of childhood, the love of youth, the ambition of manhood ; a bright and beautiful heritage, which cheers and enlivens his declining age. While his hopes are fixed in the future, his joys are in the past—mellowed and softened by the haze of time, like a beautiful landscape seen from a high hill, wherein the boat on the river, the childish group, the little village peering through the trees, the long winding stream, all are blended into one harmonious whole. Peace be forever with thee my old friend ; calm be thy days, and may the spirit of death come over thee like a sweet sleep, when the toils of life are over.

And now the streets are thronged ; and well dressed men and women are wending their way confusedly to church. I see not much that is remarkable, save one unconscionably ugly man, who takes the air, (why will ugly men make themselves always conspicuous ?) and scores of acquaintances in various-colored habiliments and as various characters. Now the streets become thinner and thinner ; and with the exception of a stranger, or some counter-jumper on a horse, with both feet assiduously turned at a right angle with the horses flank, and jolting like mad, no one passes.

“Suppose we stroll out into the woods,” said my fair and

dark-haired companion, who had been watching the concourse of church-going people, and now broke the reverie into which I had fallen about the last passer-by. "The morning is far too beautiful to be lost."

"Truly, it would be exceedingly agreeable to me; for though church is theoretically good, my tendency on a beautiful Sunday is decidedly Byronic.

'My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars, all that springs from the great whole,  
Who hath produced and will receive the soul.'

"But what will the old folks say?" — "Oh no matter, we have the authority of the poets; for you know Southey expressly advises us to spend Sunday in the woods —

"Go thou to seek the house of prayer;  
I to the woodlands will repair,  
And meet religion there.'

So let us get a book, and read when we are tired of talking."

"Very well; wait a moment while I put on my bonnet, and I will be with you; meanwhile do you select a book." I found one; and in a few minutes she returned, and we walked out. "Where shall we walk?" "Oh, to P— by all means; and we will be nearer to heaven than our friends."

How strange is the power of association! As we strolled along, the beautiful day recalled many childish reminiscences, and we insensibly began to talk of old times, and those dear old days, gone never to return, when we went to school and studied our spelling-book, and learned how —

"Young Obadiah,  
David, Josiah,  
All was pious;"

and the remarkable incident

"Zaccheus, he  
Did climb the tree  
His Lord to see;"

and read the German Popular Stories, and Arabian Nights, and Mother Goose. How well I remember the delight with which I read that sweet story of the Elves, from Tieck; I read it a few weeks ago, and almost cried over it; it carried me back to childish days. How sweetly they all infused into the soul — rather than taught the beauty of goodness; the fairies never loved naughtily



children. — And then the picture of the little girl, looking in on a ring of fairies dancing in the moonlight, awakened such beautiful ideas, that we dreamed of fairy land, and rich castles, and lovely beings floating about like air, and sunny heavens — over which no cloud ever passed.

I will, as Mause says, “uplift my voice, like a sparrow on the house tops,” against the substitution of stories with morals tagged to them, like kettles to a dog’s tail, for the good old books of Mother Hubbard and Dame Trot. When the march of mind has made such progress, that Arabian Nights are to be laid aside for stories about Charlie and his hen, I shall pity the poor children. Childhood will have lost all its charm and freshness, as soon as they commence the propounding of Philosophy, to the tune of “The child is father to the man.” No! no! let us keep the beautiful allegories, and fantastic fairy dreams of the olden time. Oh! thou ‘Progress’ generation, spare them. Let us swallow our morality like a pill in honey, not alone; — let not the intellect overpower the imagination; it may be cultivated separately. The child is to be taught by his imagination; man, by his reason. The working world wears away full soon the dreams of our youth; but still let us love earth while we can. Crush not the imagination; it is the charm of life, the sunshine gilding the misty cloud with gorgeous beauty, the transmuter of the common into the glorious, of earth into heaven. — It is the fountain spring of religion. Who feels the divinity of God most, the poet on Chamouni, or the common laborer? A child without enthusiasm is as a dead tree.

At last we are at Paradise. Let us sit down beneath that old tree,

“That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,”

and look about. How fresh the breeze blows! How mild the air! and a blue haze spreads over the houses which lie stretched before us, wrapped in a warm spring robe of mist. And here the river winds along in the sunshine, its bright waves leaping in the light; and listen to yon bird which sings merrily. Ah! there he flies, and the light bough springs back.

I think it is well to be here. I do not believe in the religion of compulsion, inculcated by strict precepts and

rules ; nor the strong moral sense of him, who only learns religion from reason. Religion appeals directly to the heart, not to the intellect ; — and while the latter gives us an outside religion, the other is internal, and gushes out like a fountain in every thought, word, or action. It must be learned then, through the affections ; and the sentiment will be awakened most strongly in such situations as are correspondent to our feelings. The Sunday of the child is not that of the old man — nor the laborer's the same as the poet's. It is not the way, but the feelings with which we spend the day, that is the main point. Where we can feel most, there it is best to be — by the green woods or in the church ; listening to a sermon from the minister, or hearing the birds sing. It is not at all times that church is congenial, and then it is well to go somewhere else. I have ever thought, that of all places, the spirit of holiness came over me in the woods most impressively ; when the trees are wind-harps, in which the breeze weaves its pensive music ; when the withered leaf at your feet tells a sterner lesson of transitoriness than the homilies of the preacher ; when every wild bird's note finds an echo in your bosom, and the babbling wild stream is scarce less full than your own heart.

So we sat on the sunny bank and talked, now and then rolling a stone down the hill, and making fanciful analogies ; now uncovering the little wild flowers which were concealed by the withered leaves, and growing poetical. The sun seemed to shine into our hearts, so beautiful was all around — and the impulse to sing, became irresistible. So we sang a song, (nay, it was a song fit for Sunday,) and the man dressed in a blue coat and bright buttons, stared round to see where it came from ; and at last the little children detected us, and pointed up, laughing, at the place where we were perched up in the little nook ; the wind playing in my fair companions curls, for her bonnet, in the true romantic spirit, was thrown aside on the ground. Thus we sat for hours, until the bells summoned us home ; and on our way we found a pump from which we drank in the patriarchal mode, while the bright drops falling on her brown dress, sparkled like diamonds in the sunbeams. We got home just at the proper time, and were amused to hear that our friends had not been very much interested at church. —

"But you ought not to have gone ; it was very improper indeed, and an unprofitable way of spending Sunday," said my sage sister. — "How did you like the sermon?" said I.

A. C.

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SERENADE.

I.

DARK frowns the night o'er hill and plain,  
Cool breezes whisper round,  
And man and nature seek and gain  
Their rest in sleep profound ; —  
All feel the midnight's secret power,  
And leave this world's affairs ; —  
Wake, love, and rise and rule the hour,  
When man forgets his cares.

II.

The day is filled with thoughts as vain,  
As varying as its skies, —  
A thousand passions seek to reign,  
And none obtains the prize ; —  
But night is all resigned to love,  
Love all its honors bears ; —  
Wake, love, and rise and rule the hour,  
When man forgets his cares.

III.

One word in this still, solemn air  
Is worth a world of those,  
Which sound amid day's noise and glare,  
And listening friends and foes.  
The heart now leaves its hidden bower,  
And all the truth declares ; —  
Wake, love, and rise and rule the hour,  
When we forget our cares.

## NOVELS.

WE are scarcely enough aware of what an entire change in all the economy of life has been produced by the introduction of printed books. We look at the statistics of the offspring of the press, and acknowledge the immense increase in the power of disseminating knowledge; but we do not sufficiently appreciate the effect which books have had in changing all the habits of domestic life, in every order of society. We know that before 1440, and for many years after that great era, books were in the possession of but a very small part of mankind; but we cannot conceive of the actions and manners, and especially the means of killing time which those whole classes could have possessed, who had no newspapers, periodicals, novels, or histories, by which to procrastinate the "hour of retiring," or to while away the vacant moments before dinner. Everything in our existence is so entirely interwoven with, and dependent upon literature, that the possibility of living without it, in some of its forms, seems hardly to be conceived.

Even in a later day literature has been the property of the learned only. A man of books has been supposed a man of nothing else, and lords, ladies, belles, and exquisites, were untroubled even by album or annual. Then, although books had become common, and were the means of intercourse between the learned, and of conflict and sarcasm between the witty, they had not become a necessary staple for the amusement, even existence, of all. To read had become common, but it was not as yet mixed up with the requisites of life, and classed with eating, sleeping, and quarrelling.

The class of books whose generic title we have put at the head of this article, the race of novels, called folly by one set, the sublime and beautiful by another, and rank wickedness by a third, has, as much as any other cause, effected the change. These works, as publisher's legers may show, go to more classes of readers than any other. The keepers of Circulating Libraries can attest what varied numbers find in this class of writings their sole literary food. Any one who passes through the streets of the neighboring metropolis, especially, we are

sorry to add, if it be upon a Saturday afternoon, will meet many damsels hastening home, who are unable to conceal the two volumes covered in dingy white, from which they anticipate so much pleasure. The same copies delight scores of attentive readers, and one who chances to receive his turn a few weeks after a work's publication, finds that the book opens naturally at the most thrilling incident, and that at every affecting passage the leaf has been blistered by the tears of sympathy.

With how little of a spirit of criticism does the true novel reader open his book. He throws himself, his reason, and his fancy, without hesitation, upon the mercy and into the guidance of the author, trusting solely to him for amusement or delight. This is as it should be; no one can enjoy a novel, who reads it while analyzing the causes of his enjoyment. The logic and criticism of the Sophomore year spoils the long-felt pleasure of many a confirmed novel reader. Before, he was content to read the works of any author who published in two vols. 12mo. Now he must hear "by the author of, &c.," and must discover whether his talent lies in description, conversation, or plot; whether he appeals to the passions or addresses the intellect; whether his work, however light, is founded on a sound philosophy, or is filled with merely ephemeral fancies. Now he must consult the opinions of the reviews, and fret himself almost to death, if he unwittingly declare a judgment of approval, which is reversed by the authoritative critic's fiat, received alas! too late in the American Reprint.

Happy he who leaves criticism to its professors; or at least confines its use to those books which come deservedly under its influence, and suffers himself to be pleased by those written merely to please, without consulting his rhetoric or the "principles of taste." Neither should novels be judged by comparison. Each different one, at least each author, may give us a different kind of enjoyment, as different means are used. In one class we may be amused by the very folly with which they are concocted, while in another it seems we may be delighted even by aspiring to unfold beauties too elevated for us to understand.

Novel-reading is attacked as injurious. To how many

is it the only reading, — to how many does it not supply all the knowledge of human motive and action, which they attain at all! History, poetry, biography, even science read their lessons through these all-varied pages; yet those whose minds prefer to seek useful knowledge only at more unmixed and purer fountains, cannot bear with those whose taste, perverted it may be, can only be satisfied at these.

The craving for society and social pleasures, which cannot always be indulged, is soothed by these works of fiction, which to the young and ardent seem so near reality. The true novel-reader seems to act out mentally every ball, visit, and moonlight walk; he brings home to his mind every passion and sentiment as his own, and sees every face which the author presents, and listens to every voice. The novels of the day furnish brilliant scenes to those who would otherwise be calling life gloomy and society a solitude. They furnish imaginations to those who might have been incapable of delighting themselves, by turning from the dulness, perhaps sadness, of reality, to gaze upon the vivid, glowing creations of their own fancy. They bring to view a new world, when entirely shut out from the miseries which surround us. We live and breathe, converse and delight ourselves, with an entirely new society; where we may make new friends, who will not betray us, and form bright hopes which will rarely be dashed by the conclusion. Who trusts his happiness, without reservation, in the hands of the author will generally be conducted happily to a happy end. The only disappointment which can arise is from giving up the character of the trusting reader, and taking that of the captious and unsatisfied critic.

It will be perceived that we are enthusiastically in favor of the reading of novels, and fond of novels themselves. No one, who takes them and uses them in the true spirit, is ever injured by them. The unfortunate child, whose parents, either ignorant or injudicious, have forbidden it to read one of these much talked of books, sees herself shut out from a paradise which is in fact within reach, and is too often induced to snatch by stealth a pleasure, which indulged and brooded over in concealment, may indeed be hurtful. But the honest,

unforbidden enjoyment is one which is unalloyed and brings no repentance. Is it time wasted? We have read, to use a sweeping phrase, though one hardly too broad, *all* the novels; and we continue to anticipate with delight, and revel in the enjoying, every one which is published; with, perhaps we should confess, a slight shuddering, upon opening one "by a lady," if she be not Miss Edgeworth or Miss Austen. Yet by devouring all this mass of printing, not a moment has been taken from time which would have been otherwise better employed. When we cannot actually *shovel* learning into our minds by reading authoritative books, or listening to instructive conversationizing, we have at least a chance of gain from this most refreshing as it is most enticing class of writing.

A concluding paragraph is no place to allude to the high claims of the modern class of novel writers. Let men despise as they will works which do not directly conduce to their improvement, in one of the regular scientific divisions of knowledge, all who will throw aside prejudice in examining the subject will allow, that to make an attractive novel, combining as it must good taste, powerful thought and diction, and extensive and varied learning, is a work which requires at once genius and judgment. It is a work, moreover, which deserves the thanks and the blessings of the community, whose ennui and whose sorrows it has banished for the time, bringing content and even high enjoyment for a long space of hours to each of the thousands who surrender their spirits to its guidance.

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EPIGRAM — SLEEP.

THE time for sleep we take,  
A *second life* would make;  
If *all* to sleep were given,  
'T would make a second *heaven*.

## A DEAD LETTER.

"My heart is sair, I darena tell, —  
My heart is sair for somebody."

I JOINED the crowd, and I thought of *thee* only,  
And thy bright smile, —  
Thou wast not there, oh ! how heartsick and lonely  
I felt the while !

To many maidens I have sent gay letters,  
Yet dared not tell  
One hope to her, who all my heartstrings fetters  
As with a spell.

'T was weary work to flatter unknown beauties  
All o'er and o'er,  
While there was *one* — my heart thou know'st how true 't is,  
Deserved far more.

But, though I feared to *write*, I ceased not thinking,  
Fairest, of thee !  
And Fancy still thy gentle tones was drinking,  
Thy glance of glee.

And oh ! when round thee lovely forms are glancing  
'Mid feast and song,  
When happy hearts and fairy feet go dancing  
In joy along ; —

When, 'mid bright eyes, *thine* eyes of blue are brightest,  
Then condescend,  
To waste one little thought, though but the lightest,  
Upon

## A FRIEND.

Cambridge, May-day Evening, 1838.\*

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\* The above letter was left in the Post-Office and never called for. It was, by a lucky chance, saved from being sent on to Washington, to be opened by the unfeeling hands of government clerks.



## IDLER. No. III.

Quidquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

NELSON used to say after the battle of the Nile, that, had he perished, "want of frigates" would have been found stamped on his heart; which suggests that if we should suddenly shuffle off this mortal coil, our own pericardium will doubtless exhibit, "Jam satis teris," &c. imprinted thereon in Icelandic capitals. First, one might suppose, would come January: everybody's mind made up for freezing and sleighing, and prepared accordingly (a respectable minority for the latter): but the weather was twisted up somehow, and lo! we have a sprinkling of Indian summer, which might have made an Italian's mouth water. The natives stared; the quidnuncs voted it a *lusus naturæ*; livery stable keepers looked blue, and growled not inaudibly of the insolvent act and Texas; belles lisped of the spring fashions, Sophs of Washington Street, and poets drove their goose-quills deep into "gentle Zephyrs," "opening buds," and "echoing groves." But February limped soberly in, and a change came o'er the spirit of weather-cocks and thermometers. "First it blew, then it snowed, then it thawed;" finally it "friz horrid," and February was voted a winter month after all, quidnuncs, belles, and poets to the contrary notwithstanding; an event which, we owe it to our editorial forecast to say, we predicted a year ago. March was little short of horrible. Matters had arrived at length to the 30th of April, and the weather waxing worse and worse and more of it. Goodies vowed Millennium was come (good sooth, 't was fairly time) and astronomers, milk-men, and lovers talked of adding a moon or two more to Pope Gregory's help-the-sun-along calendar, and went fishing.

But pretty May-day solved the mystery, by tattling that Mrs. Spring had been reserving every charm to usher in the month of love and flowers with more than usual splendor. And truly she made a decided hit; for the day was Italian. We are credibly informed (personally, we are apt to be absent-minded of a morning) that with the rising sun Cambridge awoke from the sleep of ages, and troops of merry riders and pedestrians were to be seen thronging the lanes and groves of the vicinity, sipping dew, we suppose, from buttercups, hooking posies, and snuffing the fragrance of cow-slips.\* Walking is said, by the way, to be a very pleasant recreation, but we prefer the theory to the practice. We have a spite, moreover, against boot-makers, and have vowed a vow to be sparing of shoe-leather. But supposing it by this time eleven of the clock, we offer thee, reader, the choice of three alternatives:—an Exhibition, an' thou art partial to Latin and Greek, a picnic for a bit of diablerie, or a Ladies' Fair. "The Ladies' Fair by all means," you say with a knowing air. *Allons donc.* But this first, to appease the devil withal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here followeth a note from the Printer's Devil.

Mr. Edytors,

We gem'men is by no means thin-skinned, but we scorns your personal insinuations, and regards the distressin accident which I take my pen in hand to inform you about, as nothin but a judgment for your wicked persycushins of our profeshon. Mr. Idler has this minute fell through the hatch from the fourth story to the cellar, whilst in the act of applyin to my

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\* Vide Psalmanazar on Rural Delights. Vol. xlvii. p. 963.

colleague one of them a posterior arguments, which you are so fond of using, and he are sunk to riz no more. Pease to his ashes.

Yours,

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

N. B. The following MS. was found on the floor and must have belonged to him.

MEMORANDA FOR A PUFF OF THE MAY FAIR.

Enchanting morning, — expatiate on weathercocks and politics, — borrowed pantaloons, — romance of College life, — went to Fair, — ticket twenty-five cents, — gave door-keeper dollar, — handed back dollar and half, — took it, — query, whose "figurin" book he uses, — short digression on whim-whams and nincompoops, — meanwhile buy a pair of baby-socks, — lady inquired if feet they were bought for are in existence, — funny question, — blushed of course, — mem. to ask Mrs. — if undergraduates should listen to such insinuations, — bought a bouquet, — query, what the d—l to do with it, — finally pitched into —'s mouth, — teach him not to grin so ghastly, — two Floras in the field, — when Greek, &c., — smashed by a bewitching Floretta, — keep out of her way, — ice-cream with classmate, — inference, students wild fellows, — mem. powerful argument against the study of the Classics, — saw a pretty woman, — not her, — fortune told, — have three wives, &c., die for country's good, — Fates out of character, — too pretty, — got a letter, — print it, — new era, — caution

\* LETTER TO THE EDITORS.

APRIL 25, 1838.

GENTLEMEN,

You will doubtless think it very singular for a stranger to address you in this unceremonious manner; but as I know of no other way of remedying the evil of which I am to speak, I hope you will excuse the liberty. Perhaps it would be best for me to state my case to you exactly as it happened. In the first place, however, I would ask whether any one of you ever had the misfortune to be haunted? Start not, I do not mean haunted by ghost or goblin; neither do I take the word in the vulgar sense, namely, that of being bored by any one who wishes to obtain something of you; but take it in the good old English meaning, of something being present to you continually and pertinaciously, whether you will or no. If this has been the case with any one of you, gentlemen, he will know how to pity me when I tell him, that during the present week I have been haunted. But to inform you how it happened; last Saturday it was the fate of your wretched correspondent to pass through Washington Street, between the hours of one and two, when, as you well know, promenades and flirtations are in the "full tide of successful experiment." I proceeded in safety (by adhering to my prudent plan of walking very fast with eyes fixed on the ground) as far as Winter Street; but when just in the middle of Winter Street, the foul fiend himself, I believe, tempted me to look up, and I saw, gracious heaven! such a pair of eyes. They were not black, they were not blue, they were not hazel, they were not gray, but seemed to be an indescribable blending of them all. I know nothing of their color, size, or shape; all that I know is that they gave me a shock ten times more powerful than any which I ever received from electricity. Transfixed with amazement, I gazed for a full moment upon those sparkling orbs, when to my utter horror and dismay they advanced towards me! To retreat was not to be thought of, to advance was madness, a market cart was on my left hand, there was then but one way open, and with a heroic disregard of boots, straps, &c., I plunged into that slough of

Amos Kendall, — odd story about adorable divinities, — spent last flip, — query, when I shall see another, — time to go, — did it.

General flourish, — sublime apostrophe to the fair sex, — round off with a dissertation on RAW EGGS.

despond, which adorns the junction of Summer and Winter Streets, and floundered through, much to the delight of two classmates on the opposite side-walk. Nor was this the end of my troubles. As I walked on, it seemed as if every one pointed at me in derision, and as if every female face I met was adorned with a similar pair of eyes. Throughout that night, visions of these bright staring eyes floated about me, so that I could not sleep; and when I walked the room, there were two especially bright coals in the grate, which looked for all the world like the dreaded orbs. Toward morning I obtained a little restless slumber; but, would you believe it? the prayer bell next morning woke me up, tolling forth “eyes, eyes, eyes,” till I was almost frantic. At church on Sunday the case was no better; there the eyes were staring at me from every part of the house, and during the short prayer with which the morning clergyman favored us, I think that I saw them nearly a hundred times. Throughout the week it has been the same; those dreadful eyes peep out of every book I open; they pervade alike the lightest novel, and dullest mathematical treatise; the sacred precincts of the library are not free from them, and they stare at me from the papers in spite of Dr. W. Evans, “Dumfries’ eye water,” and the “Matchless Sanative.”

Now, Messrs. Editors, what is to be done in such a case as this? I would wear green glasses, but they, alas! as I know by experience, are no protection. Besides is it reasonable that the whole human race should be disfigured, in order to protect themselves against a few heartless individuals, who do not consider that what is “sport to them is death to us?” Would it not be better to strike at the root of the evil at once, and to oblige those ladies, who are troubled with brilliant and piercing eyes, either to wear very thick veils, green glasses, or else to have an attendant go before and announce their approach, that all who are fearful may conceal themselves? If you think that this statement of individual suffering will tend in any way to advance the cause, you are at liberty to insert — Gracious heavens! there are those eyes staring at me from this very paper; it is an absolute fact that in dotting the last *i* but three I put the pen right into the pupil of one of them. But they are now gone, and, as I said before, if you think that — oh horrible! here they are again ten times more brilliant than before! I will endure this torment no longer, — suicide, death, anything that will release me from it shall be welcome. I have a natural antipathy to hanging and drowning, but — and — have pistols, and E — has a magazine sufficient to equip the Texan or Canadian legions with small arms; surely they can spare me ONE to put an end to misery with. I intended to have made a few more remarks, but ’t is too late. I hasten to self-destruction.

Your distracted correspondent,

CHRISTOPHER CRAZY.

P. S. A friend has just called to invite me to a walk; and as the afternoon is fine, it is barely possible that I may recover from my suicidal intentions; if not, prepare to see in the public prints an “awful casualty,” “dreadful death by drowning,” or “melancholy suicide” of

Yours, &c.

C. C.

# HARVARDIANA.

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## ELOQUENCE.

THERE is no topic, perhaps, that has been more generally discussed, than this, the true nature of Eloquence ; and it has been so, because it is deeply interesting from its importance to us all. We are all lovers, not affected but natural lovers, of eloquence ; for it comes home forcibly and pleasingly to every heart. There lives not the man, high or low, the most wise or the most clownish, whose heart has not stirred strongly within him, when the notes of true, genuine eloquence were sounding in his ears. It cannot be otherwise ; for eloquence is natural, and all that is natural within us answers to its call.

Eloquence, however, is a word very often made use of by persons, who entirely misunderstand it, and whose notions of its true meaning and extent are very vague and indistinct. They lecture, speak and disseminate their half formed, limited views, and thus deceive the world into its common notions on this subject. In common parlance, and for ordinary purposes, they may speak correctly enough ; but if we wish to know the true signification of the word, we must gather it elsewhere ; we must investigate and comprehend it not from the words, but from the actions of men, not from the authority of books and writings, but from the authority of our own natural feelings. Then it will be perceived that Eloquence is a rare and no mean gift ; that it embraces many things

which are often overlooked, perhaps are undefinable, but which are essential to a perfect and legitimate orator.

Let us endeavor then to obtain some correct and full views, as far as we are able, of the rightful province and the true nature of eloquence. This will form the subject of the present essay.

The field of the orator, — and we would here say, we use this word not in the common-place sense, but as signifying one in whom the holy fire of eloquence burns purely and brightly, — the field of the orator then, is of wide, almost unlimited extent, to be compassed only by much natural talent and genius, assisted by unwearying study, perseverance, and observation. It is no less than the heart, the soul of man, in a word, the whole man; his character, his feelings, and affections; these he must understand thoroughly. Here, in this fruitful field, he must labor, and from it, as from rich resources, draw his great reward. His business is with man solely and directly; man, therefore, must be his chief study. He must observe him in his different situations in life, and discover by what motives he is best excited, and what feelings are most readily and strongly aroused. His observations must not be confined to one class alone, but must extend through all classes, catching the chief features which belong to our common Humanity. Finally, he must commune with his own heart, that exemplar of all other hearts. Thus will he best learn what chords to strike, when he wishes to bend the unwilling and the careless to his purpose, when he seeks to stir the sluggish, or repress the impetuosity of the over ardent and rash; thus alone can he be a master of the delicate instrument, he desires to play. The orator's employment is no mean and puerile employment, no slight and easy task; it is high, noble, godlike, calling for respect and admiration, and receiving it from all sides. A skilful and observing man alone can fulfil its requisites.

Thus broad is the field, and thus great the study of the orator. A superficial knowledge will not suffice, nor anything but a penetrating insight into the very depths of Humanity. It is not the work of a day, a year, but of a whole life. And through these materials, the golden thread of natural eloquence must pass, naturalizing the whole, ere the perfect orator can be formed.

From the nature of these remarks, it will easily be perceived, that it is not only foolishness, but time mispent, to endeavor to learn eloquence in the schools, to catch in them its noble and inspiring spirit. "Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain;" it must exist in the man naturally, it must burst forth spontaneously. Springing from the soul, it alone can reach to the soul; speaking with the strongly eloquent voice of nature, it alone can pierce the folds of ignorance, prejudice, and passion; free and independent, it only can exert that energy, that omnipotence, which so peculiarly belongs to it. Schools, instead of being the nurseries of eloquence, destroy its very soul; the worthless skeleton alone remains within them. Their tendency is, by their miserable rules and precepts, to repress feeling and enthusiasm; and send forth their poor scholar, an artificial orator, a mere elocutionist, a mechanical and uninteresting speaker. His feeling, what little remains, will be exhibited in a false animation, and in vociferous and unnatural tones; it will not be a contagious feeling, it will not be the true feeling. The fire of eloquence has gone out in his breast; his words will fall upon our ears in cold and dull accents; and his theme, though it might make angels weep, and our hearts glow forever, will seem ordinary, indifferent, wearisome.

We would not say that this blighting effect attends every one, who studies eloquence in the schools. Well is it, there have been those, who have burst these bonds, and have taken their places among the truly eloquent in the land, — they were not eloquent in consequence of study in the schools, but in spite of it. Neither would we be understood to say, that all rules are worthless, and all rhetoric useless. A reference to the ancient schools would instantly refute the assertion. But we would say, that we must not depend on schools, on rules, on rhetoric; that to be eloquent, all that is necessary is a correct observation of human nature, an understanding of the subject, on which we are to speak or write, and a casting of the whole soul into it, and leaving nature to do the rest; which, we may rest assured, will not fail us in our hour of necessity. If we cannot feel ourselves eloquent in moments of solemn musings, at the recital of human misery or happiness, amidst the works of nature and of

art, we must not expect to be so by long training in the schools; for the spirit of eloquence is not within us. The doctrine, we would combat is, that a man may be *made* eloquent by rules and precepts. You might as well endeavor to make a dead man speak, as to attempt to make a man eloquent who has never *felt* himself eloquent. The very nature of eloquence forbids such a thought. In what does it consist? In nature and feeling. These constitute its very essence; without them it is little more than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. There needs no long and elaborate argument to prove this. It is evident upon the slightest reflection. Eloquence must exist naturally in the man; it must spring spontaneously, without his attending to it, without his calling upon it. "His subject must lead him on, right onwards to his object." His whole soul must be eloquent with pure and lofty feelings, or he will fail of his object. Let the subject possess interest, let him lose himself, as it were, in it, and then there will be no striving for eloquence, no need of rules and rhetoric; they will all be forgotten; he will have no thought beyond his subject, no desire but to do it justice: the fountains of eloquence within him will be unsealed, and he will pour forth streams of glowing language, lofty thoughts, and thrilling emotions, as if by inspiration. Who are the most eloquent as a class? Who express themselves most figuratively, and deal most in strong tropes, even in the most ordinary forms of conversation? The lower class. And the reason is obvious. They speak as their passions dictate. Unrestrained by the trammels of the rules and precepts of schools; unfettered by the chains which the more polite of society bear about them, unawed by the "Damocles' sword of respectability," they pour forth from their hearts the deep eloquence that inspires them. Free and independent nature speaks through them with a power to stir men's souls. Their good or evil passions excited, their hearts burning, their eyes sparkling, their courage roused, then they speak in those strong images in which centres the very power of eloquence. This is the only way a man may be eloquent; then he will seize upon the heart, and pour into it the feelings which swell in his own. Nature and feeling, then, must be our guides; not books, not rhetoric, not schools.

Herein consists the province of the orator, — to move, to excite his hearers or readers, to carry them along with him, to make them feel as *he* does, to be aroused by the same angry passions, or calmed by the same peaceful affections. In order to secure this end, let him depend upon himself alone, use the means nature has given him, trust to the interest and power of his subject, and he will be eminently, proudly successful.

T.

## STANZAS.

Howl on, ye fierce and bitter winds,  
Your rage is nought to me ;  
You cannot match the grief that binds  
My soul in misery.

Howl on ; your hoarse and shrilly blast  
Is music to mine ear ;  
None now in this wide world are left  
This weary heart to cheer.

I could have borne the loss of all,  
Of fame, of wealth, of power ;  
Could I but see the forms of those  
Who cheered my darkest hour.

They all are gone ; howl on ye winds ;  
I mock your raging blast ;  
All hope of peace on earth is lost ;  
All pleasure, joy are past.

I have none here to cheer my way,  
No friend to soothe my woe,  
Alone I rest in this bleak world,  
Whence I but wish to go.

Is there no friend, that I can find,  
Willing to cheer my way ?



Yes, yes, I know there is one friend  
Who guides me every day.

His powerful hand protects the weak,  
The broken-hearted heals,  
He speaks of comfort to the oppressed,  
And all their sorrow feels.

Howl on ye winds ; I love your voice ;  
'T is but the word of God ;  
In all my anguish and my grief,  
I'll humbly bear the rod.

G.

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#### INFLUENCE OF PHILOSOPHY UPON CIVILIZATION.

IN our times, every new study or pursuit, before it can receive any encouragement, must give a satisfactory answer to the question, *cui bono* ? And nothing can show more clearly the folly of this question, than the very different answers which it has received from the same science in different epochs. Plato extolled Geometry and other abstract studies, while they were devoted exclusively to mental improvement ; but when their principles were employed to augment physical comforts, he denounced such an application of them as unworthy of a wise man. Our age would decide upon the merits of the same pursuits upon precisely opposite principles. Philosophy, in common with other abstract studies, is often required to show its connexion with human interests, which now mean simply physical interests ; as if the mere fact of its cultivation in all ages of the world did not prove it a legitimate offspring of Humanity, not to be stifled without doing violence to our inward frames. Our purpose, at this time, is not, however, to show the precise use of metaphysical studies, except in so far as it may be suggested by a view of the immense influence they have exerted on the fortunes of our race.

On the very threshold of History, we meet with an extraordinary philosophical development, so extraordinary, in fact, that those, who by assiduous effort have penetrated the mists which envelope it, have often doubted whether the progress of the human mind is in truth forward and not backward. They find, in the sacred books of the East, a record of the birth and establishment of all those systems which have since appeared in the European world. Materialism, Idealism, Pantheism, Fatalism, followed each other in quick succession, and mankind in after ages have effected little more than the reproduction of these theories, with some changes in their terminology.

Various causes have been assigned for this remarkable vigor in speculation, at so early and rude a period. Most writers have accounted for it, by the impulse which the imagination receives from every quarter in the infancy of society. But, though this fact throws some light upon the phenomenon, yet it is a cause by no means adequate to such an effect. Another circumstance but little noticed, will perhaps furnish a more satisfactory explanation.

The sacerdotal caste, in the East, had, as is well known, two systems of faith and knowledge, the *exoteric* and the *esoteric*, — one which they taught to the people, another which was confined to their own body and the initiated. The latter system was composed mainly of the philosophical theories which we are considering. Now, it is evident that the priests would not have adopted a separate and secret belief, until they were convinced of the falsity of the popular faith. Their minds must have previously passed through a state of skepticism; and this state we conceive to have been the principal cause of their philosophical speculations. As soon as they had become sensible of the hollowness of their reputation with the people, questions, too momentous and importunate to be thrust aside, must have arisen in their minds. For, in shaking off the popular superstitions, they could not have entirely divested themselves of faith in a deity or deities. That faith, as the experience of mankind, both in savage and civilized life, has proved, is no fiction of the imagination, but the inmost core of our souls. They could not, therefore, have gone on ministering

what they knew to be utter falsehood and delusion to their fellow men, representing a feigned character, not for a few hours, but for a whole life. Human nature is incompetent to such tasks. At least, it could not go through with them, without a degree of self torture which men will seldom, if ever, voluntarily inflict upon themselves. We say, then, that the eastern priests must have been urged, by their situation, into the most intense mental activity; and we regard their philosophical theories as, in a great measure, the results of this activity.

In fact, the character of the theories themselves shows clearly, that they were the product of minds, intent upon resolving tormenting doubts, sinking paralyzed by the hopelessness of the attempt, and at the same time falling into just such a solution as would justify men for pursuing a course of imposition. All the metaphysical systems of the East are more or less tinged with Pantheism. Individual, separate, existences, they suppose to be mere illusions maintained by one eternal principle; so that, virtue and accountability are nothing but words. A youthful warrior, upon the eve of a great battle, expressing his distress at the idea of shedding the blood of relations and friends, is thus replied to: "Truly, Ardschunas, your pity is exceedingly ridiculous. Why do you speak of friends and relations? Why of men? Relations, friends, men, beasts, or stones, all are one. A perpetual and eternal energy has created all which you see, and renews it without cessation. Nothing exists but the eternal principle; being, in itself. Beyond this principle everything is illusion. It follows that it is the supreme of wisdom to let things pass, to do what we are compelled to do, but as if we did it not, and without concerning ourselves about the result, interiorly motionless, with our eyes fixed unceasingly upon the absolute principle, which alone exists with a true existence." \* These are precisely the views which men in the situation of the Indian priests would be likely to adopt; and they are, of all others, best calculated to excuse the conduct of the old theocracies towards the people.

But whatever theory may be framed to account for the origin of the eastern speculations, their consequences

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\* Quoted by Cousin, in his Introduction to the History of Philosophy.

were clearly vast and momentous. They enabled the Priesthood to retain their sway over the people, by presenting to every inquisitive and ingenuous mind an imposing mass of wisdom, venerable from its antiquity, and reputed to have been divinely communicated to mankind. If their power had rested on nothing but artifice and management, it would have soon been shattered by internal feuds. It certainly could not have endured in a community which had emerged from barbarism, and was advancing rapidly in civil and commercial prosperity. But reposing, within the bounds of the sacerdotal caste, upon the authority of the sacred books, and without, upon superstition and ignorance, it has survived, almost unimpaired, to the present day. In fact, so wonderful did the knowledge, transmitted to them, seem to the successors of the first philosophic priests, that they were themselves deceived;—receiving it as a revelation from the gods. And, therefore, we may safely assert, that the whole cumbrous polity of India and Egypt, civil and religious, rested ultimately upon the early philosophical speculations in those countries. For the sacred books of the East contained chiefly metaphysical theories dressed in a religious or poetical garb.

In this case, then, we have an entire social and political system, erected and sustained, in a great measure, by the influence of Philosophy. That influence, however, is not exerted so often in building up, as in demolishing, a social or religious fabric. Its agency in the latter work is instructively illustrated in the events preceding the introduction of Christianity into the Greek and Roman worlds, and in that state of society which opened the way for the atrocities of the French Revolution. With the ancients, the sway of the old Polytheism was gradually undermined by the teachings of the philosophers; and the whole of the intelligent population was slowly but effectually brought into a state of skepticism, which constituted the fittest, and, indeed, a necessary preparation to their conversion to the Christian faith. Modern philosophy, breaking loose from the trammels of scholasticism, wearied and disgusted with the subtleties of the schoolmen, began by doubting everything, and ended in rejecting whatever could not be tried by the test of the senses. It resolved mind into a consequence of mere

material organization, virtue and vice into the immediate causes of pleasure and pain, and would admit of no happiness other than that of the senses. It placed men on a level with the brutes, not by exalting the latter, but by degrading humanity; some of its cultivators asserting, that, but for the shape of his hands and feet, man would even now be browsing the shrubs, or chewing the grass, in the uncultivated domains of nature. Now Christianity, however much its reception may depend upon historical criticism and external evidence, must certainly rely for its practical efficacy upon proofs altogether super-sensual. Its demand is, deny the body, live the life of the soul. Every page of the Scriptures was utterly at variance with the principles of the French Philosophers. Hence Christianity was soon attacked, and the onset was the more dangerous, as the simplicity of its original structure had been deformed by human additions which, on every side, presented vulnerable points to its assailants. The priesthood, too, undertook its defence, not by purification and reform, but by attempts to interdict all investigation and discussion. It is not surprising, therefore, that for a time, philosophy should have triumphed over religion, or rather over the outward environment, the decayed habitation, of religion.

But the very corruptions which defiled Christianity were engrafted on its branches through the influence of philosophy. For a period of one thousand years, from the sixth to the sixteenth century, philosophy had been nominally subject to religion. This very circumstance, however, lulled to sleep the suspicions with which it might otherwise have been regarded, and brought it into a closer intimacy, than would else have been possible, with Christianity. Receiving for axioms the dogmas propounded by the ecclesiastical authority, it retained the office of developing these dogmas, of drawing inferences from them, and thus establishing new principles, not contained in the revelation, but seemingly involved in its language. Philosophers did not dare to speculate freely and to lay down premises; they professed to take these from the scriptures or from the decisions of theological councils; but they were privileged to draw conclusions, and this privilege they exercised with the greatest freedom. There was no possible construction which the

most obscure propositions in revelation could, by any latitude of interpretation, or by the utmost refinement and subtlety of reasoning, be made to bear, that was not forced upon them and made the foundation of doctrines, which were afterwards promulgated to the Christian world as the commands of Heaven. "The scholastic philosophy, in fact," as it has been well said, "lies between us, at our present station in the world, and the immediate diffusion of the truth from Heaven, as 'the morning spread on the mountains,' an atmosphere of mist through which the early beams of Divine Light have been transfused. It has given the celestial rays a divergency whilst it has transmitted them, and by the multiplicity of its reflections, made them indistinct as to their origin."

In searching into the progress of civilization we shall find, also, as another evidence of the influence of Philosophy, that a change in the spirit and general tendencies of an era is always preceded by a corresponding change in metaphysical systems. This is remarkably conspicuous in the History of England, after the publication of the "Essay on Human Understanding." No one can take up a book written before Locke's time, without being struck by the contrast which the spirituality of its views and principles offers to the prevailing modes of thought and feeling at the present day. The almost exclusive devotion to the physical sciences, which has displayed itself in England for a considerable time, although not originated by the Philosophy of Locke, has undoubtedly been countenanced and strengthened by it. His system was evidently intended as a protest against the speculations, often extravagant and idle, of his predecessors; and his followers, in relinquishing these speculations, would naturally direct their thoughts to the physical sciences, which seemed the best field for the application of the experimental method inculcated, though not always adhered to, by their master.

## THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Who rides so late in the night-wind wild ?  
 It is the father with his child ;  
 He bears the boy on his steady arm,  
 And folds him to his bosom warm.

" My son, why hid'st thou thy trembling eye ?"  
 " See'st thou not, father, the Erl-king nigh ?  
 The Erl-king with crown and glittering hair ?"  
 " My son, 't is the shape that the mist-clouds wear."

" Thou lovely child, come, go with me !  
 Beautiful plays will I play with thee ;  
 Beautiful flowers bloom bright on the shore ;  
 And golden robes hath my mother in store."

" My father, my father, and dost thou not hear,  
 What the Erl-king is whispering soft in my ear ?"  
 " Fear not, my child, 't is the forest-blast  
 That stirs the dry leaves as it whistles past."

" Beautiful boy ! wilt thou go with me ?  
 My daughters so gently shall wait upon thee ;  
 My daughters above thee their night-watch shall keep,  
 And rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep."

" My father, my father, and see'st thou not there  
 The Erl-king's daughters where the dismal shades glare ?"  
 " Why fear'st thou, my son ? there is nought in the way,  
 Save yon old willow tree with its branches so gray."

" I love thee, I love thy soft eye's clear ray ;  
 And wilt thou not come, — then I force thee away."  
 " My father, my father, he seizes me fast,  
 The Erl-king around me his dark spell hath cast."

The father rides swift through the forest so wild,  
 He folds in his arms the shuddering child ;  
 He reaches his home in sorrow and dread,  
 The child in his arms lay silent and dead.

W.

NOTHING TO SAY.

Who shall confess himself in these days of the universal Diffusion of Knowledge 'an ignorant man'? Who will not study, in season and out of season, to enable himself to bring into society that amount of information which an imperious necessity demands? How embarrassing it is, when one is obliged to take a walk or pass an evening with a person or a knot of persons, not of his own set, and to find the conversation wandering in fields and amid objects with which he is entirely unacquainted, instead of upon the beaten tracks, to which he is accustomed, whose guide-posts and toll-houses are familiar and grateful to his eye! There is a sensation of inward horror, which well nigh strikes dumb a bashful man, like myself, in witnessing the approach of one of those Leviathans in some one department of mental culture, who always prefer to drag you into, and see you flounder in, their own element, to coming to yours, to stare about powerless and gasp for life. Such are those peripatetic universal histories who have read Rollin five times, whose mechanical memories clutch at a fact and a date, and leave it firm — fixed, and projecting for some careless reasoner to catch and tear the veil of his argument upon. They are greedy for downright, demonstrated realities; they pump your mind for individual facts, of which, in the nature of things, it is in a moment exhausted; nor do they suffer you to escape to mere general assertions or to the realms of imagination, without a sneer or a frown.

It may be supposed that you may have your revenge by leading the conversation to subjects where you are more at home, and where they may be the strangers and wanderers. But to be a universally ignorant man; to have no hobby, no favorite science, no exclusive school of philosophy upon which to retreat! For a young man entering upon life, it is a damper to every undertaking. He might as well have no dress coat as present himself without this undeniable claim to attention. He *must* have some forte; let him be a musician, or a theatre-goer, a pedestrian, or an equestrian, a fisherman, sportsman, lady's man, or temperance man, a friend of politics,



of eating, or of dress, a great traveller, a great flatterer, or even a great liar; let him choose any of the *ologies* for his favorite, and garnish his memory with long names, and his sanctum with odoriferous specimens, let him make a collection of all the *old* things under the sun, since there is nothing new; but at least let him have *something* by which he may distinguish himself from those around him, if it be only to have longer hair. If he be provided with this reserved ground on which to stand, he may move the world. If on the subject of his choice he cannot find something which his neighbor, who has relied upon *general* knowledge, does not know, either he has chosen badly, or he does not deserve success.

But too many are unprotected from the ravages of the learned. Ignorance is a more common bliss than perhaps modern reformers imagine. Many, especially young ladies, have been charmed by the delightful variety of the conversation of men of general information. They should understand that this also is a hobby; that it is as easy to "cram" universal superficialities, as to "drink deep" of any one source of inspiration. Keep your eye upon one of these general conversationists in a library. You will never catch him with a volume of Hume, or of Locke, or even of Walter Scott before his eyes. He is flitting about among literary anecdotes, rattling and scandal-bearing biographers, and occasionally studiously poring over an *abstract* of works on history or politics. The re-publication of the reviews is a death-blow to his success. The superior information, which his English copies of old made him master of, is now in the hands of all his former victims, and he must make his researches in obscurer corners, and amid thicker dust.

But how can those succeed, who wish to meet these butterflies upon equal grounds, if they do not undertake the same superficial course of education? Let the studious young lady, who is just plodding on through one of the Italian poets, canto by canto, with a strict instructor, hint at some beauty which she remembers in her last lesson, — she is overwhelmed by accounts of names, and principles, and modes of thought, and episodes, and machinery, which her friend has acquired with infinite ease from translations and books of criticism. If she allude to some solid

work, whose three thick volumes have been her morning reading for months, he outdoes her in the accuracy of his opinion, both of its style and its contents, by an opportune recollection and judicious use of the phraseology of a bookseller's advertisement. If she point to one of the pretty wild flowers which has been gathered by the roadside, he is off amid the treasures of the green house, and expands before his overwhelmed auditors a list of the brilliant colors and still more brilliant nomenclature of oriental horticulture. If she refer to the glowing sunset, or the unexpected shower of the forenoon, he has observed in a morning paper, a comparative statement of the quantity of rain which has fallen for the last twenty years, the results of which he details with an accuracy which is at least unquestioned. In short there is no subject which can be brought up, in which one, who has been seeking for a general information by an honest course of reading, can compete with him, who has no aim but momentary success. Our ignorance is thrust home upon us. The solitary fact in which we gloried as we produced it, stands isolated and drooping, while our more fortunate interlocutor has brought forward his thousands, whose discovery caused him no more labor than we had used for ours. And we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is for his advantage that we have toiled. He is too well aware of the show that may be made of a 'little learning,' to let any hint go without use; and we may depend upon it, that what appeared of so little note as we uttered it, will flourish as his own acquisition in some after conversation, and that he may chuckle to think that he is saved the necessity of reading the dull and voluminous work, from which we had extracted this plum for him.

Hence it will be seen that even the most laudable desire for universal knowledge may become the cause of the most lamentable, apparent ignorance. The world never knows the struggles of those who appear unprepared in conversation. Many can restrain themselves from rubbing their hands in agony, from writhing their chins in their stocks, and from drawing the long breath of misery and despair; but even these are suffering the intensest pain, as they hear subject after subject brought up for discussion, upon which they have neither

confidence enough in their memory for real facts, or in their imagination of invented ones, to venture to open their lips. Of all ignorance the most miserable is that of not knowing anything to say. It is that which society observes the soonest and pardons last. The sensible man, who has "nothing to say for himself," must give way before the fool with his budget of small-talk.

When children are in difficulty for subjects in writing a letter, they are told to write just as they would talk. To one who has nothing to say in conversation, we may say, talk just as you think. But how can we think with such a clog to our mind, as the person we are conversing with sometimes proves? We cannot think enough for both, when we are continually checked in our mental flight, by stupidity, obstinacy, or an entire want of confidence and sympathy. He is not always the best listener, who says nothing, nor he the best talker, who has anything to say.

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#### PROGRESS OF BOOTS.

IN IMITATION OF THE GERMAN "HATS."

##### L.

A GALLIC chief on hunting bent,  
Unsandalled, and unshod,  
Upon a jagged piece of flint,  
With careless footstep trod.  
"What, shall a chief like me," he said,  
"Be tortured by a stone?"  
And then two deerskin sandals made,  
And lashed them firmly on.

He died, and left, bequest most rare,  
The new-made sandals to his heir.

II.

Scarce was his father dead, when he,  
 Adventurous, crossing o'er  
 A roaring, boisterous, raging sea,  
 Arrived at Albion's shore ;  
 But feeling soon the chilblains bite  
 From Britain's wintry weather,  
 He to each sandal fastened tight  
 A pliant upper leather.

He died, and left, bequest most rare,  
 The valued shoes to his next heir.

III.

He, boldly venturous like his sire,  
 To Erin's island crossed,  
 There in unfathomable mire  
 The shoe was all but lost.  
 Scarce had he touched the solid ground,  
 With muddy, slippery foot,  
 When leather round his legs he bound,  
 And made the shoe a boot.

He died, and left, bequest most rare,  
 The well formed boots to his next heir.

IV.

As he, poor lad, lamenting stood,  
 It roused his soul to ire,  
 To see those boots defiled with mud  
 Which once had shod his sire.  
 He robbed his chimney of its soot,  
 His lantern of its oil,  
 Polished with these his father's boot  
 With never-tiring toil.

He died, and left, bequest most rare,  
 The boots and blacking to his heir.

V.

He, leaving soon the " Emerald Isle,"  
 To Paris made his way,  
 And there beguiled by beauty's smile  
 He passed his life away.

Ere long his grandsire's boots were found,  
Unworthy such a fop,  
And so with careful hand he bound  
White leather round the top.

He died, and left, bequest most rare,  
The white-top boots to his next heir.

## VI.

He stood beside his father's bed,  
He closed his father's eyes,  
But scarcely was that father dead  
Before he sought his prize.  
Then disappointed, — "shall I wear  
A clumsy, heavy boot,  
Two yoke of oxen scarce could bear,  
Upon my pretty foot?"  
He spoke, — his father's shade withdrew,  
In terror and dismay,  
He cut those precious boots in two!  
He threw the tops away.

He died, and left, bequest most rare,  
The short docked boots to his next heir.

## VII.

Nor did this heir his riches please,  
Another fault he found,  
And cried, "must man, like ducks and geese,  
In mud go wading round?  
Not so will I, for I should scorn,  
Disdain, such shame to feel."  
He spoke, and to the sole nailed on  
An inch or two of heel.

He died, and left, bequest most rare,  
The high-heeled boots to his next heir.

## VIII.

High-heeled the boots remain, and time must show,  
What further change the cobbler's art may know.

Q. P.

## ORIGIN OF SUPERNATURAL AGENTS.

IN mystery we live, move, and have our being. There is nothing in the heavens, or on the earth, — our home for a few short years, — that is not as far above our comprehension, as the Infinite is above the Finite. True, men having gathered up a few pebbles from the shore of the boundless ocean of the Unknown, have given them names, and talked as if they knew something about them. Our libraries groan beneath the weight of ponderous tomes heaped together, generation after generation, by these pebble-stone mongers. They know almost nothing of the simplest particle of matter; and yet, if they do not create worlds, they have the presumption to tell you how worlds might have been created. Of spirit they know still less; and yet they boldly prescribe laws for it.

Could you sit at the feet of all these sages, from the Chaldean magi and priests of Egypt down to Immanuel Kant, you would feel that you had been like a blind man led by blind men, in a mazy labyrinth. You would feel that the grand problems of the Destiny of man and the Mystery of the Universe were still all unsolved.

These are the problems which man has ever been striving to work out. Poets, philosophers, and priests have ever aimed at this high end, urged on by that voice, which is constantly crying out in the depths of every human soul, What is the purpose of my existence here? By what was this visible system of things created? By what is it governed? In this struggle to penetrate into the Unknown, the Infinite, the Eternal, has sprung up all that is noble and sublime in the works of the past.

This is the condition of man. He awakens into life amidst innumerable living creatures, himself at first the weakest and most helpless of them all. Of his author he knows nothing; — knows nothing of the causes of the simplest and most insignificant occurrence in the outward world. Yet he is raised far above the brutes, by a burning desire to ascertain his fate, and the beings that decide it. There is in the mind of the most degraded savage an idea of causes. He sees everything in the

animal and vegetable kingdoms living and dying, flourishing and fading. Clouds veil the face of the sky; and anon the lightning glares; and the solemn thunder fills him with fear of—he knows not what. Suddenly the scene changes. The storm passes away; and a bow of bright, enchanting colors is extended above him. Is it not a good spirit that has conquered the evil spirit of the storm? Now the firm set earth is shaken to its centre. Now a rumbling noise is heard in the mountain, and presently the volcano bursts forth in awful grandeur, discharging its impious artillery towards Heaven, and bearing destruction abroad. It is noonday, and the sun is darkened;—it is night, and a strange fiery visitant darts across the firmament.

What are the causes of these phenomena? This is a question which agitates the mind of the ignorant and unenlightened man, as well as that of the philosopher; and each must have some hypothesis to satisfy his restless curiosity.

The untutored mind, which knows nothing of natural causes, can answer this question by one method only,—the supposition of supernatural beings. It cannot conceive of motions being produced by any other than a living agent. Life then is naturally attributed to whatever possesses motion. Thus an explanation of the various phenomena of the natural world is furnished, which is satisfactory to man in the early stages of civilization. Does the rainbow appear? It is the bridge by which the gods pass from heaven to earth. Is the sun or moon eclipsed? A hostile wolf or dragon is endeavoring to devour it. Does the earth tremble? It is caused by the writhings of some wicked giant, whom the gods have confined within its bowels. Does the thunder rumble in awful majesty through the sky? Demons are fighting there; or it is Jupiter discharging his swift-winged bolts.

So strong is this tendency in the uncultivated to explain what they do not understand by living agents, that the Greeks accused Anaxagoras of impiety, because he said that the sun was nothing more than a glowing mass of metal. A savage, who for the first time saw a letter, and witnessed the effect produced by the news it transmitted, supposed it to be a perfidious traitor, that had

betrayed an important secret. Navigators say that the magnetic needle is often considered, by the rude tribes to which they show it, as some being torn from its country, and turning with eagerness towards that cherished spot. The simple natives of Hayti looked upon the Spaniards, on their first coming among them, as beings descended from heaven ; and supposed their ships to be winged monsters. Our English ancestors thought that the exhalations and explosions in mines were caused by the swart fairies. The circles of bright green, or of withered grass found in fields and pastures, and now supposed to be produced by electricity, were also attributed by them to these fanciful beings.

This disposition to personify extends itself even to affections or states of the mind. Thus Homer represents sleep as a person. Flight and Fear are said to be inseparable companions. Instead of telling us the effects Minerva's *Ægis* produced in battle, he says that the edges of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Massacre, and Death.

To the savage all the phenomena of the universe are separate and disconnected. Hence it is that, in the early periods of society, we find the dominion of the several parts of nature assigned to different deities ; and each fountain, river, forest, and mountain placed under the care of its guardian spirit. It is not until men begin to think ; it is not until science has commenced its investigation of natural causes, that the beautiful chain, which, after having bound together all the events of the natural world, ascends to link itself to the throne of the Eternal ; and the consequent unity of the Deity are discerned by mortals. The idea of one Supreme being, purely spiritual, self-existent, and eternal, is far beyond the reaches of the soul of a savage. His gods must be sensible to sight and touch ; and must not possess a character elevated so far above his comprehension, that he can contrive no form of worship for them. If man cannot raise himself up to the Deity, he must bring the Deity down to himself.

Let it not, however, be supposed from what has been said, that this disposition to explain the wonders of the universe by the agency of supernatural beings is the sole source of the deities with which heaven and earth



are peopled in the infancy of civilization. Were this the case, then it might be true, as some philosophers have asserted, that fear and self-interest are the parents of all gods and all worship. But man does not grow less devout, the farther he penetrates into nature's secrets.

Much less can they be attributed to the cunning and ambition of priests; for although they might take advantage of an original principle of man's nature, they could not implant one in him which should be universal, like the religious principle. All must and will have something to worship. It is a fundamental law of our nature. When the French people had thrown down the altars of the living God, they were compelled, in obedience to this law, to erect statues to the goddesses of Liberty and Reason. There never was a mortal, however degraded, that did not at some moment, either during the silence of the night, in some dark forest, on the shore of the ocean, or at the death-bed of his fellow, feel in the inmost depths of his soul a yearning after something beyond the perishing things of time. There never was a mortal so low, as not sometimes to be conscious of thoughts stirring within him, which bore no trace of earth. He might not have been able to image them forth in words; but still he had them. The filthy Esquimau, when he has satiated his voracious appetite, may go to his cave, and lie there until hunger impels him to new exertions; yet talk to him about religion, and he will listen with interest. The thoughts of the Carib do not extend to the morrow; yet tell him of the God who made the world, and he becomes inquisitive.

Man would have been religious without the influence of external objects; but the outward developments and forms of religion would have been wanting. We should never have heard of that innumerable host of supernatural beings, which we now find in the world; yet that desire for the Pure, the Unknown, the Infinite, would have still existed. The vast numbers of deities, which the uncivilized adore, is undoubtedly to be attributed to their ignorance of natural causes. The home of the religious sentiment is in the unknown. Yet when science has forced nature to give up many of her secrets; when she has made the lightnings, winds, fire, and water the ministers of man's will; — when in her laboratories

she has formed the mimic volcano and thunderstorm, and scaled the heavens in her balloon, the religious sentiment is not destroyed, or even weakened. It finds other and higher gods than it before worshipped.

K.

## EXTRACTS FROM A "HASTY PUDDING POEM."

\* \* \* \* \*

Does College life feel no ambitious cares ?  
Are students only free from all her snares ?  
Fancy, for one short fraction of an hour,  
That we are gifted with Asmodeus' power,  
Then snugly seated on old Harvard's cap,  
We'll take a look, or if you please, a nap, —  
If it may chance that my unworthy strain  
Bring rest to one, I have not sung in vain.  
Now then, you must n't mind the chilly breeze,  
We're seated, look around you, if you please.

Mark yon enthusiast, his lamp grows dim,  
His pale fire smoulders, but 't is nought to him !  
What's paltry coal compared with endless fame,  
Or wasting tapers to the muses' flame ?  
His gilt-edged superfine devoted lies  
In virgin purity before his eyes,  
Save where, (sole token of poetic rage,)  
"Sonnet" stands staring from the modest page.  
Poor guiltless word ! long doomed to pine alone,  
Like aged toad imbedded deep in stone !  
Harvardiana's pages bid him seek  
"An immortality of near a week."  
Ambition lends him industry, and she, —  
May one day make a bard of even me !  
Methinks e'en now the poet's eye may look  
With prophet vision on the future's book,  
And see, like Dædalus, the minstrel rise  
On self-invented pinions to the skies,  
Spur his racked hobby in the muses' teeth,  
And snatch in triumph at the deathless wreath !  
And as stout Vulcan's axe impetuous clove  
The blue-eyed Goddess from the scull of Jove,

So labor beats from dulness' brain ideas  
 While each more brilliant than the last appears,  
 Until at length, his patent wings full spread,  
 Enormous epics blossom round his head!  
 Perchance improvement, in some future time,  
 May soften down the rugged path of rhyme,  
 Build a nice railroad to the sacred mount,  
 And run a steamboat to the muses' fount!  
 O happy days! when "steaming" to renown,  
 Each bard shall rise, the wonder of his town!  
 O happy days! when every well-filled car,  
 With stubborn rhymes in rugged strife shall jar,  
 And every scribbler's tuneless lyre shall squeak,  
 When whizzing swiftly up Parnassus' Peak!

Stop! hear you not that concourse of sweet notes,  
 Thrilling the soul as on the breeze it floats?  
 Ah music's votaries! full well ye know  
 To win the senses from dull study's woe,  
 To lull the mind to quiet, yet to keep  
 Your drowsy neighbors from too sound a sleep.  
 'Tis sweet to hear, when sinking to a doze,  
 Some tuneful neighbor chanting through his nose,  
 Just when, oblivious of sublunar things,  
 Free fancy soars away on dreamy wings,  
 When, themes well finished or postponed awhile,  
 Light Somnus greets one with Pickwickian smile, —  
 'Tis sweet to be awakened, though 't is true  
 There's pleasure in a calm siesta too.  
 But ah, much sweeter, when the night has thrown  
 Her sable mantle round her starlit throne,  
 When the day's weariness has given zest  
 To the soft pillow and the soothing rest,  
 To be awakened by the mingled sound  
 Of many laboring instruments around,  
 Far more melodious than the startling call,  
 That shattered Jericho's embattled wall.  
 "Ah!" one exclaims, "this music is a bore,  
 They might have let me sleep a little more,  
 With windows closed, I think they well might spare  
 'To waste their sweetness on the desert air!'"  
 No! what were music, if it were not known  
 Who pealed the loudest, who the sweetest tone?  
 Ambition fills them all, they all aspire  
 To get on string of Phœbus' silver lyre.  
 Full many such "oft in the stilly night"  
 Exert their voices with stentorian might,

"From morn till night, from night till startled morn,"  
 Twang loud alarums on the groaning horn,  
 Or when they should be chewing learning's root,  
 Wring heartfelt moanings from the tortured flute.  
 All, all, have ears ; though some more highly blest  
 Have ears much longer than the luckless rest ;  
 Yet amidst sizes of near every sort,  
 None, (I must say it,) are at all too short !

\* \* \* \* \*

Fain would I more ; — but could my muse aspire  
 To praise in fitting strains our College choir ?  
 Ah, happy band ! securely hid from sight,  
 Ye pour your melting strains with all your might ; —  
 And, as the prince, on Prosper's magic isle,  
 Stood spell-bound, listening with a raptured smile  
 To Ariel's witching notes, as through the trees  
 They stole like angel voices on the breeze, —  
 So when some strange divine the hymn gives out,  
 Pleased with the strains he casts his eyes about,  
 All round the chapel gives an earnest stare,  
 And wonders where the deuce the singers are,  
 Nor dreams that o'er his own bewildered pate,  
 There hangs suspended such a tuneful weight !

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#### KIT MARLOWE, AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE SHAKSPEARE.

WE have been so much accustomed to look at Shakspeare as the great master of English Dramatic Literature, that we have become, in some measure, inclined to consider him as the only one, even of his own age, the golden age of the Drama, worthy of notice. We have been so much dazzled with the brilliancy of the sun, that the lesser lights by whom he is surrounded are in some danger of being involved in almost utter darkness. This is an act of injustice which cannot be too much guarded against. However much Shakspeare overtopped his contemporaries, he ought not to be suffered to overshadow them. The age of Elizabeth was as fruitful in

noble dramatists, as that of Queen Anne in wits and essayists. That the works of these writers are entirely neglected, I do not mean, but only that they are too much so ; while we read the nanby-pamby puerilities of the *imitators* of Byron or Wordsworth, how many of the fine, nervous lines of "rare Ben Jonson," Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, who haunted the Mermaid Inn, and quaffed Canary in company with the "Swan of Avon," are suffered to lie on the shelf covered with dust.

If this is the case with regard to the worthies of the Shakspearean era, how much more negligent are we towards those who preceded it. These authors, it is true, do not compare, if we except Marlowe, with those who succeeded them ; but that they must have possessed considerable talent, is evident from the great progress which the drama had already made at the accession of Shakspeare to the stage in 1591. It was but thirty years before this, that the first Play, really deserving the name of a Tragedy, was performed in England. It was called *Ferrex and Porrex*, and was composed by Lord Buckhurst. Regarding it as the first attempt to woo the dramatic Muse, it must be confessed to have succeeded more than indifferently well. This Tragedy contains but little to interest, being written in a dull, dry style, and not in the "King Cambyeses' vein," so fashionable shortly afterwards, which seems lately to have been revived in the works of Victor Hugo. Before this performance, there had been many moralities, interludes, &c., the principal of which had been composed by John Heywood, jester to King Henry VIII., but no attempt at a regular division into acts and scenes had yet been made. The first English Comedy was not produced until ten years after, and was called "Gammer Gurton's Needle." It is written in rhyme, contains a great deal of low, broad humor, and, notwithstanding its coarseness, is formed with such precision on the rules of the Ancient Drama, the Unities of time, place, and action being perfectly observed, as Racine might have envied.

Men of talents soon devoted themselves to the drama, and it rapidly increased in public favor. The English authors possessed the advantage of consulting the numerous plays of Spain, whose stage was already adorned

with many writers of merit; among others, Lopez de Véga, himself the author of nearly two thousand plays. Of this almost inexhaustible fountain they did not hesitate to make free use, and from it were drawn most of the plots, even of Shakspeare's dramas. The tragedies of this age are composed in a most careless and irregular manner; and we cannot but be surprised at the total want of ingenuity displayed in the development of the plot, the arrangement of the scenes, &c. The speeches of their leading characters, heroes, for instance, are often written in a most frothy, ranting style, not unlike those of the immortal Drawcansir himself; and, in fact, they seem to govern their conduct on much the same principles, as that high-spirited and magnanimous citizen,

"I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare,  
And all this I can do because I dare."

Christopher, or, as he is almost universally called, Kit Marlowe stands undoubtedly at the head of the ante-Shakspearean authors. Living but about five years after he left the university, in that short period he exhibited a genius which, had it been properly cultivated, would have obtained for him an enviable pre-eminence among the English Poets. His dramas are wild and irregular in the highest degree, abounding in improbabilities, many of which are highly ludicrous, although their beauties are at the same time striking and peculiar. He seems to have composed them entirely for the audience that frequented the theatre, who cared not how often the Unities were violated, nor if the plays were perfect medlies of incongruities, provided that they were amused and interested. Consequently, although great power and force distinguishes them in many parts, much is written carelessly and negligently.

Faustus, the same story which engaged the attention of the great German Poet, Goethe, undoubtedly displays more genius than any other of Marlowe's tragedies. The true Promethean fire still blazes in it, although half smothered by pedantry and false taste. Considered strictly as a Play, without reference to its poetic spirit, it has more faults than many of his productions; but in no other do we find the dark and gloomy pictures, which his mind delighted to draw, so truly and powerfully de-

lineated. It has been said that "the mighty orb of song," Milton, not improbably had some of the lines of this tragedy in his mind, when he penned several parts of *Paradise Lost*. Thus the speech of Satan to the lost spirits, in which he says,

"The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,"

exactly resembles the first part of the reply of Mephostophilis to the inquiry of Faustus concerning the situation of hell. —

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed  
In one self place ; but where we are is hell ;  
And where hell is, there we must ever be.  
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that are not heaven."

Again, Milton makes Satan speak of "being driven out from bliss," as one of the severest punishments of condemnation. This is exactly paralleled by the answer of Mephostophilis in the following lines,

FAUSTUS.

"How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?"

MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

"Why, this is Hell, nor am I out of it.  
Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,  
Am not tormented by ten thousand Hells,  
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?"

Passages like these, which serve to show the real power of Marlowe's genius, lie sparkling like rough, unpolished diamonds throughout all his productions.

There is no nice discrimination of character displayed in this work; the dramatis personæ do not speak like men of the world; their discourse is not colloquial, neither is there about them any of that flesh and blood warmth, which distinguishes all the best creations of the novelists and dramatists, such as we see in *My Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim*, in *Sterne's Tristram Shandy*. Faustus is better drawn than any of the Characters; there is a shadowy vastness and grandeur about him which raises him above the common inhabitants of earth. With naturally good feelings, the cultivation of intellect seems in him

to have almost obscured the moral sense, and raised in his bosom longings and desires which he strives to gratify by the agency of the evil spirit. His soliloquy during the last hour of life is most masterly. The reader almost listens to the heavy ticking of the clock which notes the minutes, the passage of which brings him nearer and nearer to the Prince of Darkness.

Marlowe was killed in a brawl at some time previous to the year 1593. It cannot be too much regretted that his untimely death, before the age of thirty, deprived him of the benefit which the stage derived soon after from the genius of Shakspeare and the learning of Jonson. He would have towered high and massive even in an age of giants. His character was extremely dissolute, and his great talents were sullied by depravity, and, it is even said, by infidelity.

"Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,  
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell."

B. B. X.

#### PEEP ABOUT CHURCH.

"O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye 've nought to do, but mark and tell  
Your neighbor's faults and folly!"

BURNS.

It is Sunday evening; another day of rest is just giving place to the strife and bustle of the week; its simple rites, its stillness, and its good influences are fast fading away. I chanced to be early at church this morning; and looking around on the empty pulpit and pews, I fell naturally enough into a serious mood, which was only interrupted by the busy sexton, preparing the house of God for the reception of his children. "Here," said I, "may true worship be enkindled, and spirits, worn out by worldly toil, commune with Him, who is the same



yesterday, to-day, and forever." I thought how in that house, unlike any other, the rich and poor, the successful and the disappointed might meet together as equals.

Presently the sexton swung open a green door and ushered in the parson. His black cloak hung gracefully about him, and his slow, official step was only broken, when he occasionally turned to see if the stove was well filled, and how many of his flock were seated in their places. As he sat down in the desk, he smoothed his bands, and then ran his eye over his sermon, apparently anxious lest some of his finest periods should be marred in the delivery. As the bell continued to toll, the congregation by twos and threes, assembled in their place of worship; some strained their eyes to see who was going to preach, and others put their own close beside their neighbors' heads, and seemingly told volumes of important information. In a moment a coach rolled to the door, and a party came nodding and simpering up the aisle, and languidly found resting-places in one of the handsomest pews. Occasionally a solitary worshipper would move quietly to his seat, and unpretending and unnoticed, I could not but fancy, enjoy holier communion than many a more stately neighbor.

When the parson gave out the psalm, there was a good deal of shuffling in the choir; the organist opened with a tremendous volley of sacred sounds; and as the vocalists commenced their duty, I observed one female pouring forth note after note, with particular energy, which seemed amply repaid by an occasional glance at the bright eyes below, that were gazing upward in admiration. Just as they had finished a stanza, a man or woman, by way of impressing it on the audience, would break out alone, and after laboring on a line or two, until quite red in the face, would be relieved by the whole band, who, beginning invariably at the same point, thus gave the line a third time to the hearers. However necessary to effect art may be, I often wish it were more excluded from our praises to the Creator; the very weakness of a sacred song should commend it to such creatures as ourselves.

Before prayers were concluded, I took a view of the worshippers, fancying I could tell whose offerings were accepted. The wrinkled, and thin-haired were listening

attentively ; though they had heard the service for years, every Sunday it brought fresh comfort, and they could not hope to participate in it much longer. I could discern the man of care ; he had come there because no business was transacted on the seventh day, and because of the example to his children. He was thinking of taking up a note, or advising a correspondent early on Monday ; but he joined, openly at least, in the parson's humble confession, "we have set our affections too little on things above."

Two or three young creatures were there, who I knew were wont to receive homage and compliment from the beginning to the end of the week. I love to observe if a beautiful girl can forget the flattery and the art of the ball-room, when she worships at the throne of the Almighty. There is a dreadful danger that a little worldly splendor may be brought before the source of Infinite light. I saw one bow her head and clasp her hands and turned away, lest her expression might declare that her thoughts were beyond her control.

After the petitions were concluded, one of the aisle-doors was opened by a couple poorly clad, and evidently strangers. The woman was wrapped in a faded shawl ; her husband's garments were thickly patched, and as he decently removed a tattered hat from his head, it seemed that he scarcely needed to go through the ceremony. They had wandered into the house of worship, and stood some minutes at the end of the aisle. Several looked towards them, but they had never seen them before, or their pews were nearly full. The strangers were evidently embarrassed, having forgotten that only pew-holders worship God, and were about going out, when a gentleman, alone in his pew, very kindly arose, and pointed out to them the strangers' seats ; after which the congregation devoutly continued their worship, praying to do to others, as they would others might do to them. After service, the business-men said the discourse was rather long, and went to the news-room ; a few old parishioners tottled up to shake hands with the preacher, and some of the young ones thought the sexton in fault for admitting vagabonds to the house. The strange couple walked away, to exchange public uncharitableness, for private obscurity and pinching want.

In the afternoon, as not so many were present, the minister was less energetic. And now evening is gathering about us, and the house of worship is once more undisturbed. In some pews the dust has not been brushed from the luxurious cushions, and in others the romance has not been prudently tucked under the prayer-book. The parson has gone to labor on his next sermon, — the people have almost forgotten their contrite confessions, as they prepare to resume the half-executed projects and complicated schemes of the coming week ; at the close of which, they will again gather together, and again repent that they are so worldly-minded.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM UHLAND.

## I.

## "DAS STÄNDCHEN."

## The Serenade.

"WHAT gentle music from my sleep  
Awaketh me ?  
Oh mother look ! at this late hour,  
Who can it be ?"  
"Nought can I hear, nought can I see, —  
Oh slumber on !  
They bring no serenade to thee,  
My poor sick son !"  
"These are no earthly tones that make  
My heart so light,  
The angels call me with their songs, —  
Mother, good night !"

## II.

## "DER WEISSE HIRSCH."

## The white Stag.

THREE huntsmen into the greenwood went,  
To hunt down the white stag they were bent ;  
They laid them down 'neath a green fir-tree,  
And there dreamed the selfsame dream all three.

## FIRST HUNTSMAN.

I dreamed that as I was beating the brush,  
The white stag swiftly leapt out, rush ! rush !

## SECOND HUNTSMAN.

And as from the yelping hounds he sprang,  
I thought that I peppered his hide, flash ! bang !

## THIRD HUNTSMAN.

And when the white stag on the ground I saw,  
I lustily winded my horn trara !

Now while the three huntsmen a talking lie,  
The white stag boundeth merrily by,  
And, ere the three huntsmen had seen him fair,  
O'er valley and hill he had sped like air.

Rush ! Rush ! Flash bang ! Trara !

A. B.

## VENATICA.

"Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam."

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

ARE you a sportsman, reader ? Have you ever spent a day in the woods, seeking what you might devour ? Have you ever followed a stag ? Have you ever angled a trout for an hour ? Heaven bless you if you hav'nt. There lies in store for you many a pleasant day. If you are a lover of nature, and fond of the wild scenery of the woods, take your gun, secure a good dog, and, soon as July is come and passed, go out and hunt woodcock. By no means venture out so early as the Fourth.

It is always well to have in your wanderings some definite object ; and sporting, besides the excitement it affords, conducts us to accidental, and therefore more beautiful spectacles of scenery. We are very likely to be disappointed, when we go out for the express purpose of gazing at some remarkably beautiful spot. Our imagination is so awakened, our anticipations so exaggerated that, in all probability, we shall destroy half the pleasure

before we see it. I scarcely know of any one, who was not disappointed with his first impressions of Niagara; and for the plain reason that he had formed too high expectations. But in shooting you have a fixed object for your wanderings, and the beauties of the fields and woods are constantly affording some agreeable surprise. You wind down a thicket, attentively watching your dog, who has struck the scent of a woodcock, when suddenly you issue by an opening upon some beautiful mere, lying embosomed in the hills, and reflecting in rippling waters its mossy banks, and the blue skies which overarch it. It seems like fairy-land, and charmed by its magic you stretch yourself by its margin, and flinging your cap and gun upon the grass, let the fresh breeze sweep through your wet hair. Your dog lies down beside you, his tongue hanging out, his breath coming and going in quick palpitations; or now and then half shutting his mouth, drawing up his forehead and cocking his ears, he listens intently for a moment and again commences his panting. The scene is enchanting, and if you have half a dozen woodcock in your hunting pockets, there is no happier situation. You could feel kindly to your very worst enemy. You have not come here purposely to lie down and rest, but it seems to have been made for you just at the right moment.

I had been hunting one very sultry day, and had scarcely rested for hours; wading through wet marshes, and thick tangled briars; suffering intense thirst, but eager for sport; when wheeling suddenly around, as I had burst through a thicket, I caught the sound of running waters. Turning in its direction, I soon came in view of a lovely brook, gurgling over root and stone, and passing merrily along through the woods. A plank thrown across it, had broken off in the middle and rested on some stones in the bed of the stream. No sight was ever more charming, thought I to myself, as I dropped my bag of game, my shot-pouch, and my gun, and extending myself full length beside it, drank from its fresh and crystal waters. It gave me new vigor, and I sat for a half hour on the plank playing with the current, dashing the water over my face, and watching and listening to each joyous ripple as it rushed by me. As I stooped and looked beneath its surface, I saw something dart

quickly along the green mossy bottom, and did not watch long to discover that it was a trout. Here was a new field of enterprise, and on the instant, I had my whole plan made out for a future visit. I never found the place again, though I searched many a time and oft; but I shall not so easily forget the beauty of the scene, nor the draught from the pure waters of the brook.

Perhaps, gentle reader, you have compunctions of conscience as to shooting these poor harmless birds, and have Burns's detestation of a hunter. The only remedy for this is, either to go out and shoot once, or, at once, to become a very bad shot. If you are enthusiastic, your scruples will vanish the very first expedition, for there is so much excitement in the sport, that all consideration of the objections is indefinitely postponed; and if you are not enthusiastic, conclude at once the sport was never made for you, or, if you please, you for it. But still I do not admit the cruelty of the practice. The fact is, that we are most of us inspired in childhood with an affection for birds; we are early told of the Robin-redbreast who covered the two little children with leaves. Our sympathies are all enlisted in their cause, and some of our tenderest associations bound to them. They sing morning and evening before our houses, they build among our trees, and they are ever charming us by their airy gambols or their beautiful plumage.

I shall not soon forget the first time I shot a woodcock. It was the first time I ever went out in a sportsman-like manner. As the hunting ground was at some distance, I took a wagon, and tossing in my shooting apparatus and giving my dog a seat beside me, I set out. The morning was as propitious for shooting as it was beautiful. There had been no rain for some days, so that I knew perfectly what ground to take. Knowing nothing practically, however, of the sport, although I had, for a week, been poring diligently over the "Sportsman's Companion," I was guided entirely by the directions of my companion, who I well knew was an old sportsman. As I approached his house he met me, followed by a beautiful pointer, who threw his nose high in the air, and snuffed keenly the gale. "We could not wish a better morning," said A——, as he seated himself in the wagon, "wind southerly; and, I think, will soon blow

up a cloudy sky." "The woodcock will be on the low grounds, will they not?" said I, eager to display my knowledge. "Yes, he answered, our sport will be in the damp, marshy grounds to-day, and you'd better leave your spaniel behind, for he wont do much good; he will run too wild." I acquiesced of course, and changing my dog for the beautiful pointer, we rode off.

We now drove rapidly along through winding lanes, which the trees overhung with their dewy foliage, and now slowly mounted over hills commanding the most picturesque views. The sun was scarcely risen, and the whole face of nature was fresh and cheerful; the grass was loaded with dew, the breeze was blowing gently, and the crimson glow of the East brightening the "gay greenwood" with its hues. "There," exclaimed my companion as we drew up near a dark wood at the foot of a hill, "I expect, out of that place to get three woodcock; they are in there, I know, and we'll have them." I did not demur or contradict, but thought to myself, if much depended on me there would hardly be a *capias ad satisfaciendum*.

"Here they are," continued the delighted sportsman, as he observed the ground covered with numerous little holes, "they've been boring here last night, and we'll find them in a moment. Do you take the path that leads down on one side of the wood, and I will take the other; Buck shall range between us. Keep cool, and when I say mark, look out! if you see a woodcock, blaze away; don't be too quick on your trigger, but wait till he passes you — then knock him over."

With a palpitating heart I descended the path, cocked my gun, glanced all around, and almost feared to step lest a woodcock should suddenly spring up before me. There is no such intense suspense as that felt in the momentary expectation of seeing a bird rise up. Even an old sportsman becomes so excited oftentimes, that he fires too soon and misses. Being a complete tyro I could feel my heart beating vehemently. I changed my powder-horn to the opposite side, put my game-bag out of the way, and half stooping as I crept along the path, I awaited the moment when the bird should spring. Instantly my heart leaped into my throat, as I heard the report of A——'s gun, and heard him shout, "mark! I missed him."

In a second the woodcock came whizzing through an opening in front of me, and as quickly I fired, — the bird came to the ground. — I rushed forward, screaming "I've shot him," to pick it up, but lo! it was nowhere to be seen. "Don't be in such a *fluster*" said A——; "load again, and then Buck will bring him." I turned a look of the most anxious inquiry to the dog, who was crouching impatiently at his master's feet, whilst he was loading his gun. As may be supposed I was not many minutes in doing the same, when A—— said, "find him Buck!" and away went the beautiful animal, in curving sweeps bounding forward to the spot where the bird had fallen. In a moment he returned with it in his mouth, and I, seizing it with the utmost rapture, after gazing at it a long time, deposited it at length carefully but reluctantly in my bag, and forthwith proceeded to describe the particulars of the manner in which I shot him, my companion laughing at my earnestness. "Why man," said he, "you'll be a rare shot; true sportsman to the back-bone; only keep cool, and don't knock me over for a woodcock."

We found, as he had prophesied, a good many birds, and I became thoroughly enamored with my success. From my excessive eagerness my second shot missed, but the third made ample amends by bringing down the bird dead into my hand. He was an uncommonly fine bird, and as I grasped him, his eye was turned upon me with the fire as of a living coal. The eye of the woodcock is a dark hazel, and is set too far back in his head to have a pleasing effect; but for brilliancy and fire it is not surpassed by the purest diamond; yet there is something about it so exceedingly fierce and wild, that it is almost fearful to look at, and I never felt more pain at shooting a bird, than when I saw the film of death dimming its lustre, and the eyelid gradually closing over it. But my poetical reflections vanished the moment I thrust him into my bag.

After hunting several hours we took our seat under the trees, and discovering a bottle of wine in the wagon, we cooled it in the brook, and with this and an accompaniment of crackers and cheese, and a good appetite, contrived to alleviate some of the evils of the chase. As we ate, my companion reeled off divers yarns concerning



his shooting excursions, and with them gave me many practical directions.

"The great error among shooters," said he, "is, that they fire in a *flurry*. If they'd only wait till the cock had passed them, they could shoot him easier and with less injury to his breast. Young sportsmen always fire before the bird reaches the proper distance, and thus diminish their chance of hitting, because the angle of fire changes so rapidly. Don't be afraid of his getting away from you. Hold your gun in an easy position, with your hand constantly on the cock, and walk with short steps so that you can wheel in a moment. Keep your eye on your dog, and do not let him neglect a single spot; many a bird is lost by lying so close that the dog passes over without flushing it. Don't blame him, if sometimes when very warm he overruns a bird; it is not the effect of carelessness but of heat, which impairs the scent. Speak to him encouragingly when he approaches a point. When he is settling, say gently *oho!* and flush your bird by walking calmly past him in the direction he points. As the bird mounts, raise your gun, track him with the eye till he has reached the right distance, and then fire. Do this, and I think you'll be a successful sportsman."

In this style he talked about shooting for a half hour, when we resumed our guns and pursued our course. Suddenly, as I was walking along rather carelessly, — for I was wearied with the day's exercise, — I was startled by a whirring noise, as if fifty woodcock had been flushed at once, and a large bird swept instantly by me. I stood gazing after it in bewilderment, till A—— exclaimed, "In heaven's name, why did n't you fire?" "In heaven's name what was it?" ejaculated I. "A partridge, to be sure: I wouldn't have lost him for a dollar; such a fine, plump one as he was." They are always fine ones, reader, when your companion misses them; but, generally speaking, when you yourself miss, rather small. Most persons when they miss a bird only lose it; they could swear he dropped, for they had their sight right on him.

"We'll have him yet," continued A—— encouragingly. "Come in, Buck. Be careful of your gun and be all ready." The dog wound round in beautiful circuits before us,

his nostrils widely distended, every muscle strongly developed through his thin skin, and over them his blue veins standing out in corded ridges. His tail, with which he had swept the briars and lashed his sides till red with blood, was extended, one foot advanced before the other with more and more caution, till he came to a dead stop. There could have been no finer attitude of keen and breathless attention. His eye glanced like fire, his red chaps were hanging out of his half-open mouth, every muscle and nerve was strained to the utmost, and half crouching, and with one knee bent, he stood motionless as a statue. A—— stepped coolly by him and the partridge rose. "Fire, Ned!" he cried.—I did so, and missed;—in an instant he fired, and the bird tumbled dead on the ground.

Towards the latter part of the day we emerged from the woods and came suddenly upon a snug little farmhouse, surrounded by trees. It was Saturday afternoon, and the children having returned from school, were laughing and romping about the door. A little curly headed fellow shouted, "come out, father; here's two gentlemen with guns," and the old farmer appeared at the door and politely invited us in. We were not backward in accepting, and while the children were climbing over our knees, and the old man inspecting my Manton, the good woman of the house was getting us a bowl of her rich new milk. "Help yourselves, gentlemen," said the farmer; "you must be considerable tired after your wanderings. I've been a hunter myself in my day, and I'm fond of the sport now; hows'ever, I don't boast of a piece like this," said he, raising my gun and surveying it with a curious eye. We talked for some time with the old man, and he related his experiences, which were romantic enough to be told another time. As we rose to go, I offered him money, but, "no, no!" said he, "none of that; it's done me good to see and talk with ye, and so we're 'bout square. We live pretty much alone, and people don't often find their way up here; but I've lived here all my life, and I rather guess I should be sorry to quit the old place."

Our woodcock are fast disappearing. Each season finds them less and less abundant, and in five years, probably, we shall have no woodcock shooting within twenty miles of Boston. Were our game-laws rigidly

enforced, as they should be, we need not apprehend much from the great number of sportsmen; but they are set at defiance by men who cater for the markets and public houses. The woodcock are shot while setting, and not unfrequently even while laying; so that not only a parent bird, but a whole brood is destroyed by every lucky shot. The effect of this must be in a short time to destroy all the game around, and it is for the interest not only of sportsmen, but of every man that "knows what's good," to exert his influence to have the law enforced. The grounds I hunted in five years ago are now completely deserted by woodcock.

A favorite shooting ground for the early part of the season used to be Sweet Auburn, then in all its wild luxuriance and loneliness. One might wander through its gloomy dells without the least fear of an intruder; the shrill notes of the jay or robin alone disturbing its monotonous stillness. Now, that the hand of art has touched it, it seems to have lost much of its beauty. There was then a calm and impressive majesty about the spot which it no longer possesses. The foot of man seldom profaned it, and its beauties were known to few but the enthusiastic sportsman. The common herd did not haunt there. The voices of children might now and then have been heard echoing through its bowers, but this rather lent to it a charm than otherwise. One May-day, many years ago, I wandered through it with a gay party in pursuit of wild flowers. Our laugh resounded over the dell, and returned echoing through the intervening chasm;—the woods alone gave back the response. It is beautiful now, indeed, but to me it has lost much of its charm. It is now a melancholy spot,—a city of the Dead. It is hallowed by burning tears, and by dear associations and recollections. In its green bosom the loved and the lovely, the old and young, the father and child sleep side by side, and know not they are near each other. The wild flowers wave over their narrow bed, and the song of the birds is in the blue air above. Man alone desecrates the place; the idle spectator goes there to satisfy his curiosity; the stranger laughs in its paths. Its lonely beauty and magnificence no longer exist. It is now the gloomy chamber of the dead. It was wild and beautiful; it has become sad and profaned.

A. C.

# HARVARDIANA.

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## OUR EARLY TEARS.

“Think of youth  
Smitten amidst its play-things.”

ION.

Few men, however blunted their sympathies, can witness a burial-service, or even casually remark a funeral procession, without an involuntary reflection on another state of things, and the power of Almighty God. The artisan stays his arm as the hearse passes by; the profane man gives over the coarse jest while the bell pours forth its monotonous tolling; and even the top dies away, and the hoop finds a resting-place, as the school-boy stands gazing on the sexton's hard countenance, and the silent company who are following the deceased. These monitions impress us for a time, and then, shame to say, ambition and responsibility make us forgetful as ever. Manhood sternly strives to appear elastic under grief, and leaves the tear, and the sigh, and the expression of recurring fondness to the softer sex. Unless one independently fosters tenderer regret and warmer love than the world countenances, he is likely to become cold and speculative.

I love to recal some of my childhood's trials, when  
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there was no need to smite a rock ere the gush of feeling came; and I often blush to find that now

“My heart is harder, and perhaps  
My manliness hath drunk up tears,  
And there’s a mildew in the lapse  
Of a few miserable years.”

Waking or sleeping, I can never forget the first time I heard the funeral-service; it was pronounced over one of my schoolmates. The place, the day, are consecrated in my memory; they are more deeply written there than aught since or before; till I die I shall have them before me.

Our play-fellow was cut off suddenly; we used to see him and exchange kindnesses every day. Our intercourse was sometimes a little unfriendly; but we all loved him, and when they told us he was dead, we grieved in sincerity. But we did not realize that he was gone, and in a few hours it became a matter of amusement to announce with a solemn face that little George — was dead. The funeral told us the story for the first time.

Each of us wore some badge of mourning, and we were shown into a darkened room partly filled with relatives and near friends. It was my first entrance into the house of death. Near the coffin stood the mother in her deep sables, and as I looked on her distress, I secretly resolved never more to be unkind or disobedient. It was a childlike resolution, but I can never forget it, and I wish it had been better adhered to.

It seemed to me that every word of the service would ring upon my ears as long as I lived. After the relatives, we were permitted to look at the countenance of the deceased. I took my neighbor by the hand, who is himself since dead, and as we leaned over the open coffin, seconds and moments seemed lengthened into years.

There was George, as he had left his last game, except his countenance paler and without expression. But it was a strange thing to see the cold, white drapery, the band, the ruffle, and to leave him on his narrow couch. I longed to ask him to forgive a thousand petty misunderstandings, — to bid us farewell, — and whether he was ready to go. All our intercourse, — all his favorite schemes and haunts and sayings thronged upon my

mind ; and I was sorry I had not been kinder to him, and wished his eye would not seem so sunken, and that he might resume for a moment his old expression.

When the sexton closed the lid, our hands were involuntarily clasped tighter together ; we shuddered to think of our friend being shut up in a cold and cheerless tomb, and more than one eye filled with tears. As we turned away, one of our number, I remember, whispered to us in the fulness of his heart, that he was sorry for having been so unkind of late, and that if we would forgive him, he would be in future as obliging a playmate as ever he could.

In a short time the tomb had received its new trust, friends had taken their departure, and the burial ground was once more closed. But our hearts and hopes were with George, and a party of us, seating ourselves on the new laid turf over his grave, found a melancholy pleasure in dwelling on his good qualities, and repeating the little anecdotes and adventures with which he was associated. It was quite dark before we separated, and as we clambered over the wall, it seemed hard to leave a playmate behind.

Our little community, for days and weeks, preferred grouping around a story-teller to their usual noisy games ; they were milder in their intercourse with each other ; they loved to converse about George and his friends, and to resolve to be like him. But by degrees the gap closed, and old games were played as merrily as ever.

Now manhood has come, and brought more excitement, higher success, and harder trial. Some of us have been called away, — others hold stations of usefulness and honor, and I dare say, all but myself have long ago forgotten the simple events which have been narrated.

## THE OLD PEASANT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY.

FOREVER faithful and sincere,  
 God's righteous will obey,  
 Unmoved by earthly hope or fear  
 To leave his holy way.

Then shalt thou with unfaltering eye  
 Life's pilgrim-mazes tread,  
 And gaze, when death's pale form draws nigh,  
 With joy and not with dread.

Then shall thy grand-child seek thy grave,  
 And o'er thy head-stone weep,  
 And summer's flower in sadness wave,  
 Where thy cold ashes sleep.

W.

## INNOVATION.

INNOVATION has swept in upon the people like a mighty river. Nothing so high and sacred, so low and mean, that it has not overturned it and washed it away. It has entered the rich man's palace and the poor man's hut, the temples of religion and the dark caverns of vice. Sometimes it has brought blessings, oftener miseries; sometimes it has only cleared man's path of the sharp obstructions of vice and the thick weeds of error; oftener it has rooted up the best principles of his nature, and left him to wander through life with a desolated soul.

Call me not a foolish conservative for what I have said. Call me not a blind worshipper of the old. I worship nothing because it is old. I would not hold to the customs and forms of the past because they are worm-eaten and cobwebbed; I only deprecate that spirit which to-day

levels that which was founded yesterday, and changes the old for the new at every whim of fancy.

Innovation has brought changes in the social, political, and religious institutions of our day. While in each of these changes there have been few real benefits, there have been many evils.

We think that no candid observer will deny that the effects of this reckless, innovating, changing spirit upon the social and political institutions of men have been evil, tending to check man's true progress in social and political virtue, and to make him a mere creature of heartless ceremony, and mean intrigue, a mere man of straw, blown hither and thither by the wind of popular applause.

Look abroad over the face of society and see how it is changed, — once bright and cheerful with the smiles of an honest heart, — now wan and deathly and scarcely ever lighted up by a ray of genuine feeling. Where is the old simplicity, the old frankness, the old friendship, the warm grasp of the old hand, the warm beat of the old heart? Where are the whole-souled customs and feelings of our ancestors? We look around for them, but we look in vain. They are gone, gone. They all lie with the old men, cold and stiff in the deep frost of the grave. They are gone, and we can only read the record of their story on the melancholy head-stone, which history has erected to their memory in the broad burial-ground of the past. They are gone, and now there are new forms and new feelings and new words. There is a looser grasp of the hand and a duller beating of the heart. Indeed the world seems to have no heart, or if it have one, it is crusted over with follies and errors that have killed the growth of each generous impulse and pure affection. Society, — it has become a by-word, a mere mockery. There is no true society, no true social spirit. Men live together because they cannot live alone. They visit each other, and profess in turn their strong attachment, — their sympathy, — but they do it by rule and because it is the fashion. There is nothing heart-deep about it. It is all like a garment, put on and off to suit different occasions. The same man that to-day drinks his neighbor's wine, and gracefully wishes him a long life with health and happiness, will cheat him to-



morrow at his counting-room, or under the deceptive disguise of friendship wrong him of all that he holds dear on earth.

Such is the change which innovation has wrought in the social intercourse of man. It has not stopped here; we mark its effects also in the political aspect of the times. We have read in books that there were once men who were called patriots, — men who loved their country. And we have heard it from our grandfathers' aged lips, that fifty years ago they stood on the hill and in the valley with bold hearts and strong arms to fight, aye to pour out their very life-blood for liberty and their fellow men. But our grandfathers are dead, and the old patriots of antiquity have long since mouldered into common dust. New generations have sprung up, and with them new ideas and new fashions. Who now would think of dying for his country? Alas! the bright flame of patriotism has become only a red bloody glare, to beacon a wild party to its spoils, to light despots to their thrones and honest men to their scaffolds. The great end of all the political movements of the day is power, indiscriminate, unlimited power. Every man is striving for this, and cries out proscription to all who oppose him. Every party, united under whatever political name and professing whatever political principles, is striving for power and rule. It may hold its patriotic meetings, — its members may make long speeches, and tell how much they love the people, and offer themselves to stand as a wall of solid rock between their country and destruction, — it may be written all over its banners in letters of shining gold, in letters large enough for him that runs to read, — Liberty and the People; — but still the aim of that party is power, — the watch-word that rallies it is power, and the end of that power is despotism. One really feels almost compelled to think, as he marks the course of political men, that there is nothing but hypocrisy in the world. So much profession, so little practice. Whig and Tory, Conservative and Radical, Aristocrat and Democrat, — each one like the Pharisee vaunting himself and thanking Heaven that he is not like other men.

Such is the state of the politics of the present day. How has it changed with the flight of a few short years! The great principle which taught men to sacrifice pri-

vate benefits for the universal good has lost its influence. Constitutions have become dead letters, and laws have been stripped of their majesty, and are now hardly anything more than mere forms. Do you not shudder at this fearful change? Do you not tremble for man? The river is rolling on, and unless its mad tide be checked, it will swell above its banks and sweep over the plain, and then how shall man escape its desolating fury?

We have thus glanced at the social and political institutions of the day. We have endeavored to look at them impartially, and we have recorded the result of our observations. We cannot think that the course of their changes has been for the ultimate improvement of man. They have not been directed by the right principle, — they have been brought about by selfish motives and to compass selfish aims. Still some may differ from us and may think that everything has been for man's advantage, that everything has been improvement. We fear that these improvements are but the offspring of their fancies, — as thin and unsubstantial as a sick man's dreams. We see no real improvements. The world looks brighter than it did years ago, but it is because the roughness of its truth has been glossed over with the glittering varnish of selfish art and deception.

We said in the commencement, that innovation had effected changes in the religious institutions of the day. Here we hope that it has exerted in some degree at least a salutary influence, and that that influence will increase. With religion must all real improvement begin, for religion only is calculated to make men wiser and better. Progress in religion is the foundation of all true progress. Without it everything else remains stationary, and at last falls back. With it everything else moves forward.

We think that there has been some improvement, — some progress in religion. We think that there is less superstition than formerly, — that men are taking higher and ennobling views of religion, and that a kinder and more liberal spirit is stealing into men's hearts, notwithstanding they are shrunk into cases of stone. Its progress is slow, but it is the true innovating spirit, the only one that will elevate and redeem man, — the only one that man should cherish. Its progress must be slow. It is only a small grain of wheat, that by chance has

fallen into the field of tares, and its growth is choked and smothered. But let it be cherished. Its effects though unseen at present are wide-spreading and lasting. The gorgeous thrones of ecclesiastical power, the huge pillars of popery, will crumble before it. Men will begin to love their country and the world, and will dare to die martyrs in the cause of justice and truth. Society will assume a new form and a new face. It will begin to feel a soul springing into life under its ribs of death. It will shake off the irons that are now rusting upon it, and binding it down to the ground, and will act with a free and noble energy. Let this innovating spirit be cherished. It is the true catholic principle, which shall grow up like a Banyan-tree, and spread its green branches over all nations. The simple-heartedness and the warm impulse of the olden time shall return beneath its shade, and men shall live peaceful and happy in the cheerful light of universal love.

W.

## EXTRACT FROM CLASS BOOK OF 1838.\*

*By Charles Grandison Thomas.*  
 "The poor historical Professor, in this place, would not, for much money, have had much money in his youth."

RICHTER.

THE subject of the following observations found himself, at a very early age, adrift in life, entirely destitute of the means of moral and intellectual improvement. This condition was the result of the misfortunes of those, who have a just claim to his respect. Having no person to watch over his early impressions and associations,

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\* It may be necessary to inform many of our readers, that the "Class Book" is a large volume, in which autobiographical sketches of the members of each graduating Class are recorded, and which is left in the hands of the Class Secretary. The editors of *Harvardiana*, deeming the annexed sketch one of great interest, offer no apology for inserting it in the pages of their Magazine.

to secure his mind against the influence of prevailing errors and engage its prepossessions on the side of truth and virtue, his character and education have been principally the result of circumstances of situation and example, and therefore, cannot be expected to exhibit that degree of uniformity and consistency, which result from early, continued, and systematic instruction.

My exertions for ten years past have been directed to one object, in the attainment of which I have had difficulties to encounter of which it is useless to complain. The period of twenty and eight years, which places me in point of age ahead of all my class, save one, is not altogether unfruitful in events, a few of which I propose to detail, at considerable length, in order to fulfil a hasty promise, and gratify the curiosity of a few intimate friends.

The misfortunes which followed soon after the death of my mother, who was considered highly qualified to conduct my education, occasioned the loss of a pleasant home, which had promised all the conveniences and some of the luxuries of life. Soon after this event, fortune assigned me a residence (at the distance of about five miles from the place where I first came to light) in a log-house of only one door, one room, save the garret in which I used to lie and count the stars through the ruined roof. Here in my eighth year commenced a two years' residence. The greatest share of my time was spent in catching trout from a rivulet, which, passing close by my residence, and winding its way through the wild forest, emptied its contents into the Black River, at a small village about two miles distant. This, my first occupation, enabled me to contribute to the necessities of a younger brother, and an elder sister. Thus slim were our means of subsistence. But as my business is only with one of the family, I will only say of the rest, with whom the ties of nature require me to sympathize deeply, that only one half of the original number are at present surviving.

No small part, however, of this period was spent in assisting a maker of charcoal, which may be set down as my second occupation. At the expiration of these two years my residence was changed to a house, (near the place of my birth,) in every respect similar to the

one already described, with this distinction only, that the latter had not, for a considerable share of the time, either floors or chimney. Yet it was deemed sufficiently commodious, (though having but one room,) to furnish a residence for a large family besides a cooper's shop, in and out of which I labored diligently at my third and equally hated occupation.

During these three years I suffered more from cold and hunger than in all the rest of my life. I learned experimentally the fact, that a person might live almost exclusively on potatoes, and without shoes in the winter. As my fortune was intimately connected with the fate of the person, with whom I was residing at this time, it is well to observe, that the intelligent, generous, honest, but unfortunate man, who was entitled to my sympathy, was often obliged to conceal himself to prevent arrest, and the entire deprivation of his personal liberties, which was usually then and there taken in discharge of debts. On one occasion, when an officer attempted to seize him on ground without his jurisdiction, he defended himself manfully and levelled him to the ground. At last his furniture was seized, the last remnant of a once respectable fortune; and myself compelled to seek shelter elsewhere.

Next, fortune assigned me a residence at a place about five miles distant, which, from the situation of the country and the condition of the inhabitants, was very appropriately called Poverty Hollow. During my first residence here of about one year, I was engaged as a servant boy to an Irish carpenter, by whom I was most cruelly treated. His methods of punishing me I shall not describe. Suffice to say, that one of his severest was inflicted when I was very dangerously ill. I have always intended to have another interview with him; but death has paid all his debts, and transferred the settlement of my account with him to the highest tribunal of justice. It may be proper to take a passing notice of one or two circumstances, which distinguish this mournful period of my life.

I was one day stationed by him to work in a field, by the side of a large forest, which was infested by predacious animals. Having worked with unusual diligence during most of the forenoon, I seated myself on the

ground, and commenced talking with myself as usual on such occasions, and engaged my attention in forming some great scheme, to be carried into effect in after life. While engaged in this reverie, I heard a very strange noise in the adjoining wood. The second time I listened and recognised my master's dissembled voice, which was no less a warning of approaching danger; as he always made it a point to flog me without mercy whenever he found me idle. I, accordingly, took to flight and feigned myself frightened almost to death at the voice of a ferocious animal in the wood. I ran about a mile, then halted to form some plan of escape; and at length came to the determination to run away; a business for which I afterwards became notorious throughout the country. But before attempting to carry my scheme into effect, I had spent about thirty and six hours, in and about an old barn, without food, including one cold and dreary night of Autumn, when by chance I was discovered by my master. I had spent the sleepless and shivering night in thinking of my own misfortunes, and those of our family, of which mine exhibited but a fair specimen. When morning came, and I happened to meet my master, when about to attempt an escape, he gazed at me for a moment without speaking. And when he spoke, I did not reply, for I was compelled to make the only appeal to his feelings, which human nature can best manifest without speaking. But in vain. And I was most inhumanly punished by two men in his presence.

At another time, having failed to accomplish, at the appointed time, the task set me, and apprehensive of the result, I made another attempt to escape. But it being cold weather, and myself now only about ten years of age, and almost destitute of clothes, my firmness proved unequal to an undertaking, which afforded but slim prospect of success, and in the event that I should not succeed, no mercy would be shown. I, therefore, concluded to return. Arriving at my master's house in the evening, and dreading the consequence of entering, I stayed without till I was completely overcome with the cold, when I crept slyly into the porch, where I was presently taken, by my master and one attendant, for a thief; and the consequence the next day was such as might be expected

from the nature of the case, and the disposition of the persons concerned. These two instances intruded on the patience of the reader are but fair specimens, and illustrative of the treatment, which I have generally received at the hands of my numerous masters, to no one of whom was I ever bound.

Leaving external circumstances, and passing to matters within, not less illustrative of character, I cannot recollect the time when I first recognised within me my all-predominant propensity. I presume it manifested itself in my disposition, long before memory began to record the most striking facts. I will, (to be candid,) for the want of a better name, call this propensity a longing to be somebody, or to be among the very first of those of whom I heard much said and well said. This, from my earliest years, almost constantly engaged my thoughts, and formed the subject of most of my soliloquies. At the age of ten years I found out by some means or other, that such persons were distinguished for their learning. This idea or association gave me a wonderful desire to study, and a taste for books, long before I was capable of reading or comprehending their contents.

Some doubtless will be disposed to contrast this with what is commonly called a natural taste for the study of a particular department of knowledge. But however it may be with others, in my own case it was very different. My fondness of intense application, however it might (at first) have originated, was, certainly, greatly aided and cherished by the contemplation of the fruits of such toil; and these in my unwisest days I considered to be only the importance which learning attaches to its possessor, which to my imperfect view appeared to be amply worth the sacrifice of ease, and all the ordinary enjoyments of life. When, at a later period, the different powers of my mind began to unfold themselves, and widen the horizon of my knowledge, I began by degrees to discover my error, — that I had been chasing a shadow, and pursuing with eagerness those objects on which a false splendor is ever playing, during our most sanguine seasons. And it was not till quite recently that the real nature of such objects came to be thoroughly understood, so as to influence permanently my belief and practice. Even now it requires an effort to view praise

and importance only as an appendage of the sole rational object of pursuit.

In this respect I was not singular, for all admire the emblems and trappings, before they are capable of understanding their meaning, or appreciating their real value. And I think few have been more deluded in this respect than myself. Even during my residence in Poverty Hollow, I loved books because great men did; and would fain have encountered all hardship to become learned. But unfortunately I had no parents or friend to appreciate such a prepossession, and turn it to good account. My whole library consisted of an Almanack and Testament. I never had seen an arithmetic, and it was not till two years afterwards, that I learned the nine figures. I recollect asking the person who showed them to me to tell me also what a row of them meant. But he refused; and I was not taught to numerate two or three figures till my fourteenth year, when the widow of a neighboring Judge gave me this valuable information, and about the same time taught me to tell the time of day by her clock, which I then thought a very novel and curious thing, standing in one corner of the room, and looked at it as though it owed me a quarter's rent. But "redeo ad propositum."

In the Spring of 1820, in my eleventh year, I had an opportunity of leaving Poverty Hollow with the consent of my master to seek my fortune. I had gone about three miles, when I fell in with a man, (driving two yoke of oxen bound to a new settlement in the woods,) to whom I engaged for the season. All the inducement which I had to attend him was, what I then conceived the high honor of driving one of his teams to his place of destination, where I might enjoy a view of the Natural Bridge over Indian River. These motives were then sufficient to fill and fire my mind. On the evening of the same day we arrived at our journey's end, and halted in a thick forest of oaks towering to heaven, with the river rolling beneath our feet, and enjoyed the view of one of those anomalies of nature, that are fitted to excite our curiosity and wonder. This man had no fixed place of residence. His business was that of making shingles wherever in the forest he could steal the timber to the best advantage; mine was to assist him, — to



cook his food in a hut. We spent a considerable of the time in company with the new settlers, whose time was usually divided between hunting and levelling the forest. Our accommodations as to board and lodgings were very poor, our bed consisting of hemlock boughs. Nothing remarkable, or of great importance to my future destiny, occurred to give a high degree of interest to this eventful period of my history. The year was spent in developing my physical rather than mental powers; in hunting, fishing, making shingles, and salts of ashes. During the winter I availed myself of a few days schooling, and learned to write my name, which was then a feat of sufficient importance to occupy my attention for a number of days. In the Spring following, I was obliged to return and reside with my original master in Poverty Hollow.

Being now in my twelfth year, my services were of considerable value, and as encouragement was always, with me, the most powerful stimulus to action, my master found his interest in a somewhat milder treatment during my second residence with him; and I began to esteem this home desirable, at least, during the winter, when I always found it the most difficult to procure new masters. At the approach of winter, finding it more difficult to turn my services to good account, he concluded he should not need me any longer. And little as I understood my rights, I thought myself but poorly requited for my six months' toil, at the rate of fifteen or sixteen hours per day, when I found myself at the beginning of winter turned into the streets, destitute of shoes and hat, to outlive it in a duck frock and pantaloons. I had as good reason, as those similarly circumstanced in the country, to expect, at least, a suit of woollen clothes, home-spun, home-wove, home-made, home-colored with the best butternut bark that I was capable of procuring in the forest.

Having travelled about five miles, I succeeded in obtaining a place where I resided for two years and a half. This was at the widow's of the Judge already alluded to. This, on many accounts, was preferable to any of my former places. The farm on which I was constantly employed was pleasantly situated on the banks of Deer River, a delightful stream, that, after a few

windings, discharges itself into the Black River. Its banks are adorned with almost every species of wild flowers, and associated with most of the sports and innocent pleasures of my earliest years. In respect of moral culture, few worse places could have been selected. As there was no stated place of public worship within the distance of five miles, I did not attend a church, I think, in a single instance, during my residence in this place. This was, however, but little deviation from my usual custom, for previously to my tenth year I had not, to my recollection, been within a church. Instead of devoting the Sabbath to moral and religious culture, and associating my early notions of the Deity with the beauties of nature, I used on this holy season to assemble my little band of attendants in some convenient place, and spend the day in sports.

The first two years of this period of my history had past, without adding anything to my stock of knowledge, except the witty sayings and jokes of my fellow laborers, which I seldom failed to recollect, when by chance one of the laborers gave me an Arithmetic, which I constantly kept in my hat for use, whenever an opportunity was afforded, or my overseer's back turned. This habit for a few months, together with a few weeks schooling in the succeeding winter, enabled me to acquire a very good knowledge of its contents. I often heard my overseer's family speak in high commendation of his brother, who had received his education at college. This more than anything else riveted my determination to make every sacrifice in my power to obtain a liberal education.

In the succeeding summer I was compelled to leave this place, to which I had strong attachments, (for though in many respects it was very exceptionable, yet on the whole it had more attractions than any other in which I had resided,) to work, without any prospect of any compensation, with a maker of charcoal, at the distance of about twenty miles, and within nine of Lake Ontario. Hither I went in a severe thunder storm on one of the saddest summer nights of my life. For if I had made one earnest prayer in my life, it was that I might escape a second engagement in this supremely hated occupation.

At this business I was employed till the succeeding

winter. My dwelling was a hole in the ground, and my bed consisted of a few bundles of straw. During the burning of the pits, our business would allow us no regular rest for some weeks together. In about the middle of the winter, when the coldness of the weather and the depth of the snow rendered it inconvenient to prosecute the business any longer for the season, I was given my liberty till the succeeding spring, and a quarter of a dollar to defray my travelling expenses, until I might be enabled to obtain some employment.

I succeeded in getting a place about twenty miles distant, where I worked for some time for my board. In the mean time I availed myself of an opportunity to attend a school for a few days, till my schooling amounted to my twenty-five cents and a fourpence, which I borrowed from one of the scholars. The teacher was well pleased with my proficiency, and volunteered his services in a number of instances to instruct me, long after the other scholars had left the house. So that I was enabled on my thirty cents tuition to revive, and about complete my knowledge of my old arithmetic.

A few days after this I happened to fall in with a traveller from the Canadas, who was willing that I should accompany him to his home, about one hundred and twenty miles distant, and thirty miles north of Albany. Considering this a good means of escaping a third engagement in the business of coaling, during the approaching season, I availed myself of the absence of my master; and a present of fifty cents from one of the neighbors enabled me to carry the measure into effect, and achieve a journey of one hundred and twenty miles. Here I engaged myself as an apprentice to a shoemaker, tanner, and currier, with whom I resided for two years and a half. Instead, however, of employing me in his occupation, I was a good share of the time kept at work upon his farm, upon the adjacent mountains, where my services during part of the season might be turned to the best account. During a small part of the time, I was allowed the enviable honor of wearing a leather apron, and serving in the capacity of cobbler. This stride in my progress from coaling to cobbling was promotion too great for my frail nature. I was completely intoxicated by the elevation, and cut my original associates. In the

spring I was usually employed in making maple sugar. During the winter I had an opportunity of attending a school for a few weeks. This time was spent in intense application to the study of geography, at the rate of nineteen or twenty hours per day. And singular as it may seem to my classmates, my teacher spread the fame of my learning, and facility of acquiring knowledge, throughout the neighborhood. I here acquired a critical knowledge of geography, a subject which my vanity prompted me to introduce on most occasions, whenever an opportunity was afforded of conversing with any individual, a habit with respect to my studies, which, with some modifications, I have always retained, in order to profit from the different views, which minds of different habits of thinking take of the same subject. Elated with success, I was more than ever fixed in my determination to get an education, and waited impatiently for the approach of spring for an opportunity to run away also from this master.

This period, however, was marked with one event, the recollection of which has always afforded me more pleasure than any other circumstance of my life.

The author of this happened one evening to have an opportunity of attending a debating society, where he was invited to take a part in the discussion. After much urging he complied, and had an opportunity of noticing many important points passed over by both parties, which he was confident might be decisive of the question. No sooner had he arisen and commenced, than he manifested a degree of interest that he never had before nor has since on any occasion. Probably his memory and delivery never performed their functions so well before. Endeavoring to throw on the subject the utmost possible light in his power, of all the wise sayings that he had ever heard he made the choicest selection of those, which would best illustrate the principle in question, and wove them into his lengthened speech, like links in the mail of the ancient knight, to strengthen the different portions of the discourse, and give the greater force to the arguments. It was reported, that he acquitted himself with so much success in the estimation of those present, that the country justice, who succeeded him, did but little else than lavish his praises on the speech of

the learned and eloquent gentleman, who preceded him.\* The author's fame for this deed soon spread throughout the town, and a few other similar trials of this kind inspired him with a confidence in his powers in this respect, which was never shaken even (to the end of his college course) amidst the general wreck of all the high notions of his literary acquirements, which, in some of the less essential branches of study, will not bear a comparison with those of his associates in college.

The spring at length arrived and the fixed day of my departure; but through reluctance at leaving a place endeared to me by so many pleasant recollections, it was deferred. The mountains and sloping woodlands, where I had toiled, affording a view, as far as the eye could extend, of almost every variety of scenery that can awaken our sensibilities to the beauties of nature, as well as an extensive circle of respectable friends, had given a degree of attraction to this delightful country, which nothing but my settled determination to devote all my industry to the improvement of my mind could overcome.

Having fixed a second time upon a day, I arose early in the morning, and, without the knowledge of my master, bent my way towards Albany, fresh, vigorous, and unincumbered with a single extra garment. I often looked back; but soon the mountains dwindled in the distance, and Greenfield sunk forever beneath the horizon. Having travelled about seven miles, and being apprehensive of the pursuit of my master, I stopped at a public house, where two roads met, the one leading to Albany, the other towards Troy; and hastily inquired the way to Albany; then, unobservedly taking the other road, walked leisurely on my way towards Troy, leaving my master (whom I have never seen since) the liberty of pursuing his apprentice on the road to Albany.

I travelled this day about thirty miles without taking any refreshments, and at evening put up at a Dutch Tavern. As I had but about eighteen cents, I was obliged to take my lodgings without my supper. In the evening a stranger introduced himself to me, — said that

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\* Johnson says a man has a right, in propriety, to speak of his own feats, when there is no other means of making them known.

some years before he was in the country and heard me sing an amusing song. The next morning this essence-pedlar persuaded me to accompany him to Waterford, the head navigation of the Hudson, with a promise that I should have my curiosity gratified by the view of some ships. I accordingly accompanied him, and after an hour's travel, enjoyed the sublime view of a few canal boats. Here leaving him, I hastened on my way to Troy. Before entering the city I stopped by the way, and spent my few remaining cents for gingerbread, for which thirty and six hours travel had given me an excellent relish. Then while considering what to do, I chanced to observe a number of beautiful seats along the sloping hill, on the left. Hither I was half determined to direct my course, with a view to engage myself as servant. At length, I concluded to enter the city and engage myself to a shoemaker, to whom a countryman had a few hours before directed me. Here I succeeded in getting business;—took out some work, though I was fully conscious of my want of skill at the business. During the first week, I worked from eighteen to twenty hours per day. But when I returned the materials on Saturday afternoon, in something like the form of shoes, for inspection, I had the mortification to have my work condemned to infamy for life; and I was obliged to get business with the Irishmen on the wharf, to compensate for the privilege of working this week at shoemaking.

At the expiration of nine of the twenty and one months passed in Troy and Waterford, I had laid up about thirty dollars, the greatest amount I had ever accumulated by manual labor. I then, in accordance with my previously settled determination to invest my money in intellectual stores, about as fast as I earned it, attended a grammar school in Waterford for about thirty days. I allowed myself but very little sleep during the time, and was enabled by my usual habits of application to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the English Grammar, and make the teacher my sincere friend. I was informed some time after I had left him to recruit my funds, that he had often cited to his scholars as a stimulus to exertion, the great proficiency that I had made.

About the middle of October, being now nineteen years of age, and having exhausted my money at school, I was

residing at Troy, where a gentleman called to see me, and informed me that my only remaining sister had died on Martha's Vineyard, about two years before. This produced an effect on my feelings from which I was never enabled to completely recover. As I would have gone to the ends of the earth to have seen her alive, I could not content myself till I had visited her grave; and for this purpose embarked on board a steam boat at Troy, for New York, having two dollars and sixty cents.

Having passed about half the distance, the passengers were called to pay their passages, when to my surprise, I found that my two dollar bill was not passable. The captain, however, treated me very politely. When I arrived in New York, I left a coat at a pawnbroker's for five dollars, — paid the captain two; and for the remaining three engaged my passage to the Vineyard, on board a sloop bound to Boston. The agreement was to land me any where on the island, if the wind should at our arrival happen to be ahead, which would enable him to do it without forfeiting his insurance. This fortunately happened to be the case on our arrival at Homes Hole, where I was landed by a boatman, who, profiting by my ignorance of the value of his services, charged me two dollars instead of twenty-five cents, the usual price. Having but about sixty cents, I was obliged to leave my trunk as security for the amount. Then I passed up into the dreary sandy country, and sought the house of an old gentleman, for direction to the grave of my sister, who to my surprise informed me, that my other sister, having come for her health to the place, about two years previously, had also died about the same time; and that the remains of the two were interred, side by side, on a bleak promontory not far distant. Having visited the place, I put up in the evening at a country house. The next morning, by some overruling Providence, the lady of the house made me a present of five dollars, which I gratefully accepted, and gave her the promise of ten in return.

Being now enabled to leave the island, I succeeded in getting employment on Cape Cod. Having earned about twenty dollars, I returned in the succeeding spring to the Vineyard; and offered to return the lady her present, which she refused to accept.

I then attended a school at Edgarton, a pleasant village on this island; and applied myself to study with my usual zeal. Having expended my twenty dollars, I was about to leave the school, when the teacher advised me to continue, and promised to render me all the assistance in his power. I have always found him as good as his word. There is no one of my numerous friends, to whom I am under greater obligations. He at length gave up his business; and I was left principally to my own resources. I then of my own choice took up my abode in a Light-house, near Edgarton, built in the water at a distance of about half a mile from the land, with which it was connected by a bridge. The house was fitted for the residence of a family, but as, from its situation, the lives of the occupants might, at certain times, be endangered, the appointed keeper preferred to reside on shore, and visit the house as occasion required. I had merely the privilege of occupying the rooms, free of expense. Here I lived almost entirely on bread and water at the rate of forty or fifty cents per week, and attended as intently as possible to my studies, for about three years, with such intervals of interruption, as were necessary to defray my expenses. Here I fitted for College.

As far as solitude was concerned, few better places could have been selected for the residence of a student. During most of the time, there was a smooth sea, and nothing to disturb my meditations except the gentle beating of the waves against the house, which in the dead of night could serve no other purpose, than to remind me of past sorrows and troubles, and was quite congenial to my feelings during the solemn hours, to which I was sometimes subject, when my better sense lost its influence over my imagination.

I used generally to leave the house, once or twice a day, and walk upon the beach; though sometimes, when I happened to have a fit for study, I did not for many days together. But this residence had this inconvenience; — the house was liable to be swept away by the sea, whenever a severe tempest occurred. During one season it was, in a number of instances, exposed to this danger, one of which is worthy of notice.

One calm evening, having been earnestly engaged in reading Cicero until about midnight, when about to



retire, I perceived by the light of the lamps from the top of the house, that the tide had arisen to an unusual height. I had hardly closed my eyes in sleep, before I was awakened by the trembling of the house, in consequence of a tremendous storm. Arising in haste, I saw the white waves tumbling by the window, and hastened to the lower floor, whence I perceived the seas passing in quick succession, over the Breakwater. Judging from appearances, that the house could not outlive the tempest, I thought it prudent to encounter the danger of being swept from the Breakwater, in an attempt to make the shore upon it; and having divested myself of part of my clothes, the better to encounter the sea, in case I should be dashed overboard, I seized the most favorable opportunity, made the attempt, and succeeded in reaching the shore. I took shelter from the hail driven by the wind with the greatest violence against my head, under the coverings of some salt-works. Perceiving my life endangered by the overturning of these, I passed up a steep bank, and observed in the distance an old barn, which I entered. This soon shared a worse fate than the other shelter. I was fortunate enough to extricate myself uninjured from the ruins, and went to the neighboring village, where I spent the rest of the night.

Before the tempest subsided, it swept down a long piece of the Breakwater, whose huge oaken timbers opposed but a cobweb against the force of the sea. The house was much shattered, but outlived the storm.

I was obliged to pass to the house in a boat, during the repairing of the breach, which, in accordance with the orders of government, was soon commenced: and fortunately I was employed to assist in the work, for which I was paid even more than I asked; for my employer said he always found me ready to plunge into the water, whenever the occasion required, to perform the most repulsive part of the work, to cheer the drooping spirits of the men, and stimulate them to exertion. In short, he considered Old Hard Bread, (which had been exclusively my diet, without an ounce of fish or animal food for about two years, and had now become my *nom de guerre*,) one of his most able bodied and energetic hands.

Thus, for repairing the ravages of the storm, which had threatened my life, I received for my services enough

to enable me to study without interruption, during the rest of the season.

The next spring, my money being exhausted, and myself about destitute of clothes, I left the island, came to New Bedford, and engaged myself in digging post holes, in front of a gentleman's house. Having earned about nine dollars in this place, (which by the way, I was obliged to get a lawyer to collect,) I returned to the Light-house, and continued my studies. By the time that I had spent this, I had raised a circle of friends in Edgarton, who took a deep interest in my welfare, by whose instrumentality I obtained the privilege of teaching the public school, in the village, which continued nine months. The six or seven hours per day, spent in the school, I regarded as only recreation; and for labor used to study a good part of each night. So that when the school ended for the season, I was enabled to free myself from debt, and purchase a suit of clothes. The same situation was offered to me the next season; but as I had read Latin and Greek sufficient to enter College, (the way I pronounced these languages was a caution,) I concluded to come to Cambridge to inquire into the facilities that might be afforded me, to obtain a liberal education.

On my arrival, after a passage of three sleepless nights around Cape Cod, I found myself obliged to wait six weeks, or during the long vacation for an opportunity of presenting myself for an examination. I obtained a room in College, and lived (if I may use that term) six weeks, on about one dollar and fifty cents, which was all I had. I would not have thus treated my necessary wants, for any thing except the prospect of entering College; the object of all my toil for a number of years. As the realization of so great a good was near at hand, it almost constantly occupied my thoughts. The chance, too, of my getting into College, depended very much on my progress during these six weeks. This was sufficient inducement to stimulate me to redoubled diligence. I therefore cut the time of sleep down to about four hours.

I had thus passed but a few days, when by chance a gentleman called at my room out of curiosity, to see the room which he had once occupied himself. I asked him a number of questions relative to the University, and ex-

pressed my satisfaction for an opportunity of conversing with a man, after so many days of solitude. As his open countenance and instructive conversation indicated strongly his integrity and talents, and marked him out as a man of no ordinary mind, I ventured to give him a candid account of my condition.

The next day the same person called upon me, and said he would do anything in his power, to assist me. He provided me with instruction during the remainder of the vacation; and brought me into the notice of a number of faithful friends, who have always manifested a deep interest in my welfare. To two of them I might here acknowledge the obligation of many favors; but "Charity borrows much of its lustre from secrecy." It was not for my thanks that their assistance was bestowed; and were it otherwise, they stand too high in their country's history, to profit from the public acknowledgment of my gratitude.

The day of examination at length arrived. I succeeded in entering College, in which, by a succession of events that at some future period I may be at the trouble of describing, I have been enabled to study during the last five years of my life.

Having joined the Freshman Class and entered upon my college studies, I soon found that, through deficiency of early education, I had difficulties to encounter that no other one had in College. I was almost totally ignorant of the correct pronunciation of the English language. And as to Latin and Greek my pronunciation in every recitation excited the laughter of my classmates.

Though I regretted very much my deficiency in this respect, yet I was pleased to find it turned to so good account, as that of affording a little innocent amusement to my fellow-students, who generally treated me with great respect. In the few instances, when it was otherwise, and an attempt was made to take advantage of the few peculiarities which were occasioned by the disadvantages of my condition, in early life, I was always so successful, in repelling the aggressor from the ground prescribed by my own sense of right and duty, as to effectually prevent a second attack.

The opening scene of college life was altogether novel and interesting. I was brought into a circle of acquaint-

ance whose accomplished manners presented a striking contrast to those of my early associates.

My manner of living and habits of study in college cannot here be detailed to any considerable length. Of my board I will only say that its price varied, with the amount of my funds, from forty cents to two dollars per week. Such irregularity had considerable influence on my spirits, and ability to prosecute my studies with success; but has not as yet materially affected my health. My habits of study were modified by the system of discipline pursued in the University, which requires, and justly requires, a high degree of regularity and exactness on the part of the student. Such habits are important items in the account of scholarship, which is computed by a scale of merit, that is made the basis of college honors and distinctions; which are considered very serviceable even to those who intend to extend the sphere of their reputation beyond the retirement of the University. For the degree of importance they attach to the character of the student, might be worth, in some instances, even the sacrifice of a part of his preëminence as a scholar.

What is still more important, a high estimate by this scale serves many purposes of unquestionable utility, as it is a passport to the lucrative and honorable business of teaching. Its merits, however, rest principally on its adaptation to the peculiar circumstances, under which the majority of students enter the University in respect to age and acquirements. This system is perhaps well adapted to the youthful students for whom it was designed; but from its application to persons of my age and circumstances its wonted advantages could not be expected. My previous habits and intellectual culture had been the result of chance, not of systematic instruction. Some of my powers had been cultivated to the neglect of others. Was it to be expected that a person thus grown up, wild and free in the Western forests, could immediately be squeezed by any discipline of the kindest instructors into a uniform, methodical, and consistent scholastic mould? By no means; — yet I am thankful for what the University has made of me.

My previous habits, as well as the amount and manner of my intellectual culture, necessarily rendered the ap-

portionment of the time for the different exercises of the college, in some respects, very ineligible.

These considerations made a deviation from the college course, in the pursuit of my studies, more excusable in me than in others. Thus a somewhat irregular attendance, on some of the exercises, became a matter of necessity; and I forfeited my right to college distinctions; but not to the good opinion of the officers.

During my whole course, however, I have ever adhered to the important principle of passing over nothing, which I did not fully understand. To carry this plan into effect, I was obliged to study during all the vacations. I found it attended with great advantages, in the study of the Latin and Greek Authors, which I read as models of style, rather than for a critical knowledge of the language. Of a few of their philosophical works I wrote analyses, and made the study of them rather an exercise of the understanding, than memory. In this manner, I made myself acquainted with the mould in which the mind of the Ancients was cast, and acquired considerable knowledge of their moral and intellectual philosophy.

I have now discharged, as well as I could, the obligation of a hasty promise to a few intimate friends; and given a rough sketch of a few of the leading events of my life, with no other view than to gratify their curiosity. God forbid that I should sue for sympathy.

Some may doubt the propriety of telling so plain a story; — say it is incompatible with that degree of experience and caution, which a thorough knowledge of the world should create. I was once of the like opinion myself; but a more thorough drilling in the lessons of human nature has inspired me with a manly confidence in the frank and open confession of the truth.

Such are some of the scenes with which I have been long familiarized. What was once trouble, sorrow, and disappointment, is now a source of the most pleasing emotions. For experience, at this period of life, has taught me the real value of such dispensations, and reconciled my mind to that state of things, which I have neither disposition nor power to control. Whether the designed advantages of the trials of a life thus spent are ever to be fully realized in my own case, remains to be

determined. That they have had a decided influence over my destiny is unquestionable.

Having passed thus far on the sea of life, certainly not without breasting some of its breakers, to fully satisfy the curiosity of the most curious of my fellow students, I will only say of my future direction, that my previous taste and habits determine me for the future to conceal myself in the obscurity of some populous city, and attend, with my wonted zeal, to the study and practice of the law. This being "the noblest of human sciences, and that which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all other kinds of learning put together," other studies and general acquirements must be made subordinate, that the different powers of the mind may be opened and developed exactly in their true proportions, and thereby yield the greatest amount of happiness.

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TO MOUNT WASHINGTON,

ON A SECOND VISIT.

How are you, mine ancient hoary headed friend ?

How have you been since I saw you last ?

Hast any more wild Indian legends to tell,

Sturdy old chronicler of the past ?

What, mum ? poor old fellow ! I see how it is, —

You're berhymed and betravelled too much !

You can scarcely peep out with your storm-beaten phiz,

But you fall in some viewhunter's clutch.

I suppose you remember when Time was young,

Say, what makes him so crabbed and cross ?

Did he speculate largely in Eastern lands,

Which the deluge made all a dead loss ?

Did he lose his affianced, (poor soul !) in the flood ?  
 Or write a small poem or two,  
 And turn misanthropic on reading a squib  
 In some acid præ-Adam review ?

He must be your friend ; — why you 're not changed at all,  
 Save some wrinkles the torrents have made,  
 When you wrung out the water from some stray cloud  
 To replenish a dried-up cascade.

You're a pious old chap to stand pointing there still,  
 With admonishing finger on high, —  
 'T is a pity your visitors don't improve  
 By your lofty, silent homily.

Did you ever (you must live next door to the spheres)  
 Enjoy a nice spherical serenade ?  
 If so, do relax that unsociable frown, '  
 And tell on what pieces they each of 'em played.

Come, speak, — does the carbuncle light its old spot ? ,  
 Is the lake of the clouds too still there,  
 Which served for a looking-glass when you were young,  
 To arrange your then plentiful hair ?

And now that I think of it, try Ward's hair oil,  
 'T will resist age, misfortune, and weather ;  
 And, make your locks long as when you and old Time  
 Began life's rugged journey together.

Nay, never look cross, for you know you *are* bald,  
 And have been so these two thousand years,  
 And scarce take a look in your truth-telling glass,  
 Without shedding a river of tears.

You won't say a word ? hey, old vinegar face ?  
 Hold your tongue then, I don't care a bit, —  
 If you open your clamshells you 'll only show,  
 That you 've lost both your grinders and wit.

Good bye ! milestone huge on eternity's road,  
 Stand there proudly till earth's latest day,  
 May you powder your head with old winter's last snow,  
 And smile back on the sun's latest ray.

J. R. I.

## SONG.

" Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
 They 've ta'en me in, and a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, and " Here 's the sex ! "  
 I like the jades for a' that.

BURNS, — *Jolly Beggars.*

## I.

A pair of black eyes,  
 Of a charming size,  
 And a lip so prettily curled O !  
 Are enough to capsize  
 The intentions wise  
 Of any young man in the world O !

## II.

For a pretty smile  
 Is a grievous wile  
 For a heart, for a heart that is light O !  
 And a spirit like a dove  
 Draws one slily into love,  
 Though he knows that it is n't right O !

## III.

Oh a gentle heart  
 Is the better part  
 Of the loveliest woman's wealth O !  
 And I totter on the brink  
 Of love when I think,  
 When I think how our eyes met by stealth O !

## IV.

For a thousand girls  
 Have hair that curls,  
 And a sort of expressive face O !  
 But it is n't the hair,  
 Nor the genteelish air, —  
 'T is the heart that looks bright and gives grace O !

## V.

Ay, lasses there are many  
 With the devil a penny,  
 But with hearts worth their weight in gold O !



## THE BURIAL OF THE UNLOVED ONE.

Who would sooner win my heart  
 Than the richest in the mart,  
 Whose prudent love may be bought and sold O !

## VI.

No bee e'er yet sucked honey  
 From gold or silver money,  
 But he does from the lowly flower O !  
 Then give me a spouse  
 Without fortune, land or house,  
 And her charming self for a dower O !

## VII.

For love it is a thing  
 That will quit the lonely king,  
 To make sunny the cot of the peasant O !  
 And it folds its gauzy wing, —  
 In short it is a thing, —  
 'T is a thing — that is deuced pleasant O !

## VIII.

Though Platonism will do  
 For the verd-antique blue,  
 Who no portion has but her tongue O !  
 Yet that is rather tame,  
 And a little hotter flame  
 Is the thing for the heartsome young O !

J. R. L.

## THE BURIAL OF THE UNLOVED ONE.

NONE weep, — save those whom custom sends  
 In very mockery to the bier ;  
 While decency her mantle lends  
 To hide the smile and paint the tear.  
 None sigh, — save those whose hearts recall  
 True griefs this idle show would feign, —  
 None gather here around her pall,  
 Who wish to see that face again.

But one shall weep upon her woes  
 Who had not thought to breathe a sigh, —  
 Sadder this scene of death than those  
 Which friends and bleeding hearts stand by.  
 Sadder than when a sovereign dies,  
 And nations toll the funeral chimes, —  
 Sadder than when a loved one's eyes  
 Are closed at last in distant climes.

What consecrates this mouldering clay?  
 What hope, what love enshrines this spot?  
 Her life unheeded past away,  
 Her death will be ere long forgot.  
*Is this a grave! No memory guards*  
*Its entrance with a cherished tear,*  
 No warm affection's tendrils twine,  
 Or flowerets blossom here.

No lingering eye casts back its sight  
 To mark the sod she lies beneath;  
 Shall these cold ashes warmth excite  
 Her living spirit ne'er could breathe?  
 To love a stranger from her birth,  
 She formed no ties which death has riven,  
 No anguish beckons her to earth,  
 No faith points out the way to heaven.

## STANZAS.

'T is ever thus, the brightest, fairest,  
 Ever while we gaze on them, decay;  
 The rainbow tints of joy dispersing,  
 Melt into cold, damp drops of spray.  
 So pleasure, gleaming in the distance,  
 Seems to our dazzled fancy fair,  
 But as we grasp the painted phantom,  
 It melts away to thinner air.

It fades, — but lingering o'er the spirit,  
Like music on the slumbering strings,  
Whene'er a breath of wind sweeps o'er it,  
Around, a murmuring music flings ;  
And in our lone and sad communing,  
Comes sweetly like a cadenced swell,  
Deep-ringing in our soul's sweet temple,  
From Memory's low-toned funeral-bell.

'T is in our hours of silent sadness,  
Far from the world's dull cares alone,  
Far from its joys and hollow gladness,  
Rise up the memories of the gone ;  
And like the soft, meek stars at even,  
When daylight's flush has passed away,  
They steal out in the quiet heaven,  
And soothe us with their placid ray.

Each tone, which in our hours of sadness  
Fell joyously upon the ear,  
Each look in hours of pleasure given,  
Each gleaming hope, and gloomy fear,  
The songs of love, the days of childhood,  
When life was blent with sun and showers,  
Like airy visions float around us,  
And steal upon our musing hours.

When the dark wreath of Death hath shaded  
The brow once radiant with mirth,  
When the sweet form we loved, has faded,  
And sleeps beneath the enfolding earth,  
Oh mournfully their memories linger,  
Like echoes of a plaintive strain,  
Calling us wanderers from heaven  
Back to eternal youth again !

A. C.















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